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1984

MAGAZINE

NUMBER SIX

JUNE 1979

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THE WARHAWKS 6

Warner Hawk never knew his mom. He was raised by his seven dads on their secret Pacific atoll. Warner's dads were mercenaries. They won World War II single-handed. But it had been all downhill since then. They never received the recognition they deserved. And that pissed Warner off!



IDI AMIN 23

Chased by Ratmen, hounded by Muties, evading stewpots around every corner, poor Idi had been maligned and persecuted. But now his ordeal was about to end. He was in America. All he had to do was to find a talented surgeon, willing to restore his long-lost, nearly-forgotten manhood!



SKYLAB 34

Krenk and Pousse were simple Titanian Slugblobs, hurtling towards Earth for a weekend of sun and sin. Like most Titanian males, Krenk had been through this marriage routine before. He had copulated twenty-three mates into their graves. He prayed that Pousse was made of sterner stuff!



MUTANT WORLD 43

The sentinels who guarded the thick steel doors of the mammoth underground complex, were bored. They saw the mutant as a source of lively fun. But Dimento fooled them. He was no fun at all. He had only one thing on his dimly-lit mutant mind: A pretty and very top-heavy young girl!



TWILIGHTS END 51

I must have been a sap volunteering for the assignment. I mean, I could have been on Halcyon hobnobbing with the upper crust, or taming the tiger-women of Triffid. But no! Like an ass, I opted for the money and drew a weekend in the boonies, taming a world still wet behind the ears!



REX HAVOC 61

The ferocious Rex Havoc stomped boldly into Africa's deepest wilds, met at every turn by snakes, crocodiles and man-eating plants who would sooner eat your leg off than to look at you. He would not be swayed from his holy quest. He sought the immoral one: She-who-must-be-okay!



incoming telemetry



FROM 1984 TO ETERNITY?

Warren's new magazine 1984, isn't so new anymore. It's been around for a full year now. And I must say that it has been a very impressive first year, indeed.

Most new magazines seem to flounder for the first year or so of publication, seeking out both direction and identity. But 1984 has boldly striven forth, plodding bravely into the wasteland of the future, exploiting and exploring the possibilities of tomorrow as quite no other magazine has before.

I can't say that I've always agreed with some of the prophecies foretold in your stories. I don't really believe that Idi Amin will single-handedly cause the downfall of the human race. Nor can I accept a future peopled with slimy groaties and functional illiterates like Rex Havoc. That, however, does not make these stories any less pleasant to read.

I do prefer, however, the *Clarissas* and *Dimentos* whose believability is entrenched a little more firmly in probable realities. And I enjoy the occasional story like "I Wonder Who's Squeezing Her Now," which reaffirms my personal belief that social relationships of tomorrow will be pretty much the same as they are today.

I look forward to many more years of 1984, and to the endless possibilities of alternate futures to which the magazine will transport us with each new issue.

JORDAN AINSWORTH
Omaha, Neb.

1984 magazine has been around for five issues already, and I'm crazy about it.

I'll have to admit, however, that you had me shook up when issue number five was delayed. I thought for sure that 1984 (the magazine) had been cancelled. Please, no more messing around like that. I have a frail heart!

A.L. MINDY
Chicago, Ill.

1984 #5 was delayed several weeks while we switched national distributors, A.L. Nothing to worry about, though. The magazine is back on its unswervable frequency of six times a year. And, as our cover boasts, you can expect much more sex, sin and immorality in months to come!

One thing I've noticed about 1984; you open every issue with a story illustrated by Jose Ortiz, and close every issue with an offering by Abel Laxamana. All of the artists in-between seem to have their assigned position in the magazine, also.

This makes for easy reader identification. We certainly know what to expect even before opening each new issue of 1984. But does this also mean that we won't be seeing artists other than those who have become "regulars" in the short time that 1984 has been on the stands?

LYNN CRELLIN
Camden, Del.

Certainly not, Lynn! Warren Publishing and 1984 in particular take great pride in publishing the stories and art of the most talented people producing comics today, whether they have previously appeared in our magazines or not. While we do endeavor to maintain a consistent identity from one issue to the next, you will in coming months be introduced to new artists and authors whose work we feel meets our rather rigid standards of excellence.

I really enjoy the stories in 1984. But I'm continually bothered by the vast amounts of lettering that proliferate throughout almost every panel.

Hand lettering is so difficult to read, and seems both awkward and archaic in a magazine purportedly heralding in the future.

Wouldn't a nice modern machine-set typeface give your otherwise-excellent magazine the futuristic look it demands?

ADRIAN BROXTON
New York, N.Y.

As Mork from Ork would say, "Whoa! Deja-vu!"

We've been acutely aware of the dated look hand-lettered balloons have given our magazine, Adrian. But quite frankly, we've been hesitant to make the switch to machine-set type, fearing that the end result would look much too stilted.

We've decided to shelve those fears for this one test issue, however, and give our readers a chance to decide what they like best: the time-tried look of human lettering that we know and love? Or it's more-modern mechanical cousin, making its long-awaited debut this issue?

We would really like to hear your views.

I've seen copies of the first issue of 1984 selling at anywhere from ten to twenty-five dollars! And believe it or not, they're going fast, too!

The mere three dollars you're charging in your back issues ad is a steal. But I've a feeling that your supply of back issues won't last long and prices for those golden oldies will shoot clean through the roof.

JEFF GREENFIELD
Los Angeles, Calif.

You just might be right, Jeff. For some mysterious reason there's been a run on back issues of 1984 since our back issue ad first appeared last issue. We're sorry to report that copies of issue number four are gone forever. And at the rate the remaining issues are disappearing, it won't be long before copies of 1984 will be harder to find than the Gutenberg Bible.

WE LOVE YA, BUT SO LONG, IDI!

Idi Amin is my all-time favorite comic character. And your series about him isn't bad either.

STELLA JACKMAN
Robeline, La.

I really love your Idi Amin series.

Oh, I know the stories are dumb and lack action, plot and dramatic flair. But the very idea of taking no less an illuminary than Idi Amin Dada, the biggest asshole in an endless stream of political assholes the world seems to be culturing these days, and giving him his own funny book series, is sheer genius!

I'm really going to hate to see Idi go. I know the man's days are numbered. And when he goes, my favorite series can't be far behind.

SHARON DELEVAN
Haverstraw, N.Y.

We think you'll agree that our timing couldn't be more perfect. Shar. Idi bites the dust with this issue of 1984 ... in more ways than one!

Boy, just you guys wait! In a couple more months you won't have Idi Amin to kick around anymore! And then will you be sorry!

JILL LEHUA
Pahoa, Hawaii

Hell, we're sorry now! We know we're never going to find another comic book hero as entertaining as Id!

IS 1984 BECOMING A PRO-HACK REFUGE?

I was very pleased to see the excellent artistic talents of Mike Nassar in the pages of your recent 1984. It's too bad, however, that his debut in your magazine was marred by such a trite, inarticulate script.

Even Nassar's excellent artwork, superbly enhanced by Alfredo Alcalá's brilliant inking, could not save a story that should have been roundfiled in the idea stage.

BEN WEISS
Cartwright, Calif.

I sincerely doubt that the story "The Box" would ever have been published if the author were anyone other than a "name" writer in the comics industry. Such illiterate shit is a graphic example of what to expect when you buy a man's name first, and his abilities as an afterthought.

PENNY SCHUYLER
Morrisonville, Ill.

More and more Marvel and National Comics' alumni seem to be searching out a home in the pages of the Warren magazines. And it's very sad. Because next to the Warren regulars these so-called "writers" come across looking like the true pro-hacks that they have been primed to be!

PERLEY KINLOCH
Marston, Mo.

Let me make one thing clear up front. There are writers whose work I will pay \$1.50 to read. And there are writers whose ramblings I would not pay 35¢ to wipe my ass with. And never the twain shall meet. Because if it does, I will feel ripped-off, insulted and very prone never to lay out \$1.50 again. Catch my drift?

ANTHONY BYAN
Waskom, Texas

1984 PUERILE PORN?

Jim Warren's magazines are heterogeneous collections of quality and crap, of which 1984 is the epitome. The fifth issue is no exception.

Alongside such puerile porn as "The Greatest Hero of Time and Space" and "Idi and the Ratmen of Hunger Hollow" by Alabaster Redzone and Strontium Whitehead, we find Nicola Cudi's "I Wonder Who's Squeezing Her Now," a masterful blend of realism, paranoia, satire and romance that is nothing short of a classic. I've been waiting years for you people at Warren to come up with a fresh new magazine concept. It's a pity the editor cannot exercise more discretion when selecting stories.

LEE BREAKIRON
Middletown, Ct.



LETTER HACKS HACKED

Looking through the letters pages of 1984 #5, all I see are crappy complaints from the same nice fairy-boys who no doubt found Star Wars filthy and indecent.

Come on, you jerks! Get off 1984's back, will ya! If there's one thing I hate it's someone frothing at the mouth with an endless list of minor grievances.

Can't you people read 1984 in the spirit in which it's written? Enjoy it! Laugh with it! But quit the incessant bitching!

T. DOUGLAS
Ontario, Canada

Comics are simply wonderful, aren't they? They are the only entertainment medium in the world where writers and editors are blatantly attacked by their readership for providing the kind of material the readers have been screaming for all along.

Knowing this, it's easy to see why comics are uniformly condemned by the general public. Not because they are comics, per se. It's the asshole mentality of comic readers that have tarnished an otherwise inoffensive image.

KEN BERMAN
Browning, Texas

How can you print such one-sided, obviously slanted trash?

I'm not referring to any of the stories in 1984. I'm speaking about the letters column, Incoming Telemetry, from issue number five.

There wasn't one letter that praised the labors of 1984's energetic young editor. However, there were almost a dozen which condemned him on every level from intellectual impotence to sexually-retarded physical deformities.

I cannot believe that readers of so obviously an enjoyable publication as 1984 would repay the one person who has striven harder than anyone else to give them that enjoyment, with insults! Only in America, boy! Ain't it sad!

BONTA GRAHAM
Sunflower, Kansas

ASSKICKERS FANTASTIC!

The best continuing character series to appear in any Warren magazine, are those monster mushers known as The Ass-Kickers of the Fantastic!

Your recent parody of the 1951 film classic, The Thing, was unflawed, and itself a classic of tongue-in-cheek humor!

If anything, Rex Havoc is the best thing in 1984. And there's not a trace of unnecessary sex or violence to mar it.

TIMOTHY PAXTON
Oberlin, Ohio

Rex Havoc would just not be Rex Havoc without the beautifully rendered, meticulously painstaking artwork of Abel Laxamana. The man is the absolute best artist ever to appear in the pages of a Warren magazine!

MILTON OBERON
Northboro, Mass.

Jim Stenstrum continues to be the only author in 1984 (or any of the Warren magazines) who is earning his pay. His stories are always crisp, original and a pleasure to read.

I was delighted to see two of his features in the fifth issue of 1984. That was a rare treat indeed; one that I always look forward to.

NICOLLET DuCHARME
Wayzata, Minn.

I'd like to just say a few words about Abel Laxamana. It burns me up when I see the same few artists and writers praised over and over by readers in your letters column, while other, equally-deserving talent, is neglected.

We all know that Richard Corben is the best comic artist working today. We are blatantly aware that Alex Nino is the most phenomenally imaginative illustrator ever to drag a brush across a comics page. And we have heard over and over again how wonderful Rudy Nebres is to be rendering mere comics instead of retouching the Sistine Chapel.

But how often have we heard the rather quiet work of Laxamana praised in such glowing terms?

I, for one, believe the man to be an artistic genius! His work looks as though it has been lavished with painstaking love, and deep consideration for the elements of each successive panel.

Laxamana has made the Rex Havoc series the most beautifully rendered series since Hal Foster's legendary Prince Valiant. I sincerely hope his career with Warren Publishing and 1984 is a long artistically-fulfilling one.

CAROL BECKER
Felton, Calif.

Good evening,
Ladies and gentlemen. This
is Morley Wallace with another
eye-opening edition of America's
most popular news program,
'Thirty Minutes!'

In tonight's
segment, we probe
a modern legend, delving for
the truth behind one of the most
charismatic and controversial
figures of our time.



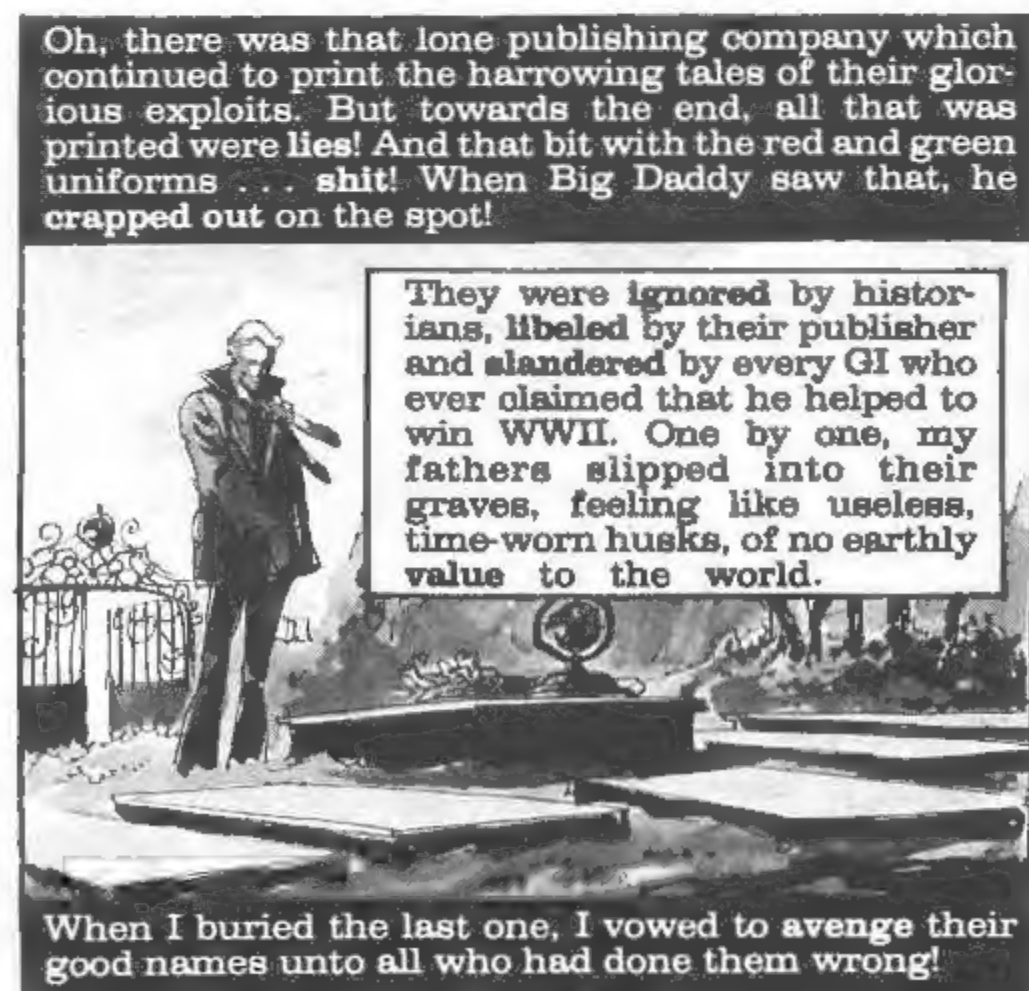
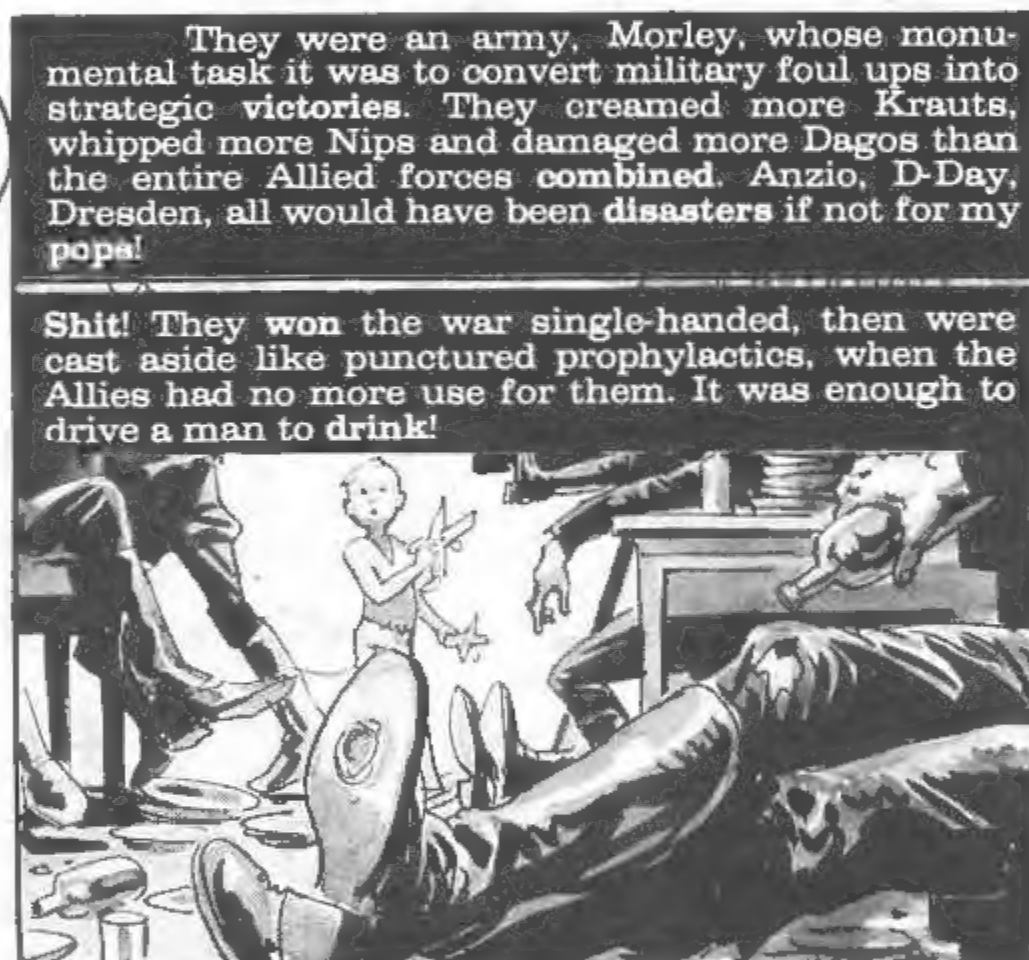
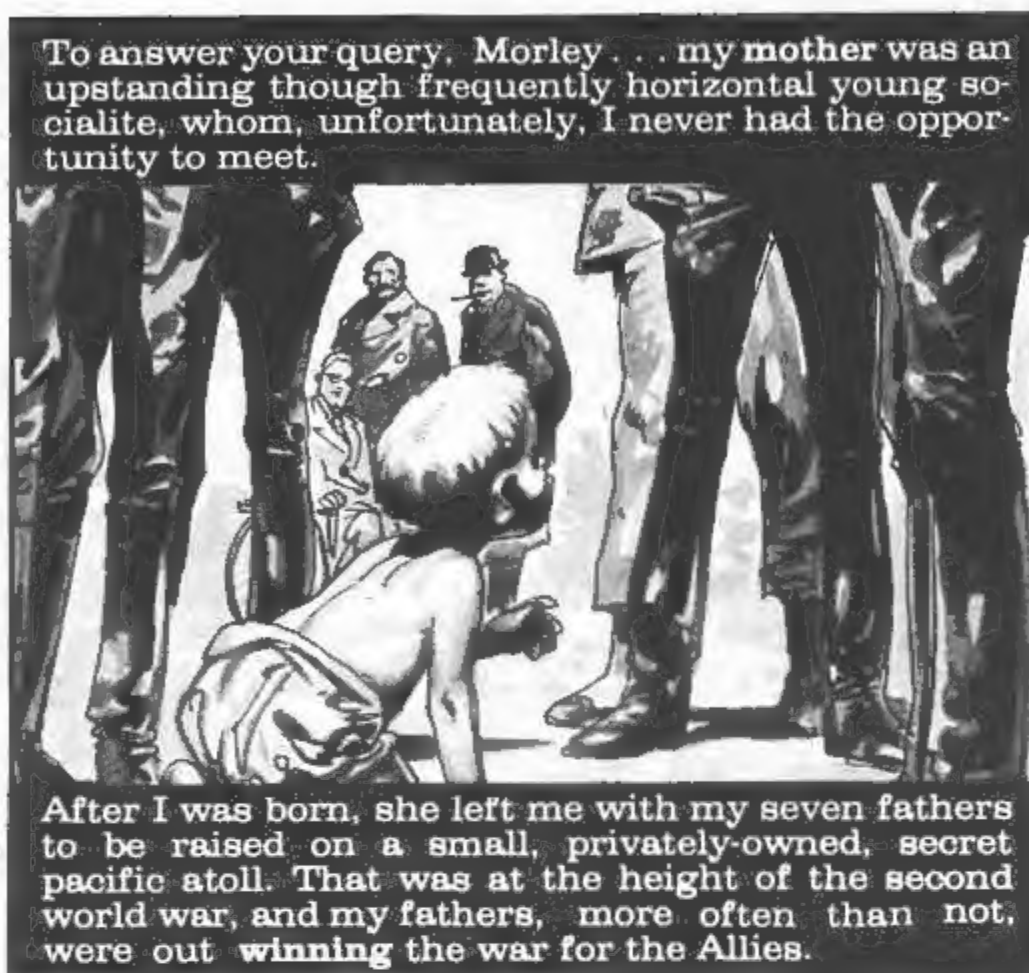
With us this evening
is the fiery-tempered commander
of that headline-making band of
self-employed mercenaries which has
so recently had the unparalleled
distinction of being simultaneously
hunted by the United States
Army, Navy, Marines and
Air Force.

He is the
self-styled vigilante who has
taken it upon himself to enact
retribution for past sins of
the United States
Government.

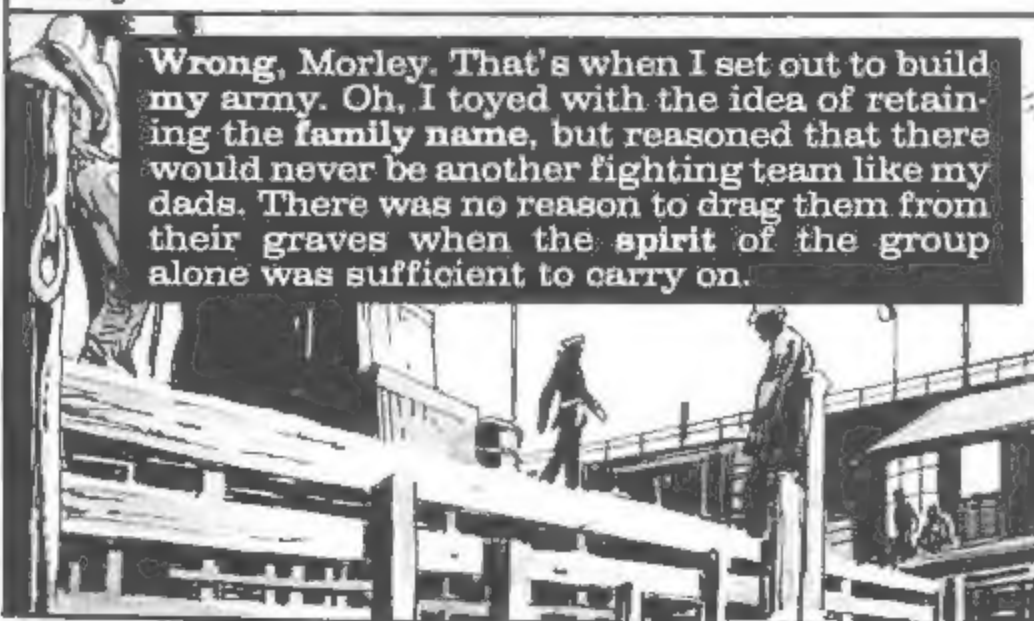
He is the
man the media
has so caustically
labelled "Mr.
Bitter!.."

I take
great pride in
presenting this
exclusive interview
with Mr. Warner Hawk
of the recently-
infamous . . .

THE WARHAWKS!



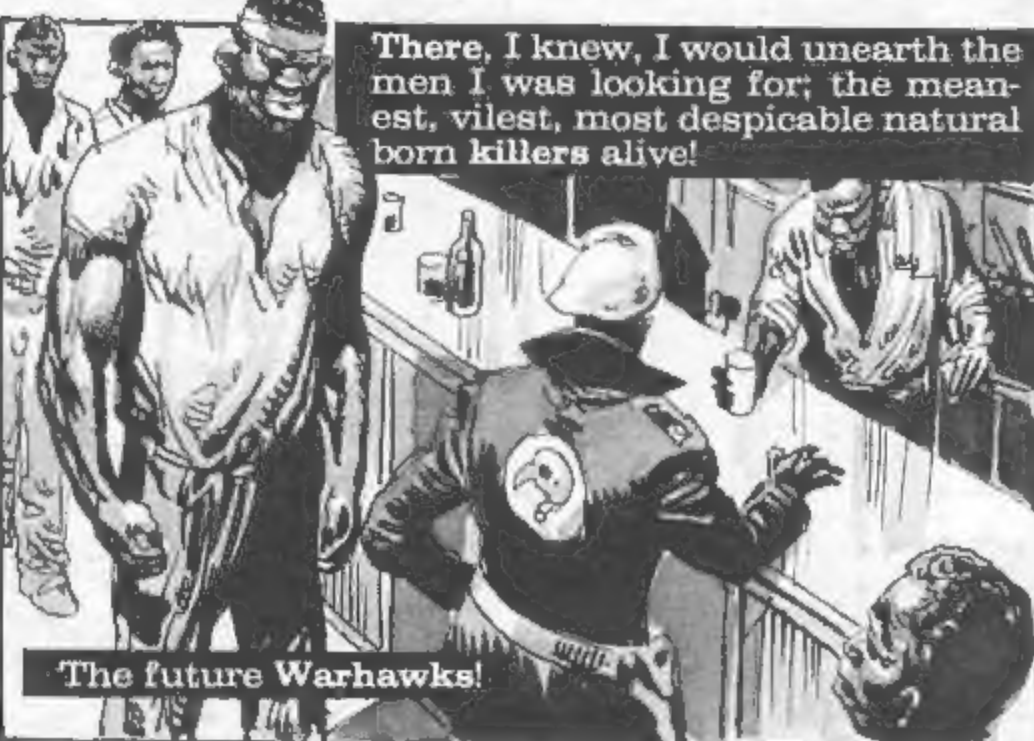
"And that's when you set out to rebuild your father's army?"



Wrong, Morley. That's when I set out to build my army. Oh, I toyed with the idea of retaining the family name, but reasoned that there would never be another fighting team like my dads. There was no reason to drag them from their graves when the spirit of the group alone was sufficient to carry on.



And what better place to find that spirit than in the lowest wharf front dives of Harlem, U.S.A. where blue-eyed blonds feared to tread.



There, I knew, I would unearth the men I was looking for; the meanest, vilest, most despicable natural born killers alive!

The future Warhawks!

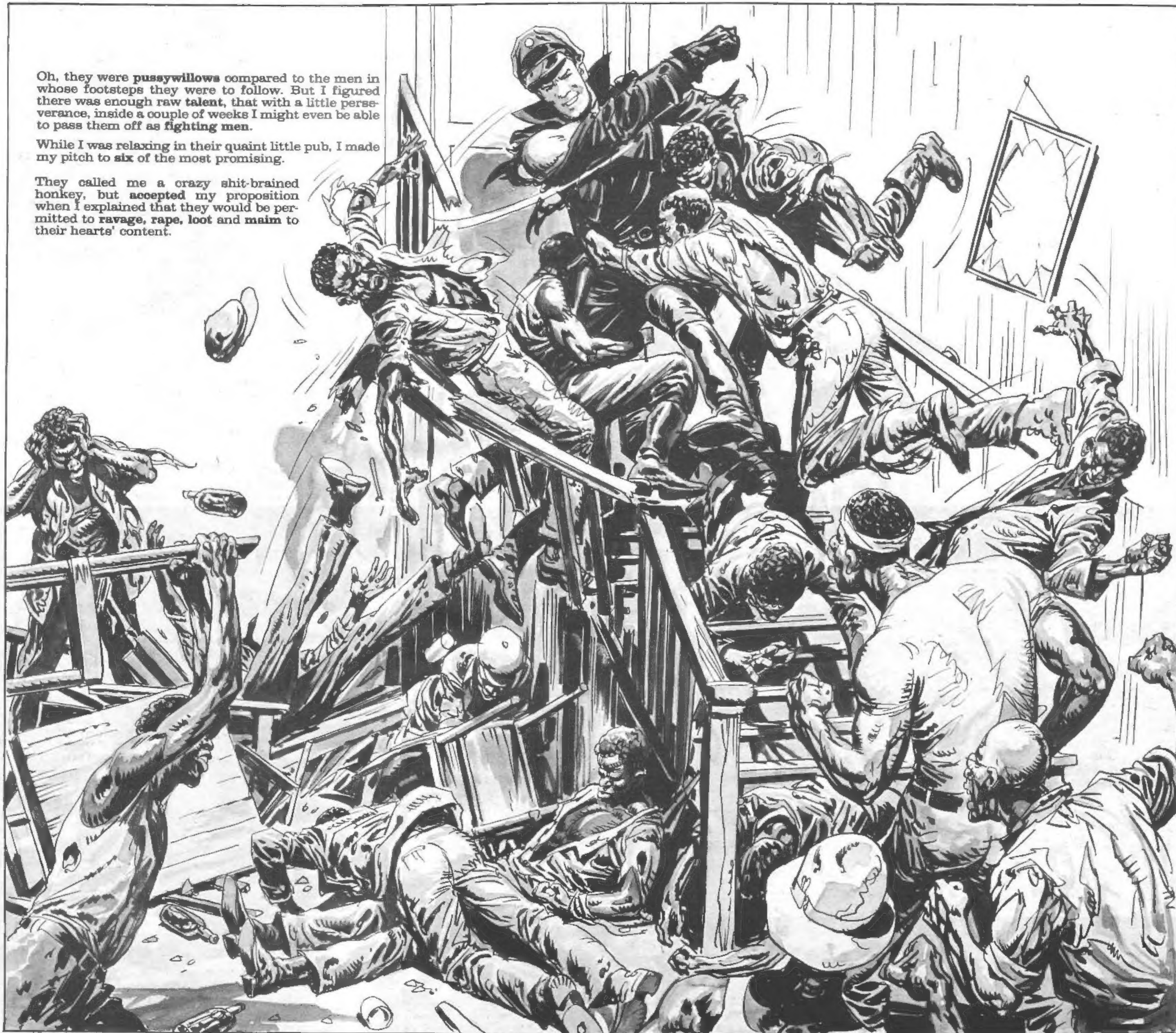


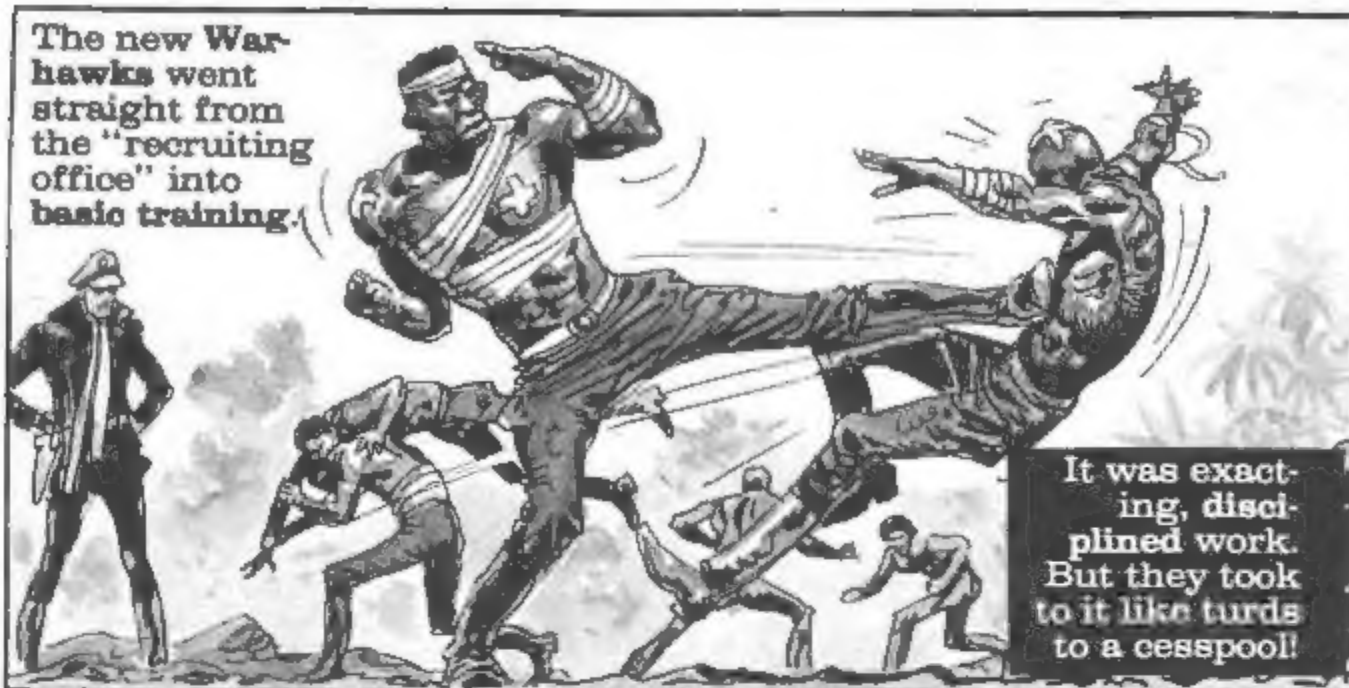
I was not disappointed.

Oh, they were pussywillows compared to the men in whose footsteps they were to follow. But I figured there was enough raw talent, that with a little perseverance, inside a couple of weeks I might even be able to pass them off as fighting men.

While I was relaxing in their quaint little pub, I made my pitch to six of the most promising.

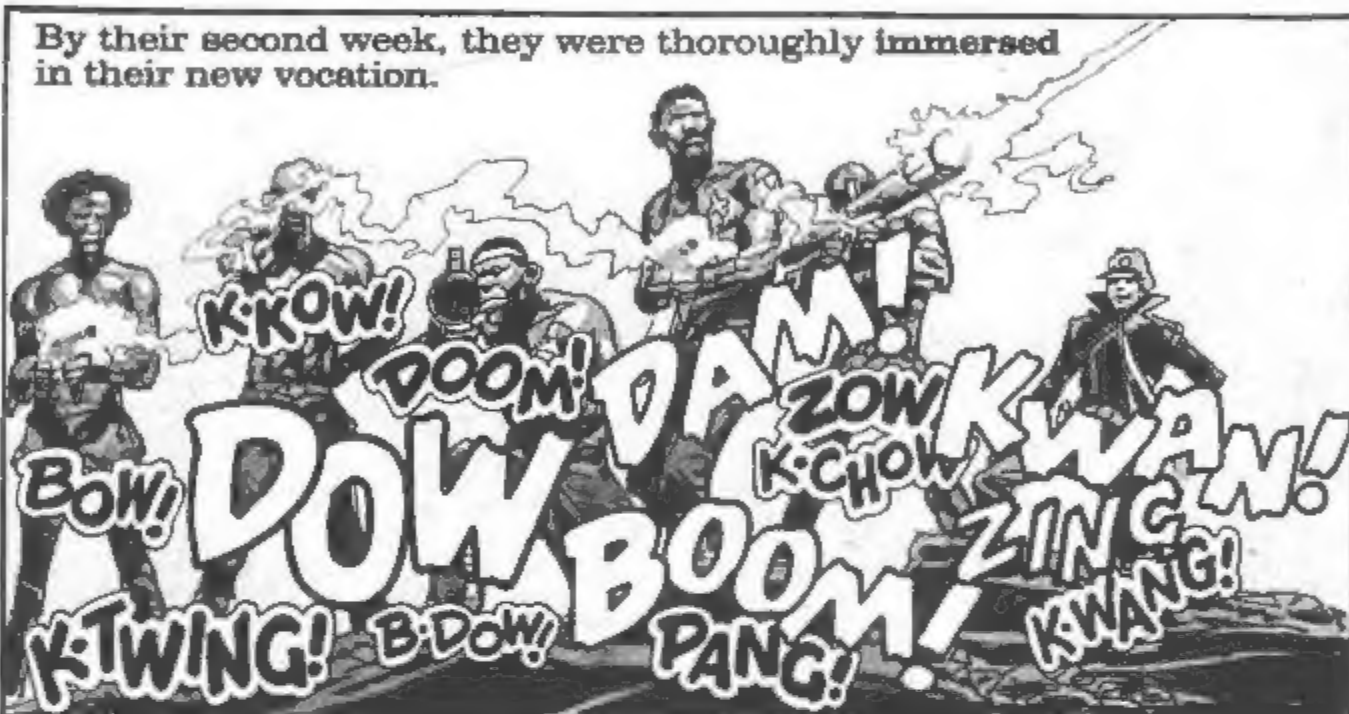
They called me a crazy shit-brained honkey, but accepted my proposition when I explained that they would be permitted to ravage, rape, loot and maim to their hearts' content.





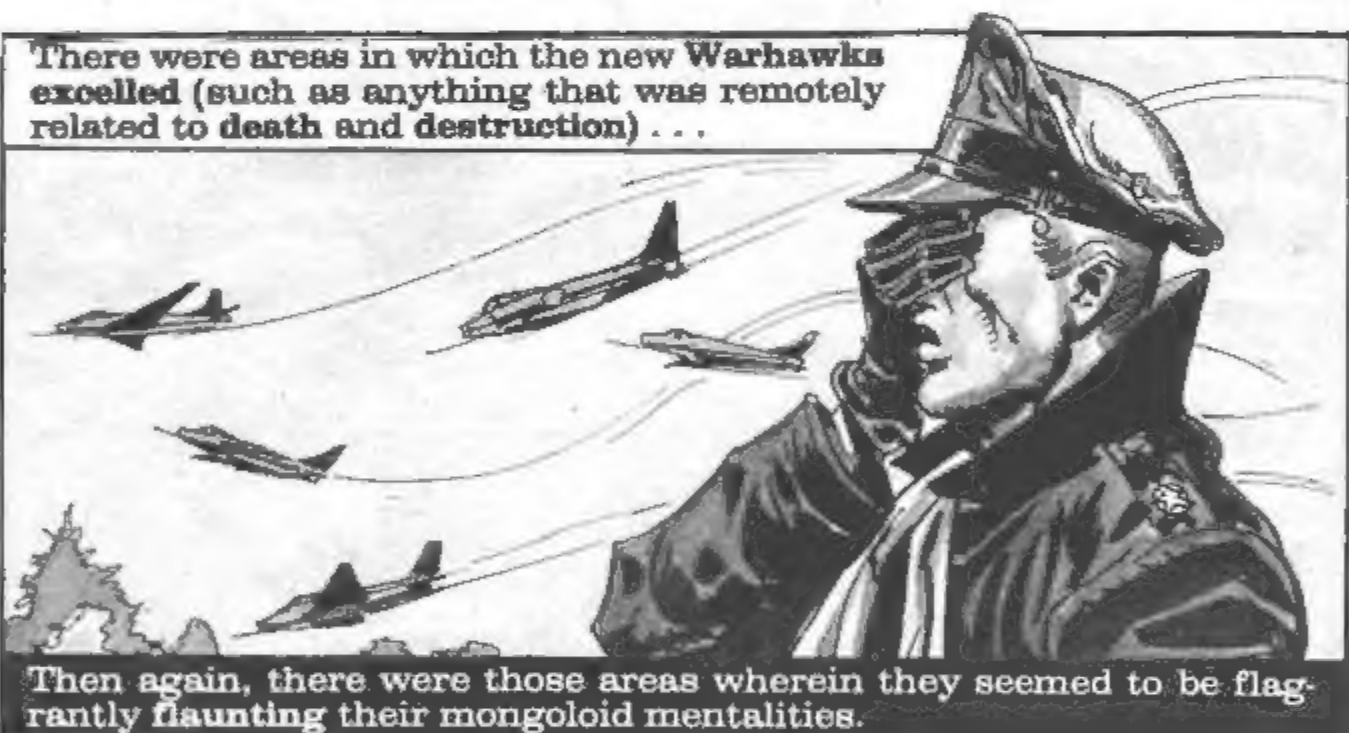
The new Warhawks went straight from the "recruiting office" into basic training.

It was exacting, disciplined work. But they took to it like turds to a cesspool!



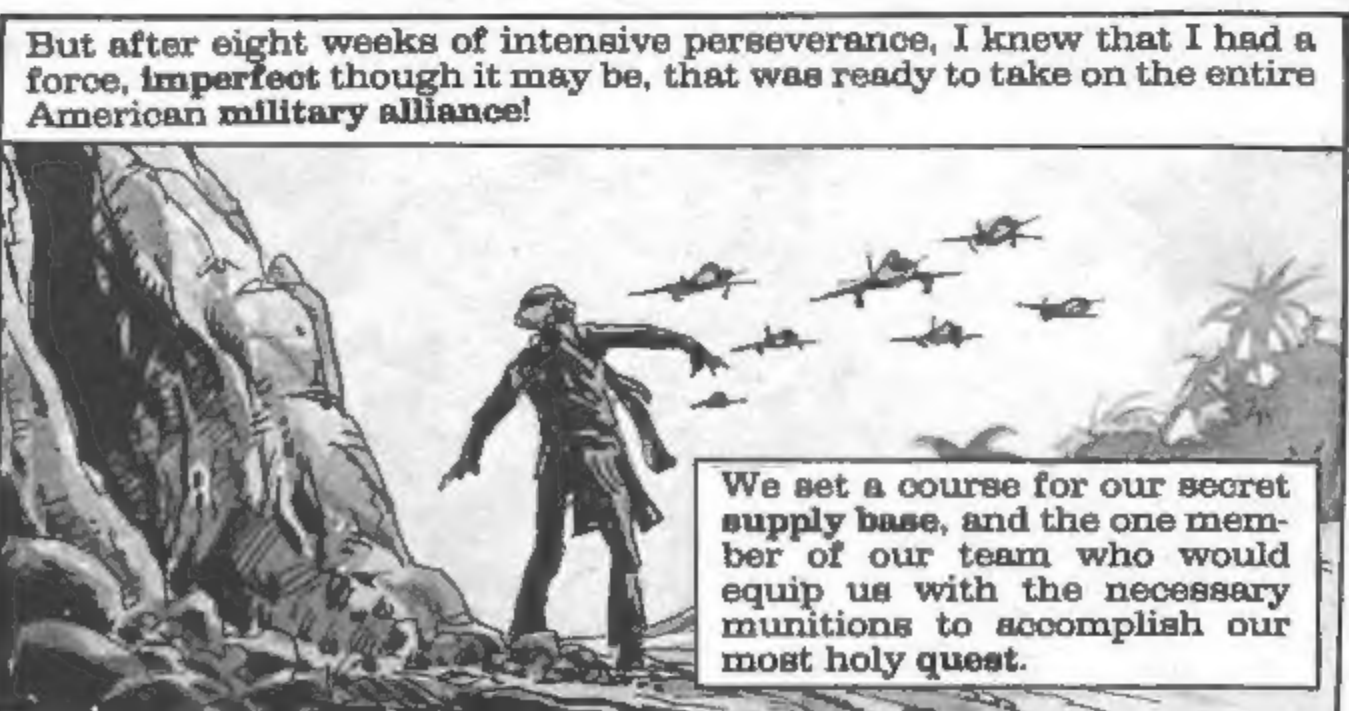
By their second week, they were thoroughly immersed in their new vocation.

KKOW! DOOM! DAM! ZOW! KWAH! BOW! DOW! BOOM! ZING! KTWING! BOW! PANG! KWANG!



There were areas in which the new Warhawks excelled (such as anything that was remotely related to death and destruction) ...

Then again, there were those areas wherein they seemed to be flagrantly flaunting their mongoloid mentalities.



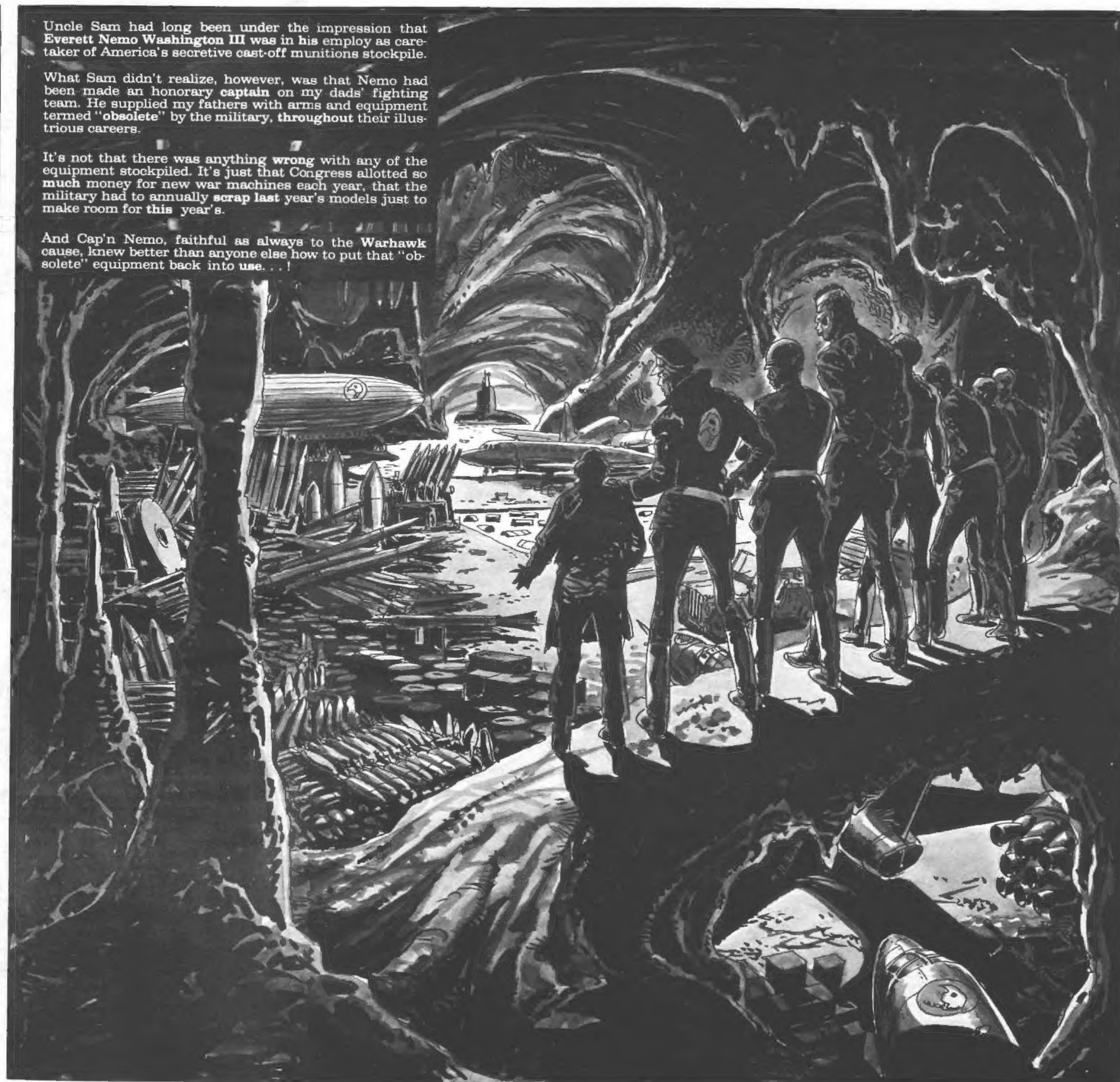
We set a course for our secret supply base, and the one member of our team who would equip us with the necessary munitions to accomplish our most holy quest.

Uncle Sam had long been under the impression that Everett Nemo Washington III was in his employ as caretaker of America's secretive cast-off munitions stockpile.

What Sam didn't realize, however, was that Nemo had been made an honorary captain on my dad's fighting team. He supplied my fathers with arms and equipment termed "obsolete" by the military, throughout their illustrious careers.

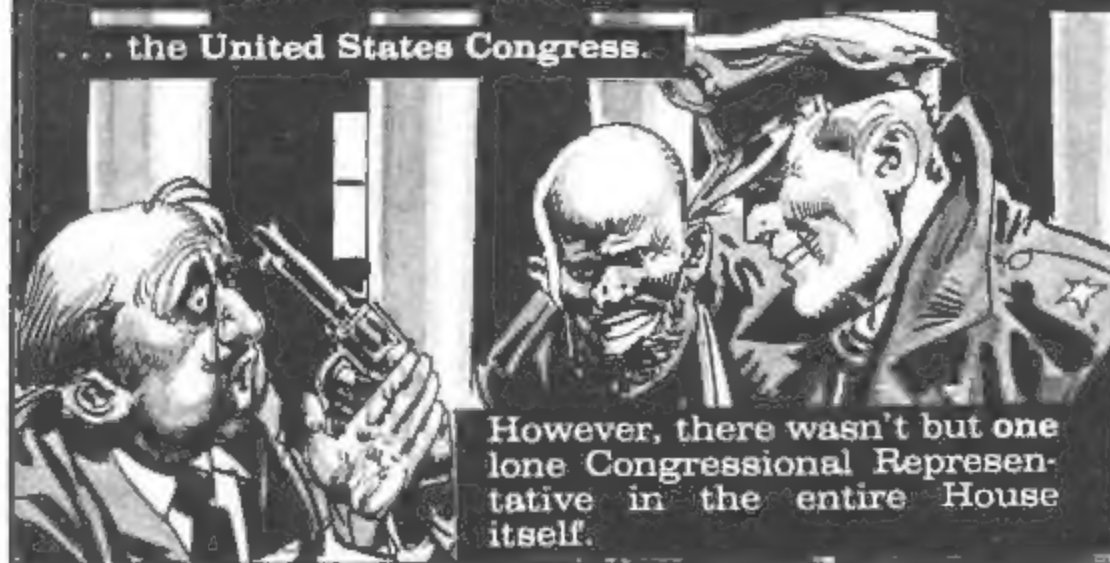
It's not that there was anything wrong with any of the equipment stockpiled. It's just that Congress allotted so much money for new war machines each year, that the military had to annually scrap last year's models just to make room for this year's.

And Cap'n Nemo, faithful as always to the Warhawk cause, knew better than anyone else how to put that "obsolete" equipment back into use. ...!



From that point forward, the war was on. Our second target was that wondrous organization that robs from the poor to support the filthy rich . . .

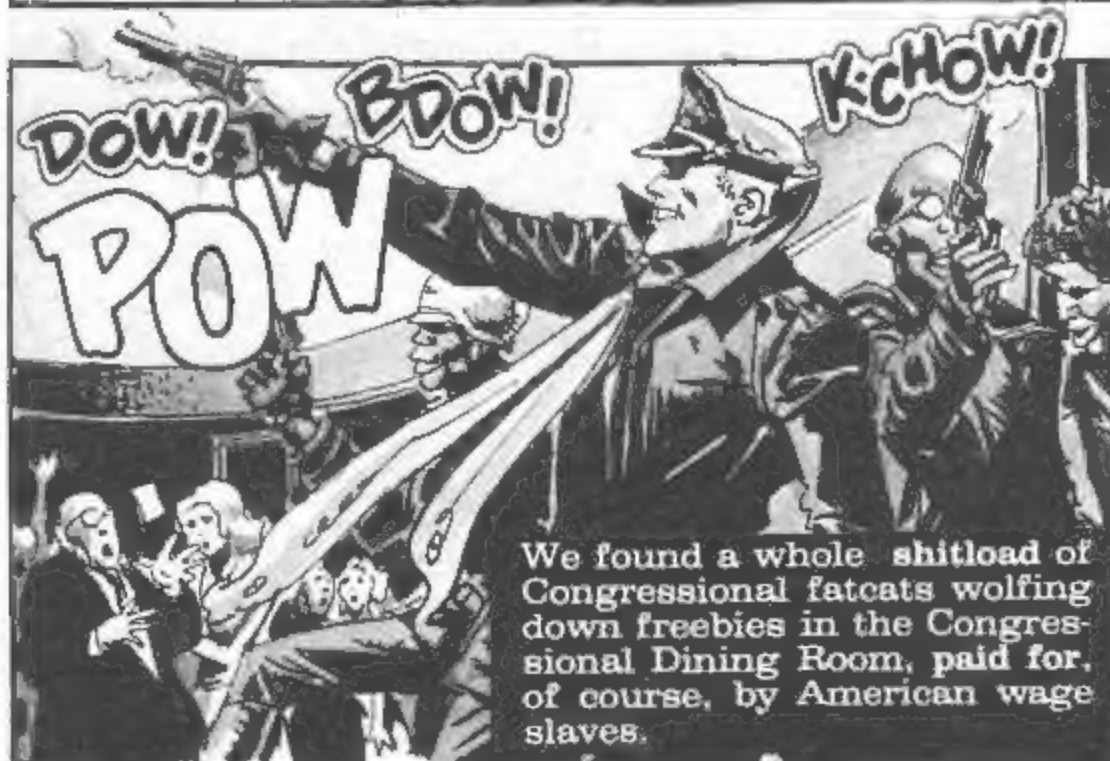
the United States Congress.



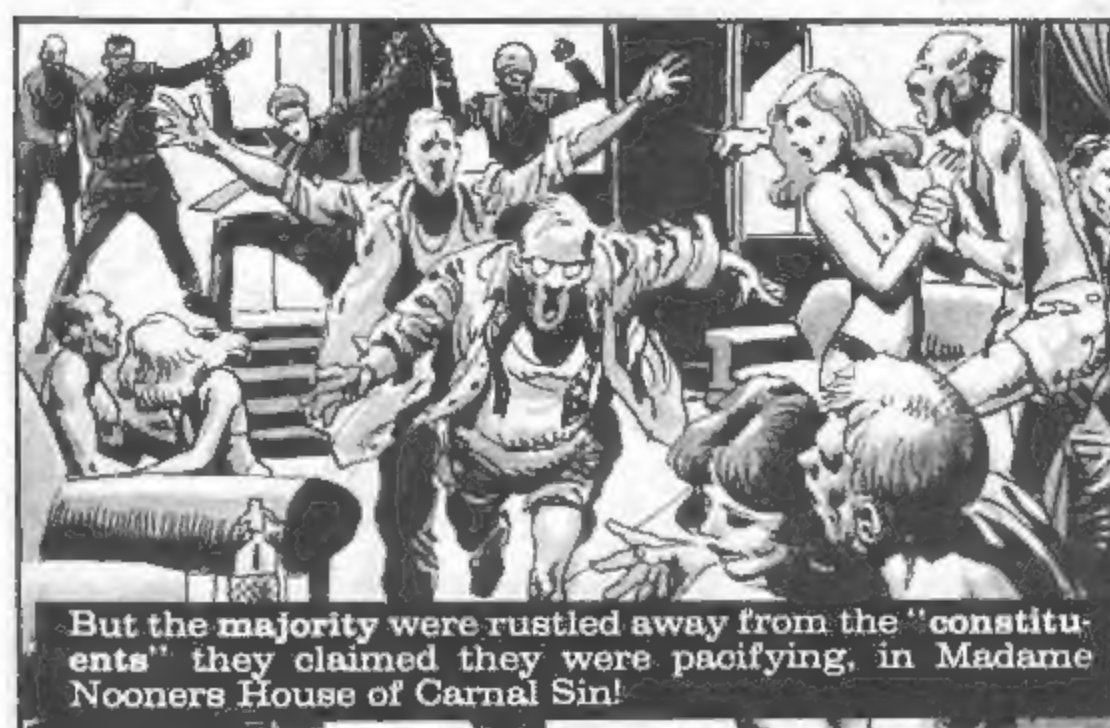
However, there wasn't but one lone Congressional Representative in the entire House itself.



We found a few more in a subcommittee meeting room. But it looked as though the only thing they were meeting out were the joys of physical remuneration.



We found a whole shitload of Congressional fatcats wolfing down freebies in the Congressional Dining Room, paid for, of course, by American wage slaves.



But the majority were rustled away from the "constituents" they claimed they were pacifying, in Madame Nooners House of Carnal Sin!

Fat from years of oral exercise, listless from decades of apathetic deliberation, not one of our glorious States' Representatives so much as mouthed a whimpering squeal as we trucked them to the same waiting troop trains that they had scrapped so many years before.

We explained that they were about to enjoy an all-new Congressional freebie . . . an explosive ride to Glory aboard the non-stop Euthanasia Express! Benefits made possible, of course, compliments of the heroes of the late great war, for whom Congress had done so much!

In typical fillibuster fashion, they rebutted that it was the President's responsibility to console disgruntled old soldiers, and that they had clashed with him on the subject for the final time!

As we left them, we off-handedly noted they were about to clash with the President just once more. And, as the Presidential Express hurtled towards them at twice the speed of flack, the pungent aroma of fear wafted odiously from their drawers. . . !



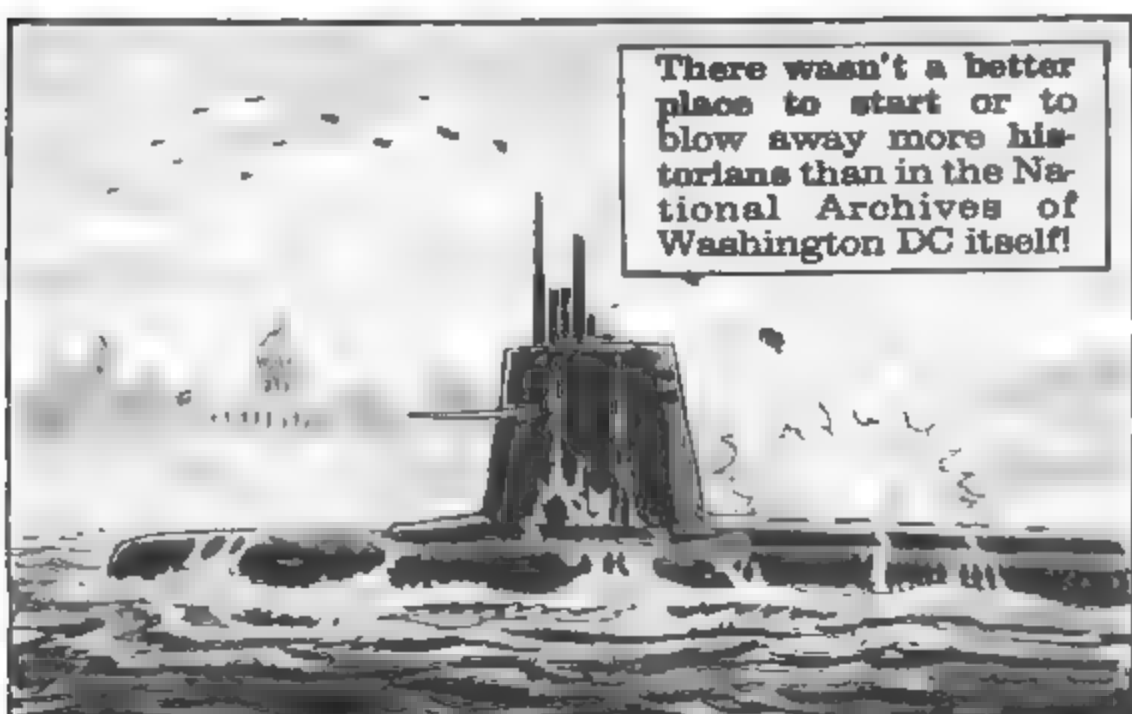
The Captain took great pride in his hardware. He cleaned and polished and scrubbed incessantly. Engines were constantly being tuned, and arms prepared for warfare. And whenever he had a moment to spare, he meticulously etched the proud emblem of the Warhawks onto every piece of equipment.



It was the Captain himself who suggested the target for the first Warhawk raid. He'd lived more history than damned near any man. And he'd seen it twisted and perverted by historians until he was hard-pressed to recognize it any more.



He, too, resented the way history had ignored my pop's role in the great war, and he wanted nothing more than to fire the first resounding shot in our glorious war of attrition.



There wasn't a better place to start or to blow away more historians than in the National Archives of Washington DC itself!

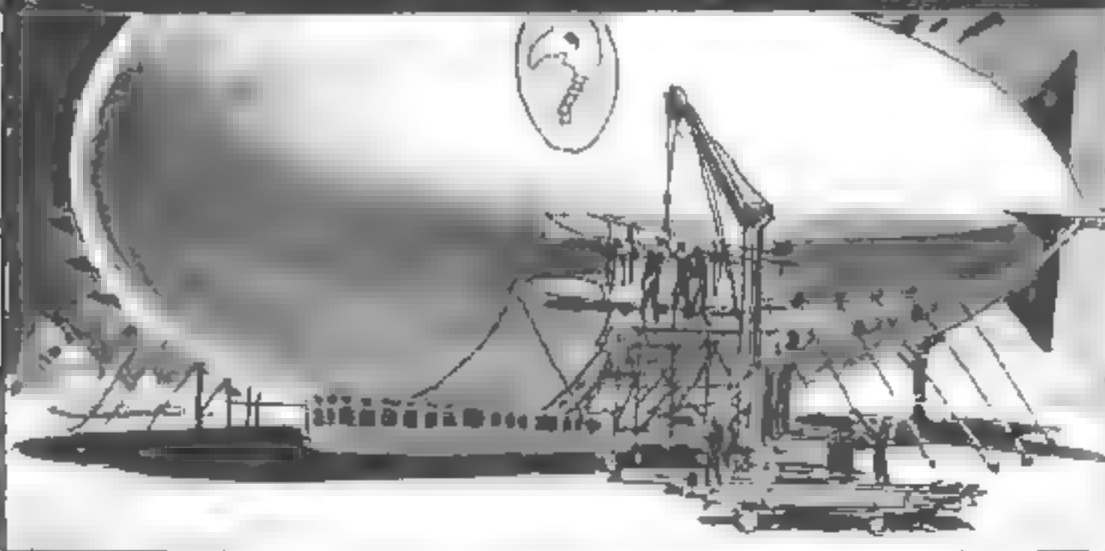
We eased up the Potomac, allowing the Captain all the time he needed to assure that his aim was straight and true. And then, at just the right moment, during the mad lunch hour rush, the old man tittered gleefully and triggered the guns which hurtled a thousand barrels of the deadliest poison known to man, over Capital Hill and onto the National Archives building.

Raw plutonium sewage rained from the skies! The Captain figured it was sheer poetic justice that the bodies of the nation's chroniclers were instantly as polluted as the minds of those who had looked to them for historic truths.

"Just given 'em back a little a'the shit they been shovelin' us all these years," the Captain proclaimed with a smile that betrayed animosity hidden for years.



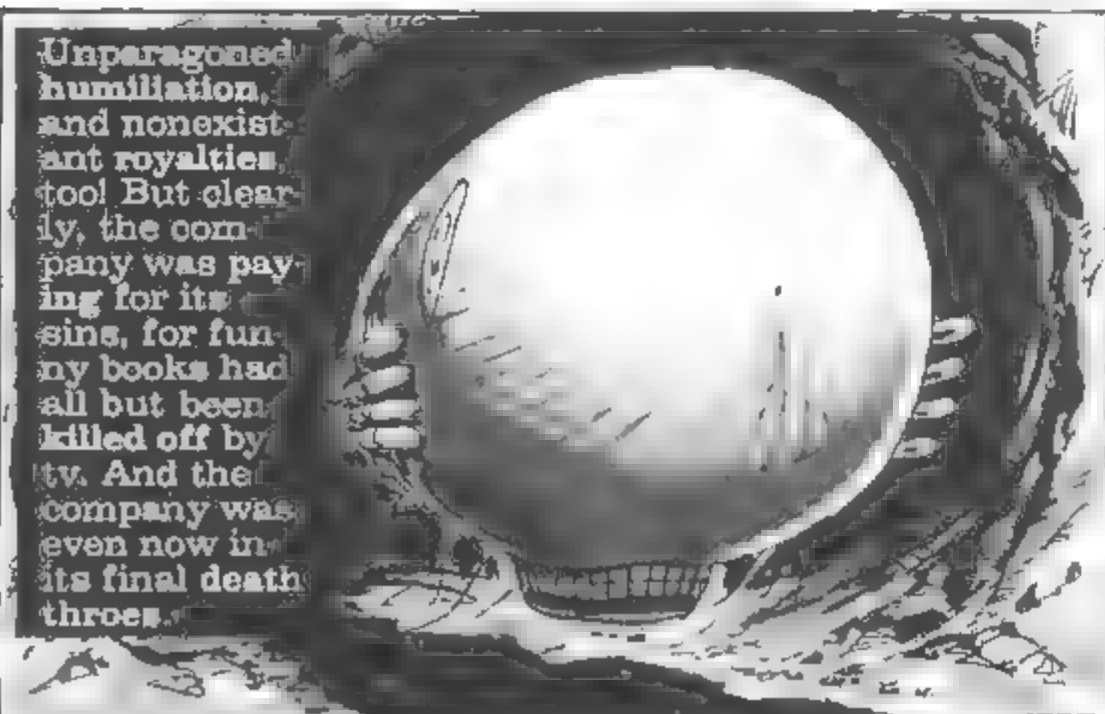
We had an extra special treat for the publishing conglomerate who so maliciously libeled my dad for so many years.



The degradation of it all! To print the adventures of the greatest wartime heroes in the pages of a lowly funny book. As if the truth of my fathers' exploits could only be entrusted to illiterates, retards and other spapbrained droolers!



Oh, their publishers meant well, sure! And as long as funny books sales were up, the stories didn't stray too far from the truth. But the instant sales plummeted, they had my dad in skin-tight leotards, leaping tall buildings in a single bound, cavorting shamelessly before their rampantly illiterate readers.



Unparagoned humiliation, and nonexistent royalties, too! But clearly, the company was paying for its sins, for funny books had all but been killed off by tv. And the company was even now in its final death throes.

But the Warhawks wanted to make that death all the quicker and more merciless.

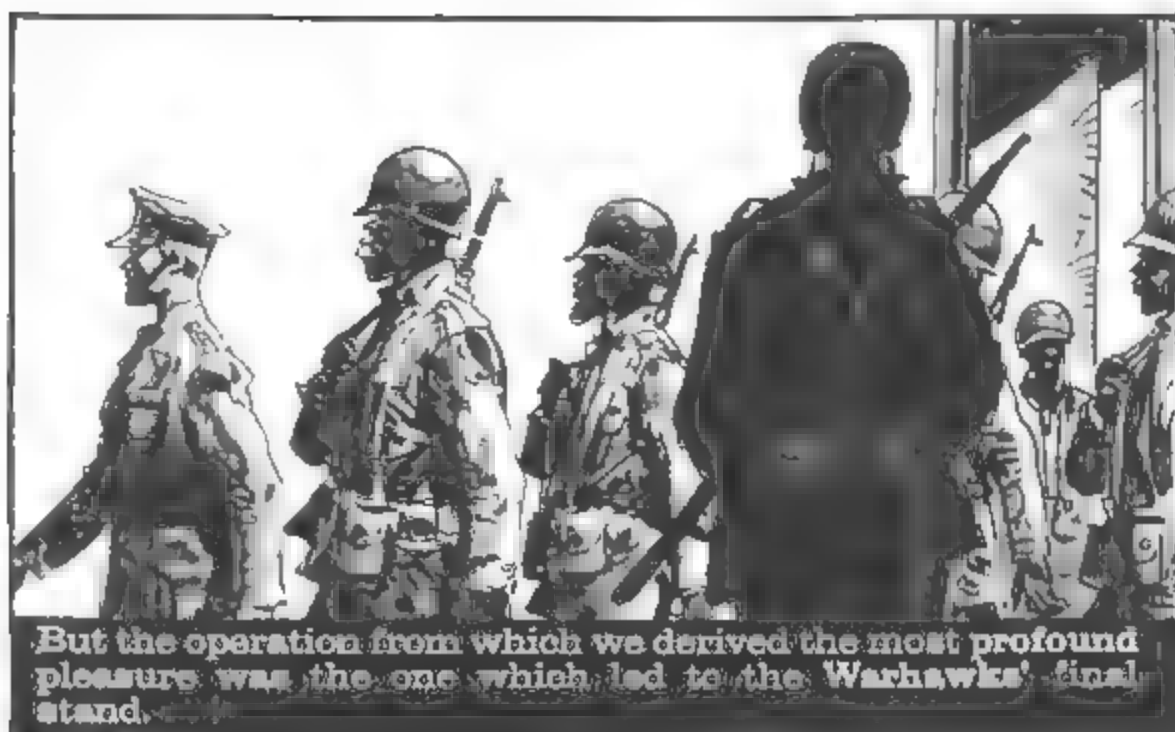
They were filled with excitement as they strapped the old nukes to the sides of the ancient Warhawk observation zeppelin.

And their faces were alight with ecstasy when the balloon sailed straight for the skyscraper which house the one-time publishing empire!

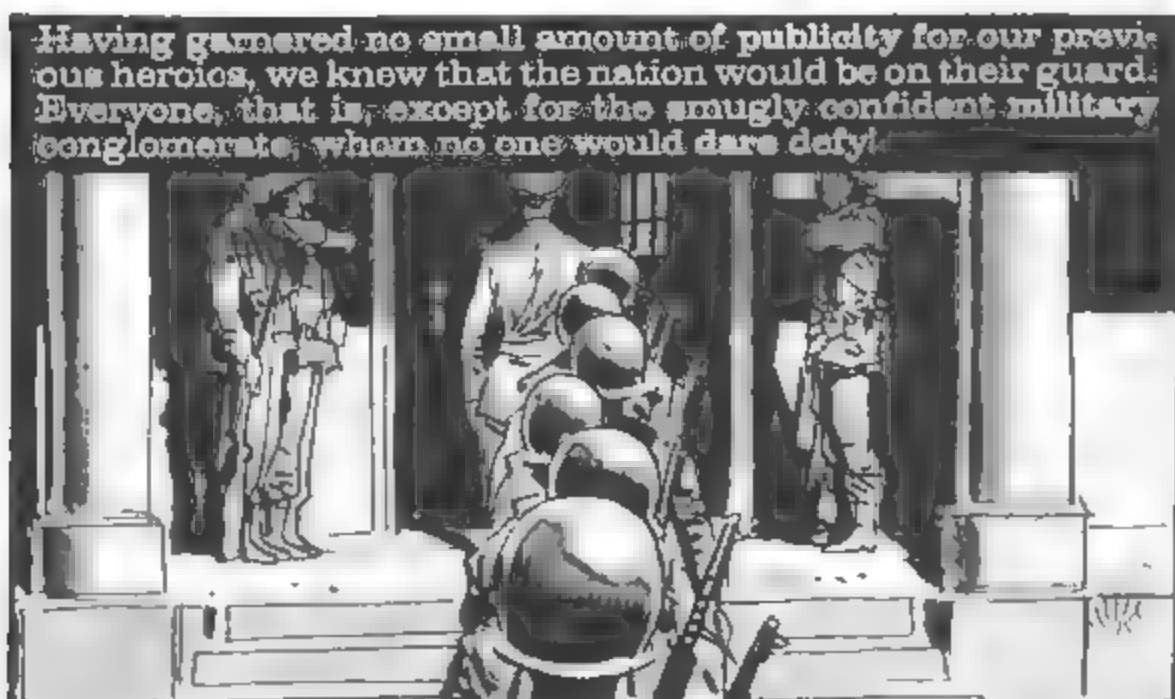


The sheer panic in the streets at first sight of our balloon, sent shudders of utter delight shooting through my lust-haunted loins.

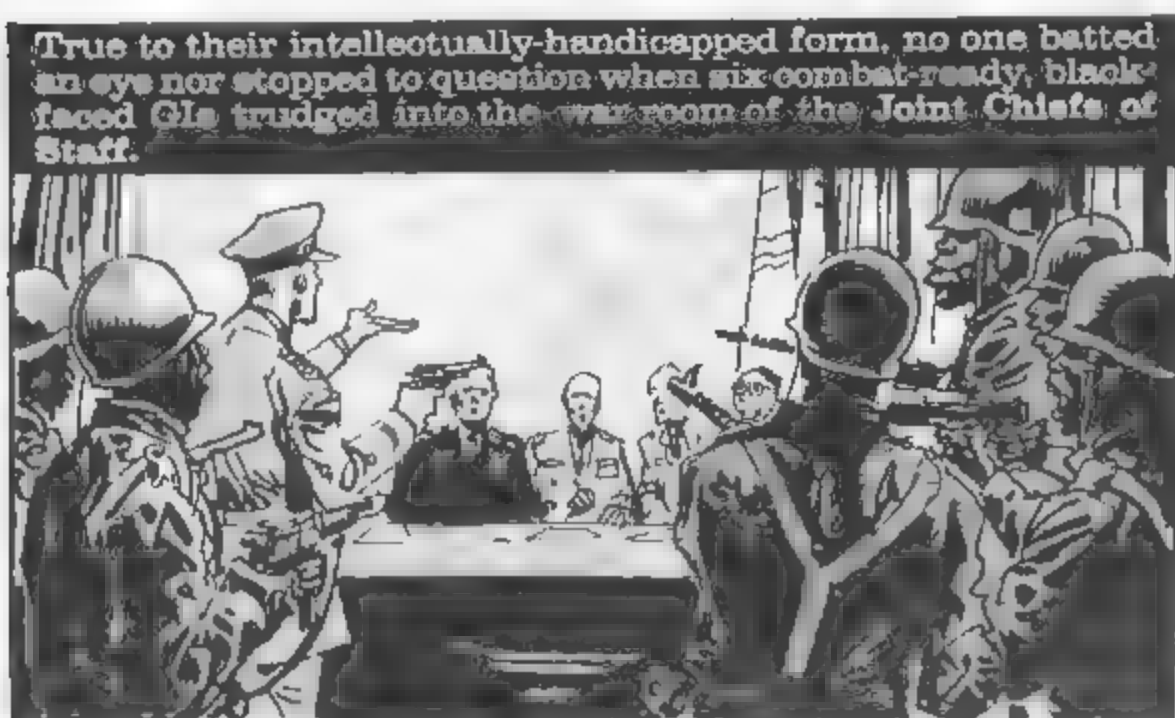
And at the instant of impact, when the building disintegrated in torrents of multi-colored flame, the sensation within me was not wholly unlike that of sinfully joyous sex!



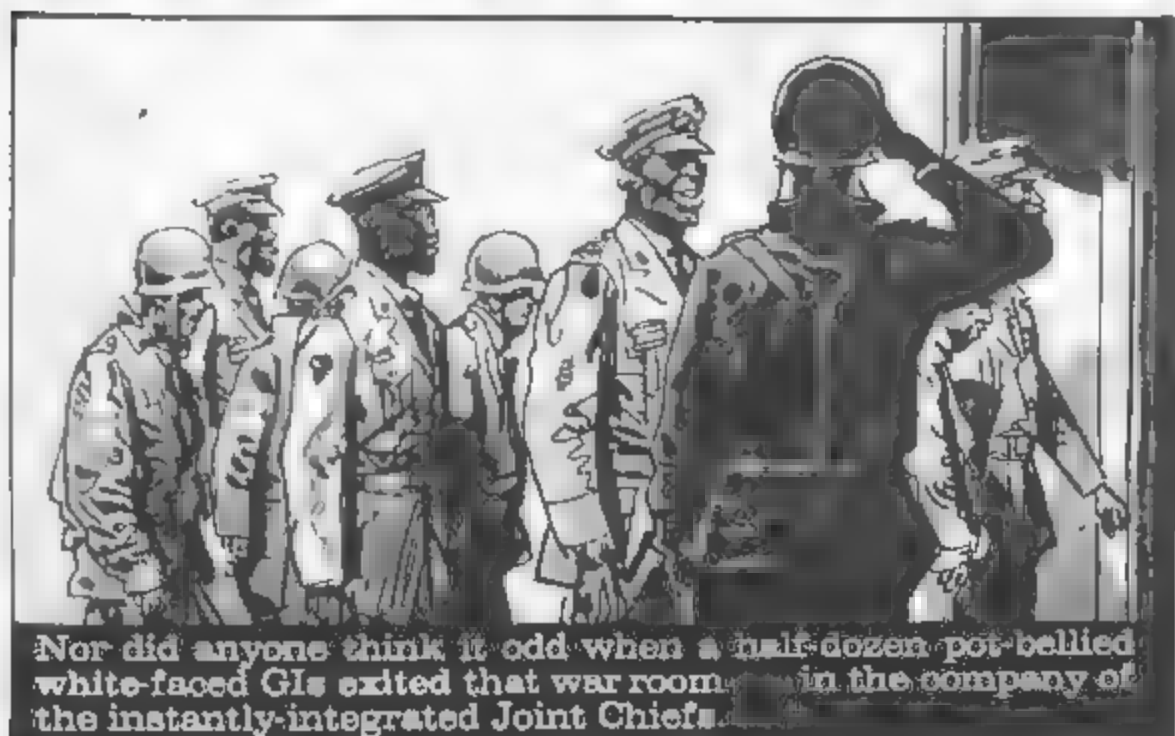
But the operation from which we derived the most profound pleasure was the one which led to the Warhawks' final stand.



Having garnered no small amount of publicity for our previous heroics, we knew that the nation would be on their guard. Everyone, that is, except for the smugly confident military conglomerate, whom no one would dare defy.



True to their intellectually-handicapped form, no one batted an eye nor stopped to question when six combat-ready, black-faced GIs trudged into the war room of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.



Nor did anyone think it odd when a half-dozen pot-bellied white-faced GIs exited that war room in the company of the instantly-integrated Joint Chiefs.

The commanders of the Army, Navy, Marines, Air Force and Coast Guard were somewhat adamant when they discovered the fate which inescapably lay before them.

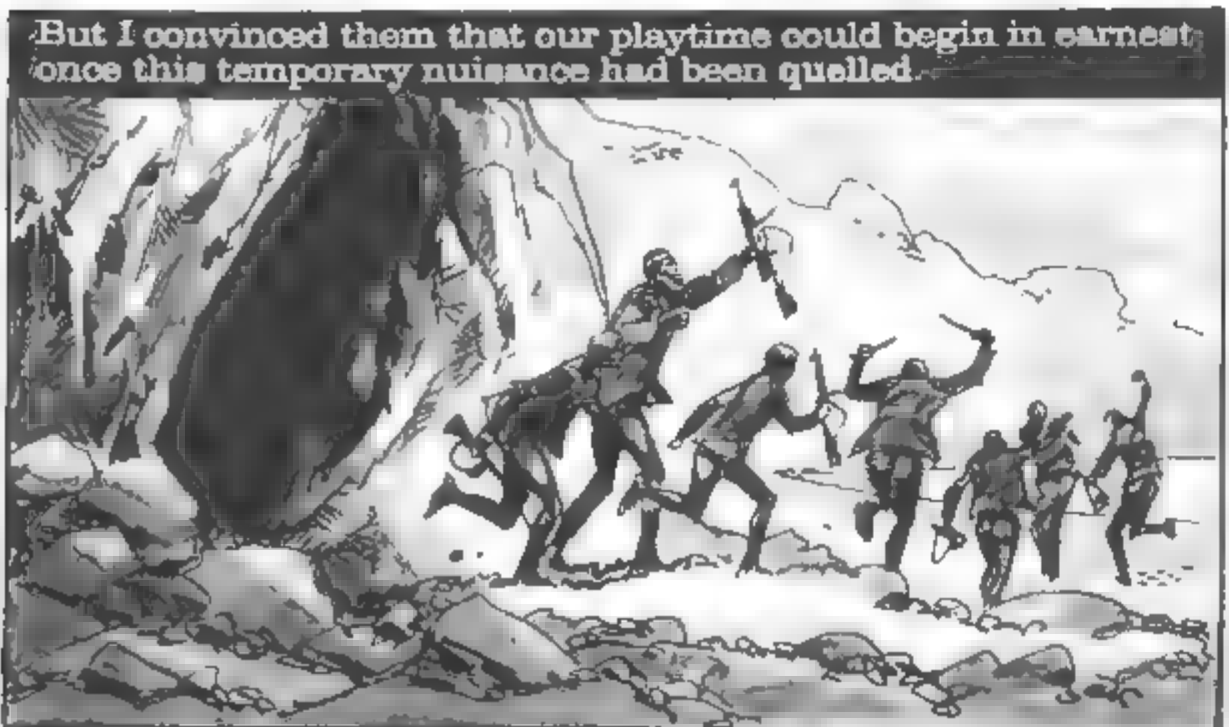
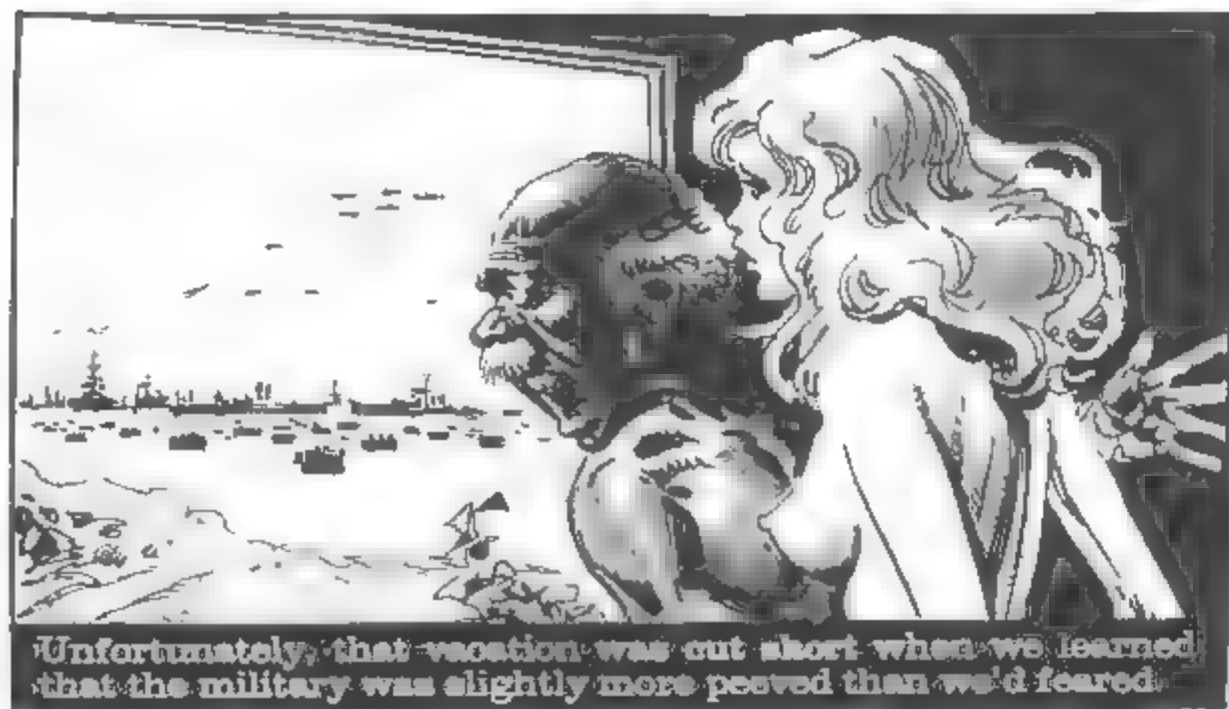
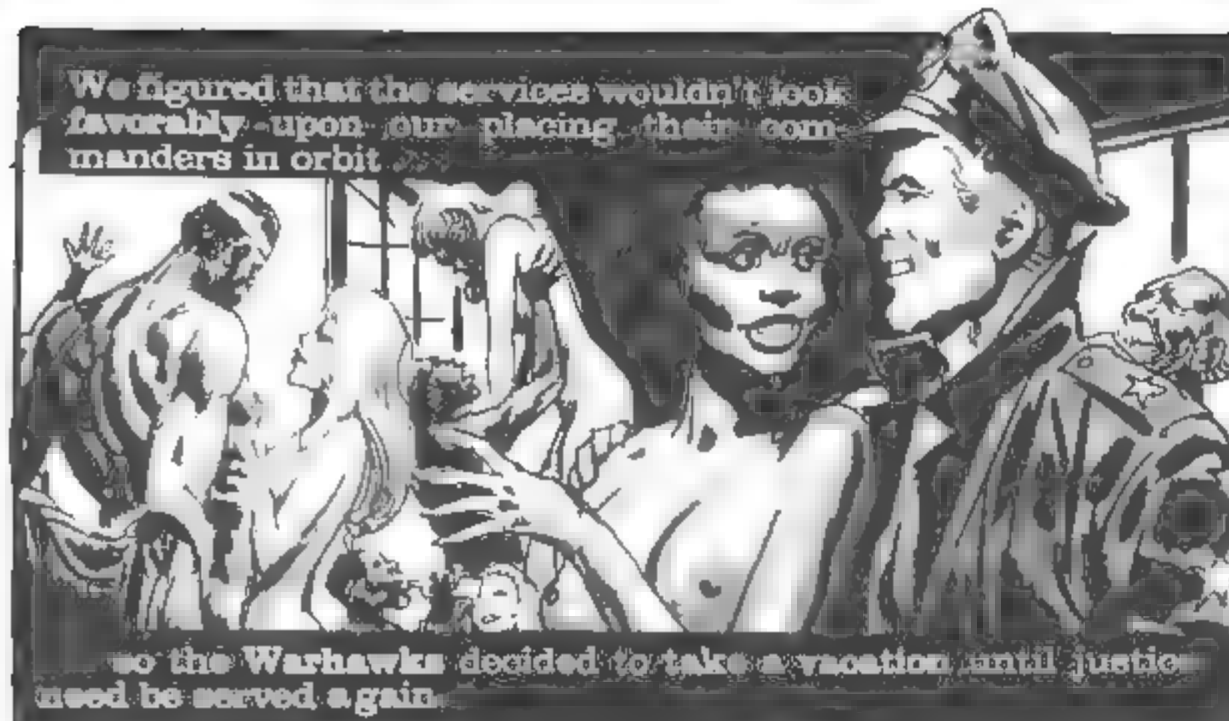
"But ... but ... those rockets weren't designed to carry passengers," the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs protested.

"Sheeeeeeit!" That don't matter none," Captain Nemo countered. "We's jest gone' stick it to you th'same way you's been stickin' it t'others all these years!"

"And when those giant mothers shoot off, you's gone' have th'biggest thrill a'your entire jerked-off lives!"

The generals screamed like banshees in heat as the oversized phallics violated that great, forbidden vagina in the sky. . . !





It wasn't so much that the military was vexed at us for spirited off their generals...! I think what ired them most was having to pull that weekend combat duty.

They fought like holy hellions... exhibiting a vengeance that only men who have been cheated out of their weekend pass can have!

You know, they might actually have harmed the Warhawks if we hadn't been so hell-bent on getting on with our own holiday.

Plainly, it just wasn't the proper time to rile us!





What you're saying then, Warner, is that the Warhawks could not even be defeated by the combined onslaught of the U.S. military services? But the news media reported that your secret pacific atoll had been overrun. . . !

Morley! I'm surprised at you. . . ! A journalist falling for the carefully worded hype of government press dispatches! Shame!



Overrun does not necessarily mean overcome! The Warhawks are even now sunning themselves on the peaceful beaches of our island headquarters . . . resting up for our next glorious crusade. . . !

Next crusade!? You mean there's more to come?



Surely you didn't think we were going to stop now? Wait'll we start on the Frogs, the Limeys and the Reds! They didn't approve my dad's veterans' benefits either!

But . . . but . . . your wounds. . . ! Surely the physical punishment inflicted by the military was sufficient to dissuade you from future forays?!



What!? This? Hell, Morley, the military didn't do this to me! A little old lady with an umbrella mugged me on my way to the studio!

I tried to recruit the spunky little gal into the Warhawks, but she wouldn't hear of it!



Well, ladies and gentlemen . . . there you have it. . . ! The awesome truth behind the most controversial headline-making enigma of our age . . . Mr. Warner Hawk and his vigilante Warhawks!

Will this polemical group be heard from again? Only time will tell, folks!

For CBS news, this is Morley Wallace saying goodnight!



Good show, Mor! What've y'got slated for next week?

Something really exciting! We've dug up a schizoid who'll claim he's the offspring of Amelia Earhart and the legendary man of steel!

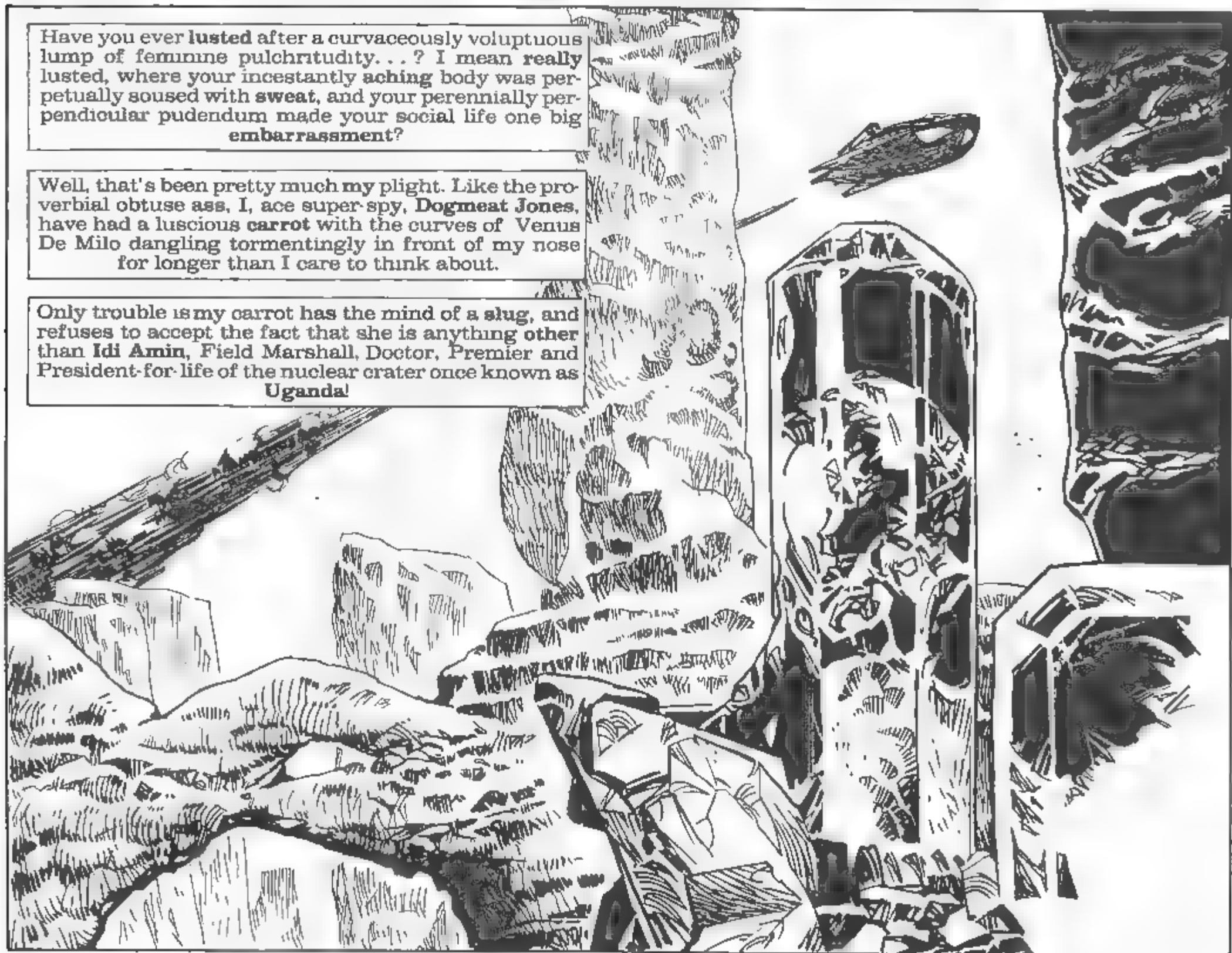
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THE FINAL DAYS of IDI AMIN!

Have you ever lusted after a curvaceously voluptuous lump of feminine pulchritude...? I mean really lusted, where your incessantly aching body was perpetually soused with sweat, and your perennially perpendicular pudendum made your social life one big embarrassment?

Well, that's been pretty much my plight. Like the proverbial obtuse ass, I, ace super-spy, Dogmeat Jones, have had a luscious carrot with the curves of Venus De Milo dangling tormentingly in front of my nose for longer than I care to think about.

Only trouble is my carrot has the mind of a slug, and refuses to accept the fact that she is anything other than Idi Amin, Field Marshall, Doctor, Premier and President-for-life of the nuclear crater once known as Uganda!



It's a long, incredible story. Don't ask me to go into it again. Suffice it to say that I screwed up royally by spending the final moments of the late great war transplanting the "glorious" mind of one of the world's all-time greatest cornholes into a body that would make your toes curl with wanton lust!

And I've spent every waking moment since that time trying to convince that intellectually petrified mind that rigid sexual abstinence is the quickest route to corporeal and cerebral decay!

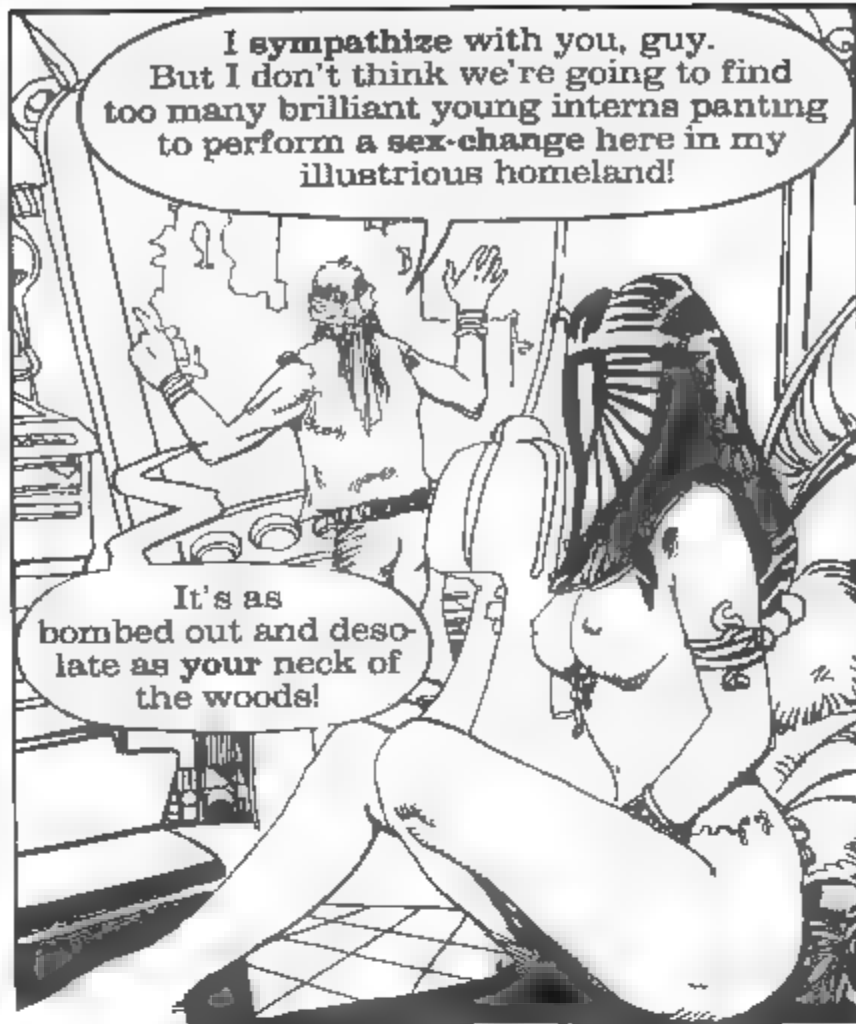
GAAAAA!
For last time, Id told
you! Answer am no!

Now you am
put that slimy thing
away! Id not want see
it again!



Sure, Id! Anything you say! But do you think you could stop hitting me with that crowbar first?

Id told you . . . Id still have hopes of finding brilliant American doctor who can sew together Id's long-lost manhood!



I sympathize with you, guy. But I don't think we're going to find too many brilliant young interns panting to perform a sex-change here in my illustrious homeland!

It's as bombed out and desolate as your neck of the woods!



I think about the only recourse open to us is to do what any post holocaustic couple would do . . . find a nice quiet little plutonium farm and raise us a couple of muties!



That am not even funny! Id not type of guy to settle down as farmer's wife!

It . . . it getting so Id not really know what to do anymore. . . !



Id had hoped that America would be different. . . ! That home of brave and land of free would still be green and fertile!

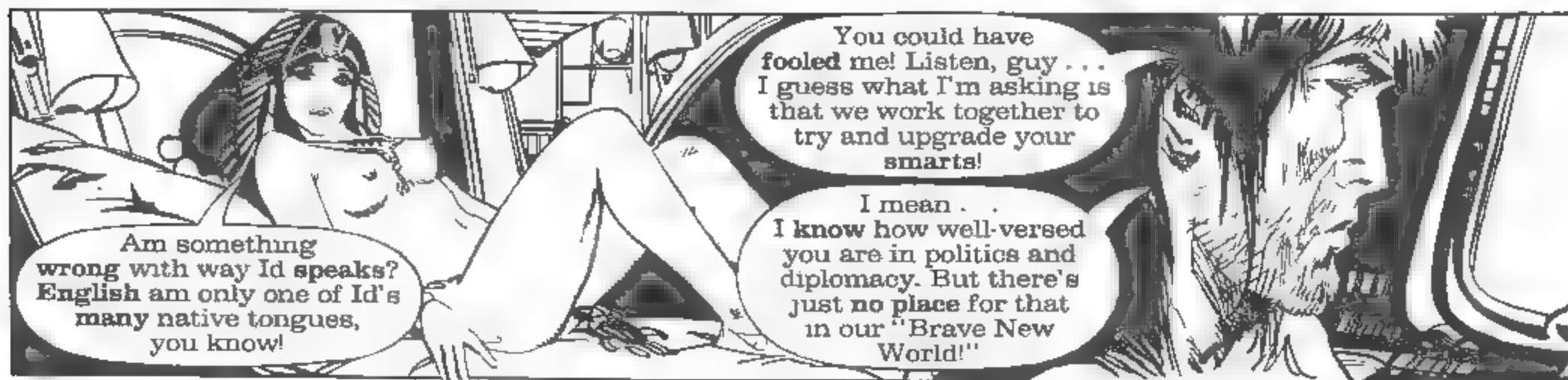
Instead, it am one big junkyard of broken Fords and empty Pepsi cans!

It am not fair! It am just not fair!



And, uh... while we're on the subject of intellectual handicaps... what say we pick you up a copy of *Thirty Days to a More Powerful Vocabulary* once we land this crate?

It's a little grating on the nerves to be conversing in Muppetese all the time...!



Am something wrong with way Id speaks? English am only one of Id's many native tongues, you know!

You could have fooled me! Listen, guy... I guess what I'm asking is that we work together to try and upgrade your smarts!

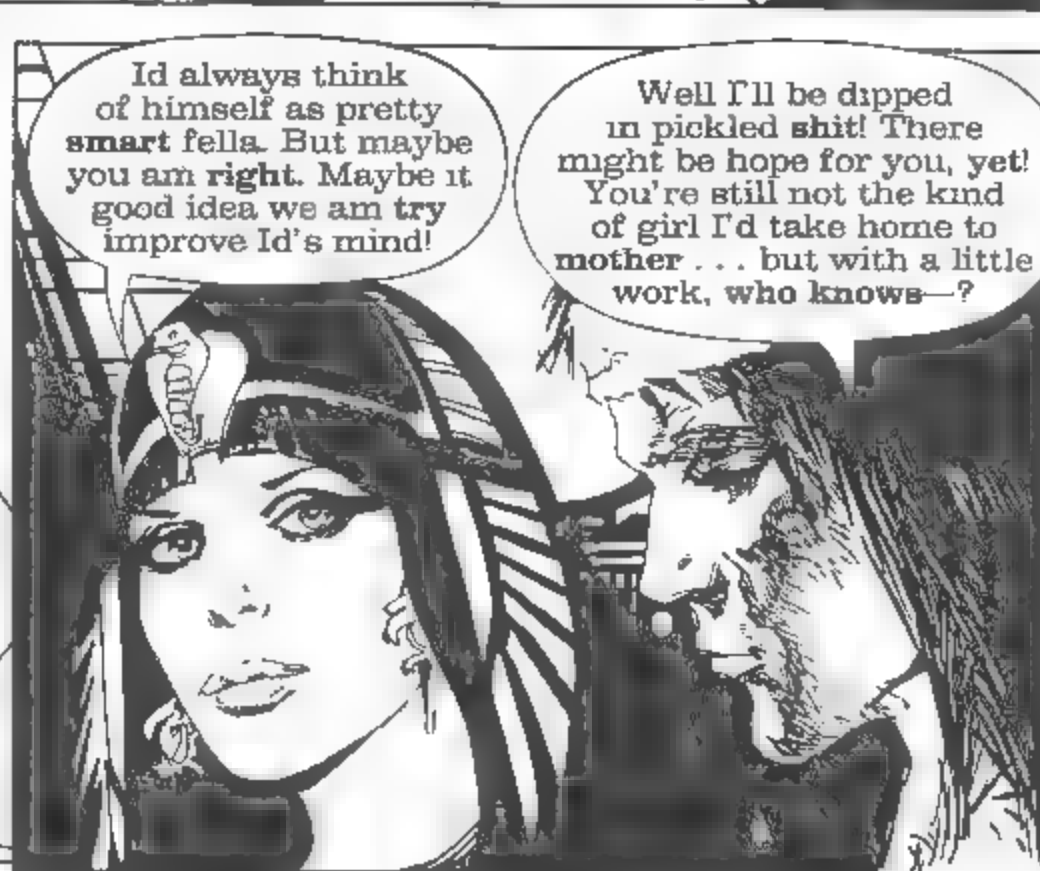
I mean... I know how well-versed you are in politics and diplomacy. But there's just no place for that in our "Brave New World!"



We've been halfway around the globe, Id, and it's all the same: One vast smoldering wasteland!

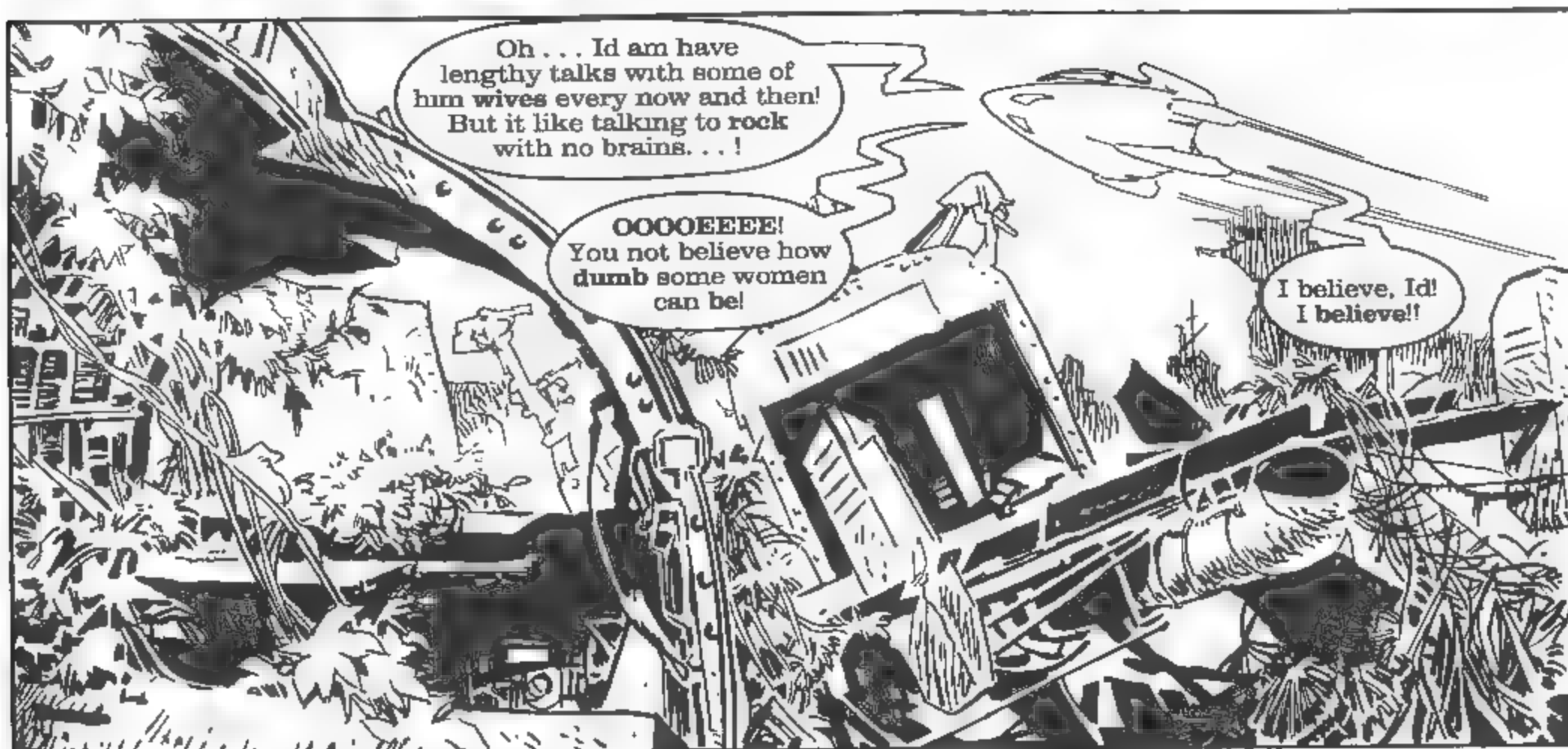
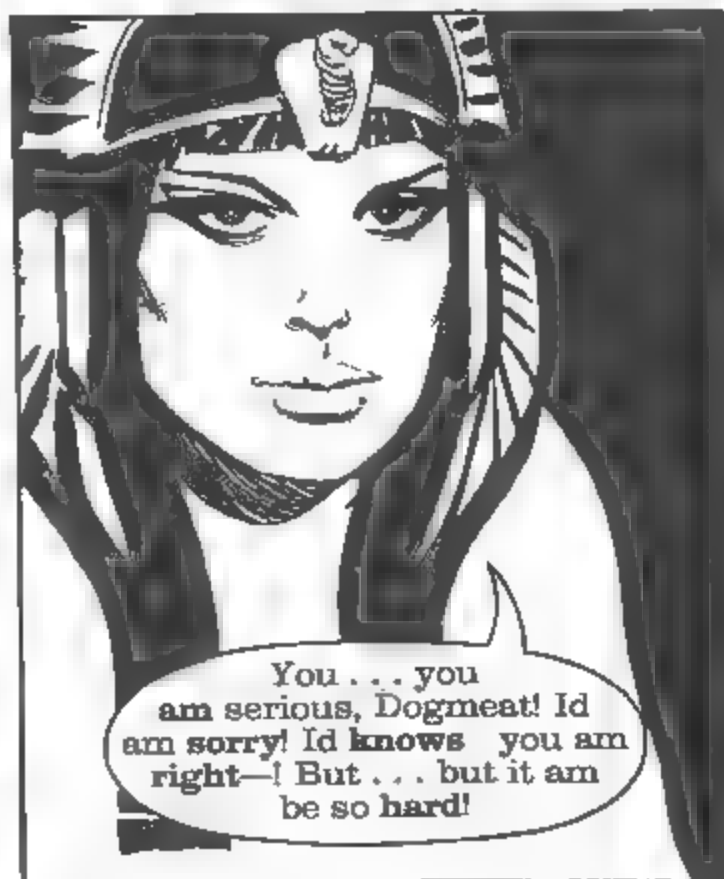
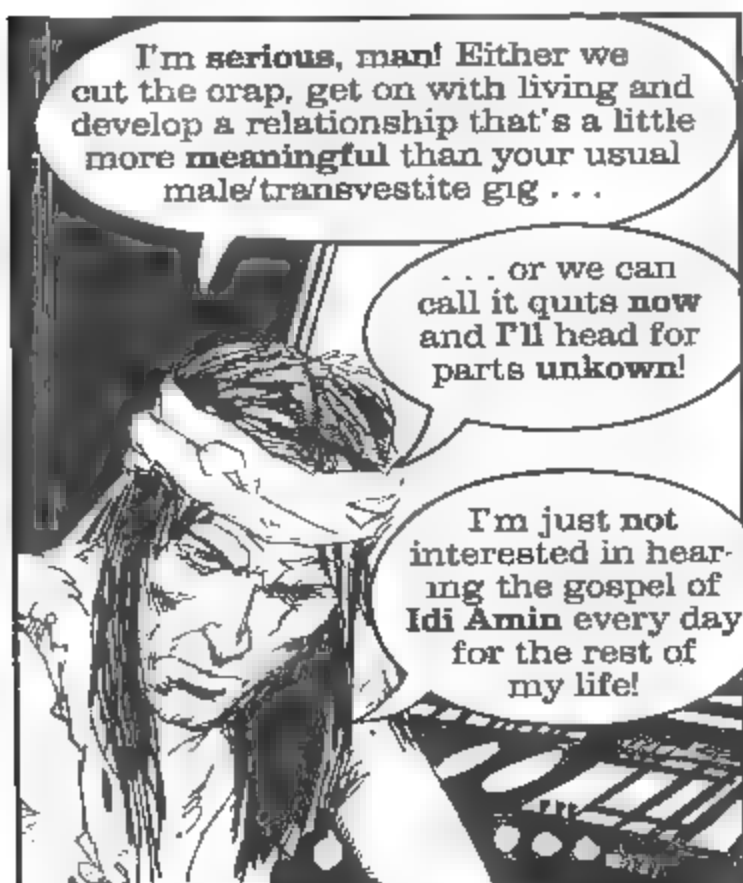
The only people left are those who've been so badly charred that you can't even tell if they're people anymore!

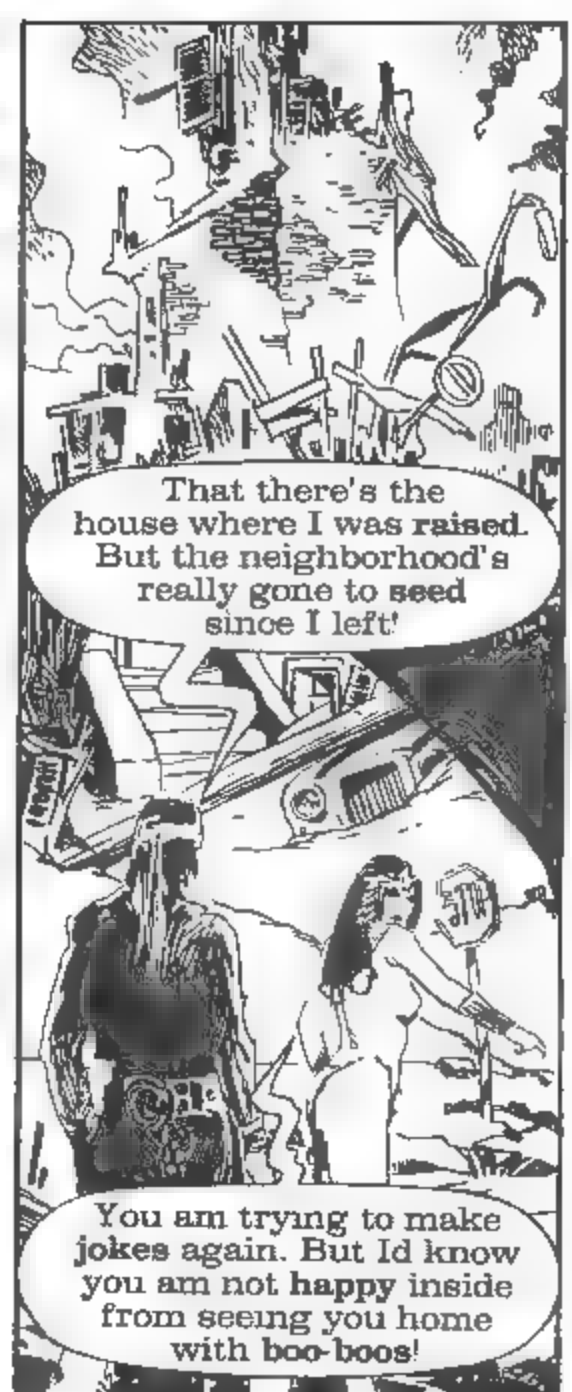
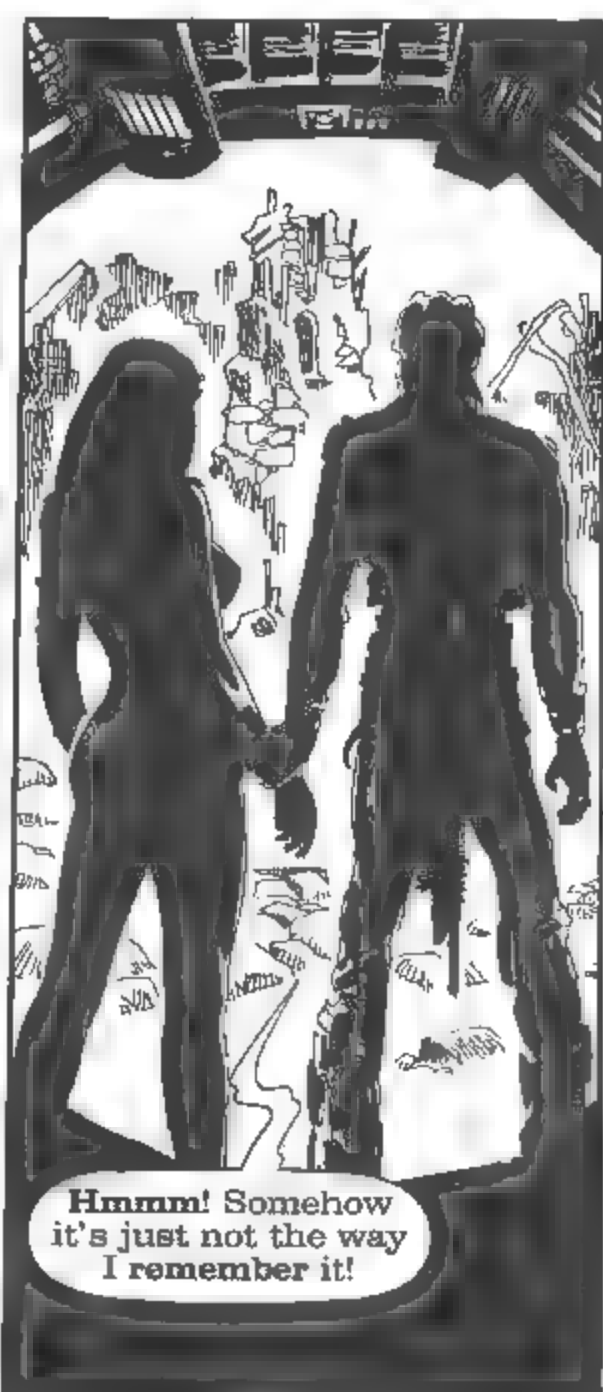
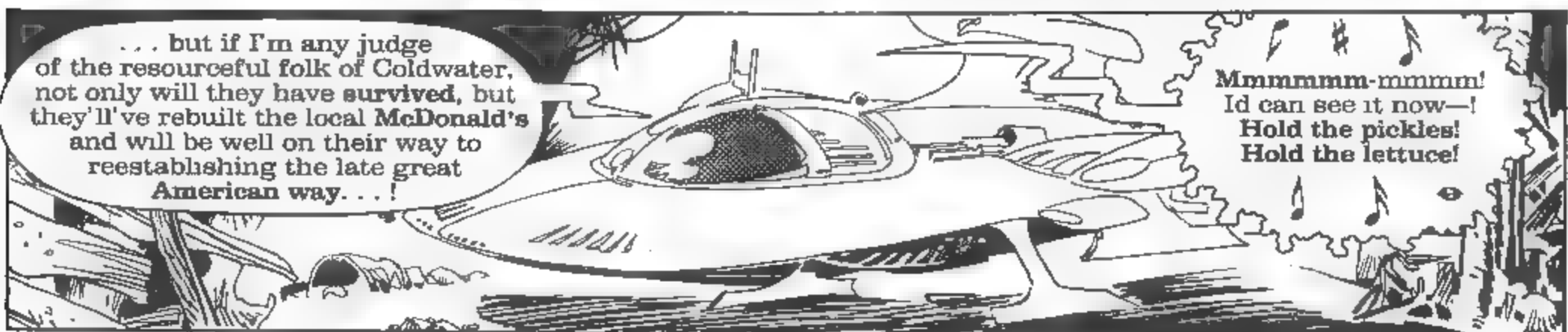
Like it or not, you and I are the hope of the future, m'man! And it's our duty to learn as much as we can... to try to survive and rebuild what we just about single-handedly destroyed!

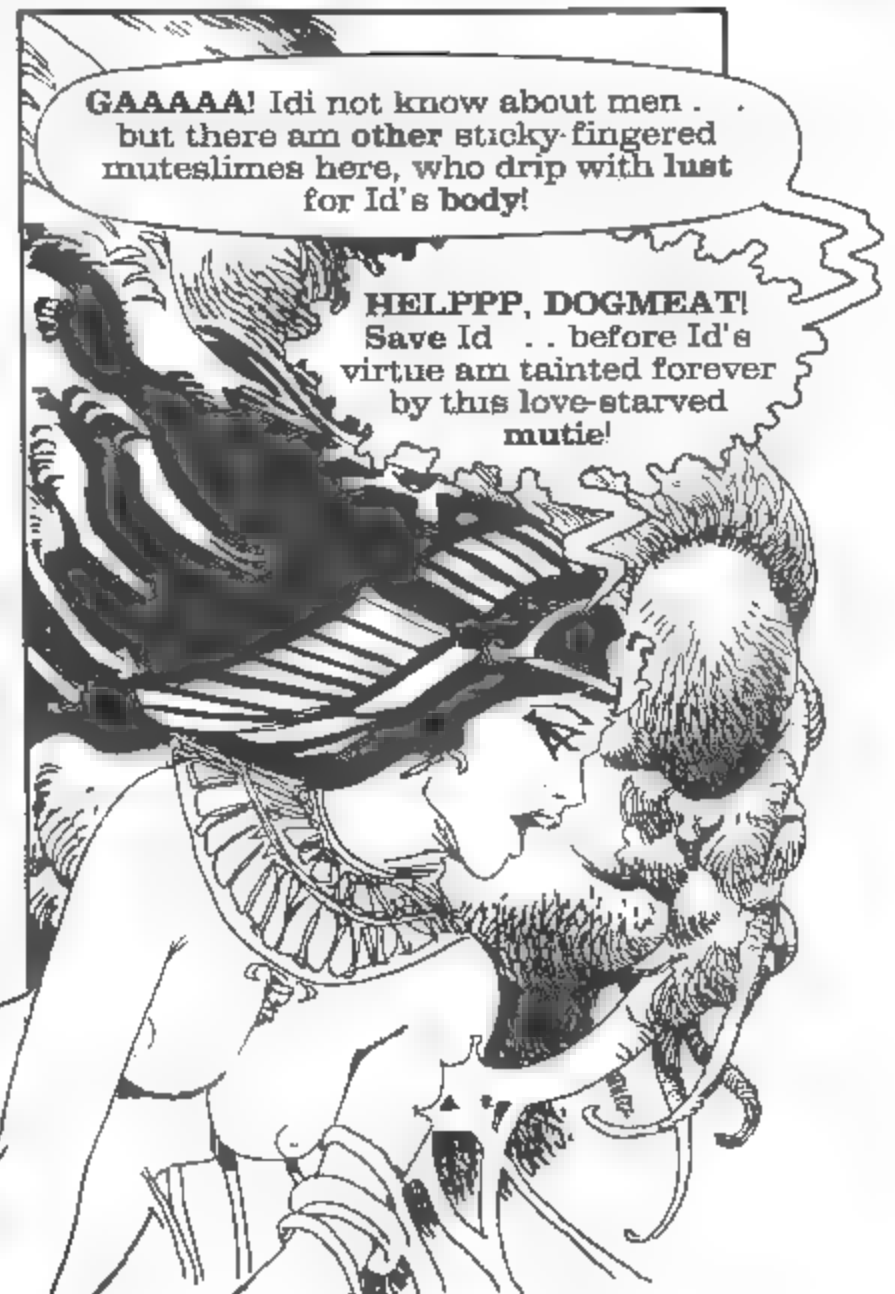


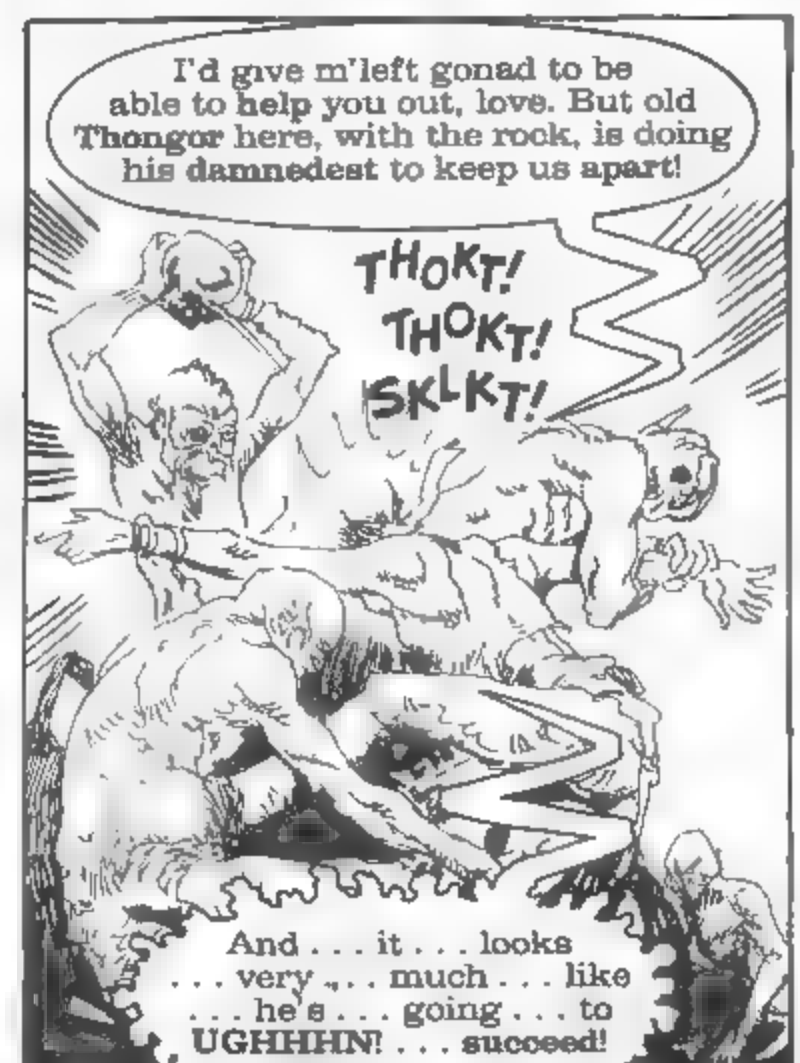
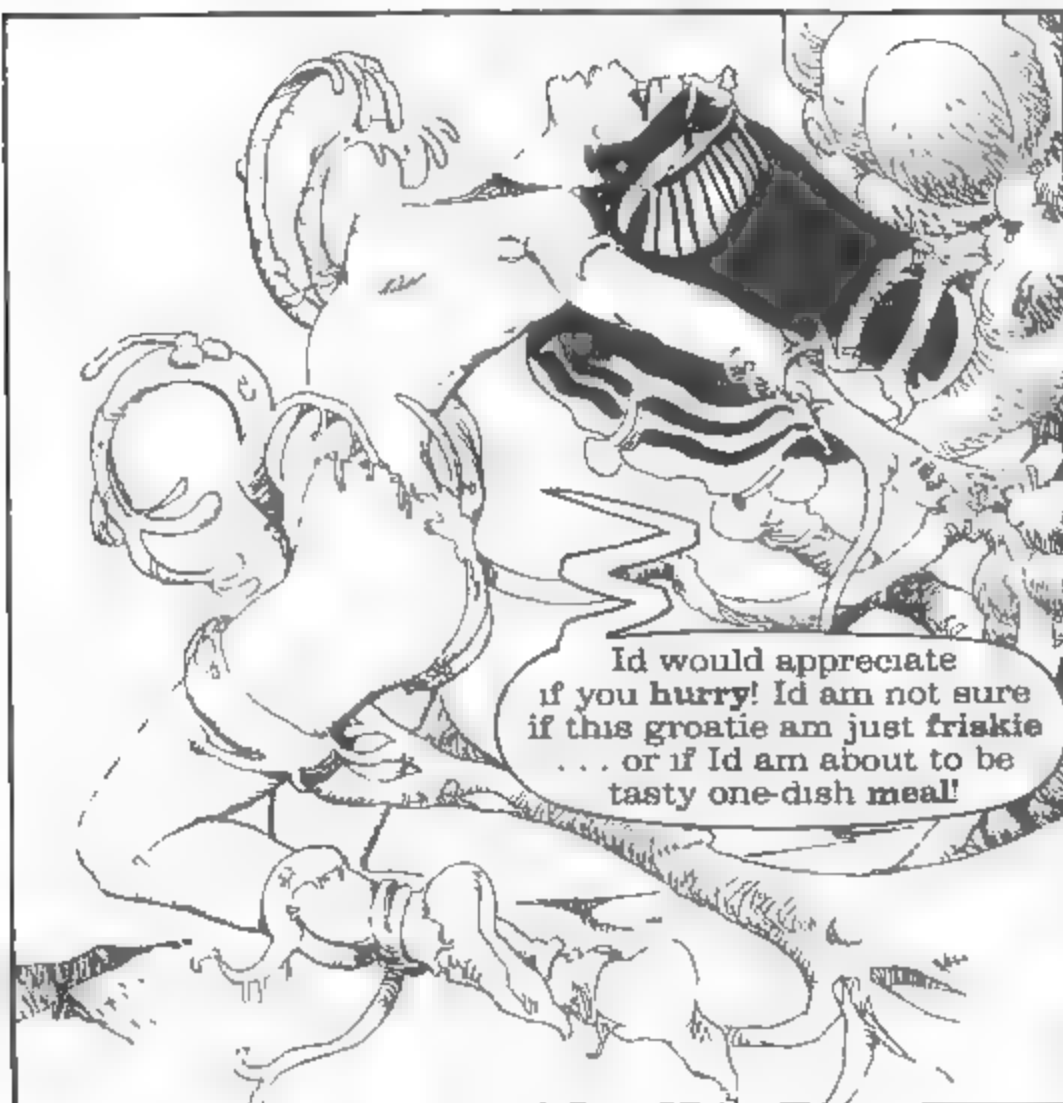
Id always think of himself as pretty smart fella. But maybe you are right. Maybe it good idea we am try improve Id's mind!

Well I'll be dipped in pickled shit! There might be hope for you, yet! You're still not the kind of girl I'd take home to mother... but with a little work, who knows—?













Chicken . . . lamb!? Sometimes Id have hard time understand you!



I know, m'man! the longer we're together, the clearer it becomes that we don't really speak the same language at all. . . !

C'mon! Let's find us a way out of here before those muties return with their lemon and butter sauce. . . !

Look! Am that not light at end of cave? Maybe it am back way out!



Yeah! Then again, maybe it's a shortcut to the stew-pots!

I don't like it, Id! This exit is a little too convenient! And there's not a mutant in sight! We're being manipulated, m'man . . . like a couple of cows being led to slaughter!

Nawww! Mutes am not smart enough to outfox Id! Id am one crafty mama!

Maybe you can tell me then, sly fox, why our mutie buddies didn't eat us on the spot . . .

. . . or why they refrained from sampling your lascivious charms?



Hmmm! That am good question! Idi am one enticing morsel! Maybe them am . . . how you call them. . . ? Good fairies!

And maybe they were ordered to keep hands off by some monstrous mother who wants you or me all to himself!

If that's the plan, we'll find out soon enough. There doesn't seem to be any way out of here but that big open pit before us! And that's blacker than the ass you were born with!

It's the perfect hiding place for whatever beastie is waiting to jump our bones!



Ooh ooh ooh ooh! Do our eyes deceive us? It's visitors, my sweetness!

Visitors have come to see us! HEE HEE HEE!

Quiet, you gibbering old fartsucker! You'll frighten them away! Your raving faggotry always frightens them away!

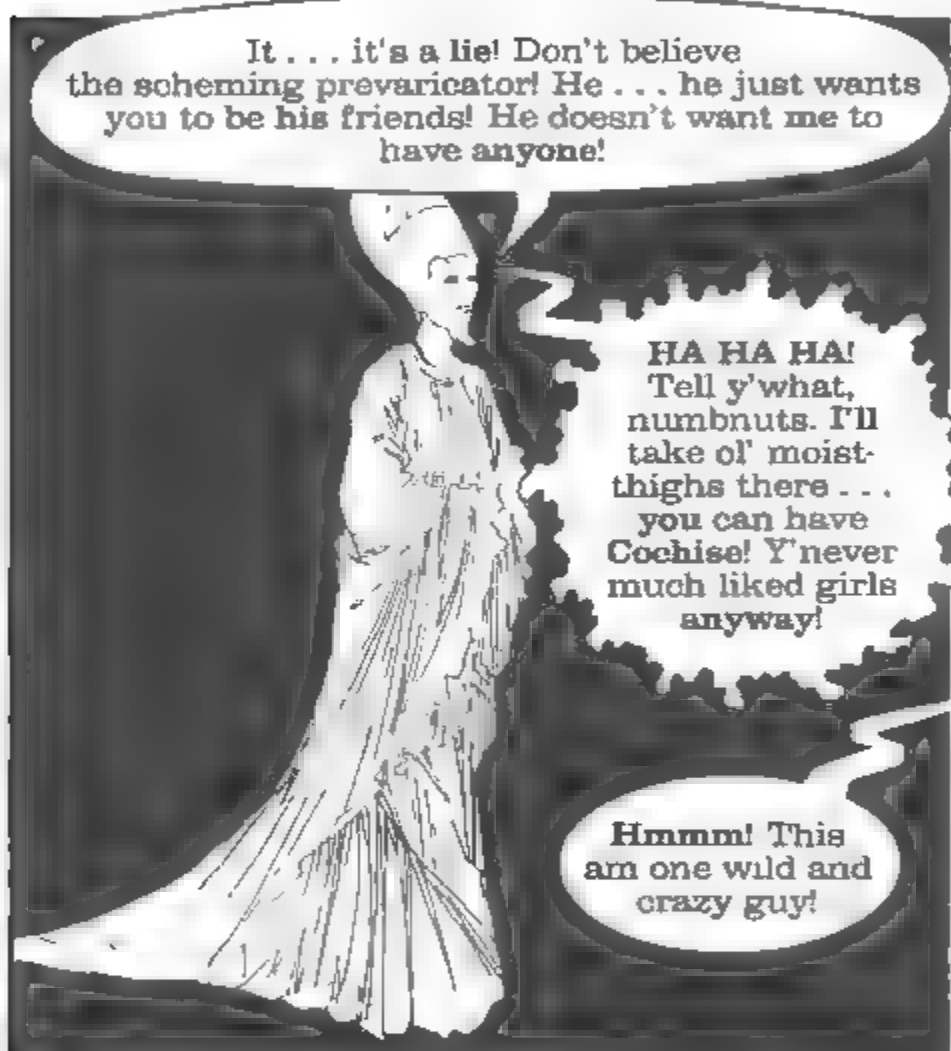
That am your beastie?



Don't you dare use that vulgar tone with me, you vile, inarticulate cur! It's because of your callous manners that we have no friends!

Dick it up your ass, y'scummy dograg! I got more manners than you've got prick!

Uh, Dogmeat. . . ! Id have foolish question! Am this strange old bird talking at himself, or am Id having more head noises?





Four-thirty p.m., Central Time. The office of Dr. T. Gordon Filcher, director of the Johnson Space Center in Houston, Texas.

...therefore, Mr. President, I urge you to support our planned probe to Titan.

Sign that Gordy, Ms. Baxter, and let me read it before you leave.

Yes, Dr. Filcher.



SKYLAB SAFE IN NEW ORBIT!

After three days of exacting maneuvers, flight controllers at NASA's Johnson Space Center have succeeded in saving the Skylab space station. Shortly after the February 9, 1974 departure of the third crew of astronauts, the three-man laboratory began moving in a gravity gradient position. Left unchanged would have brought Skylab crashing to earth early next year.

Well, Pousse, my voluptuous little passionflower, how does it feel to be a Krenkmate?

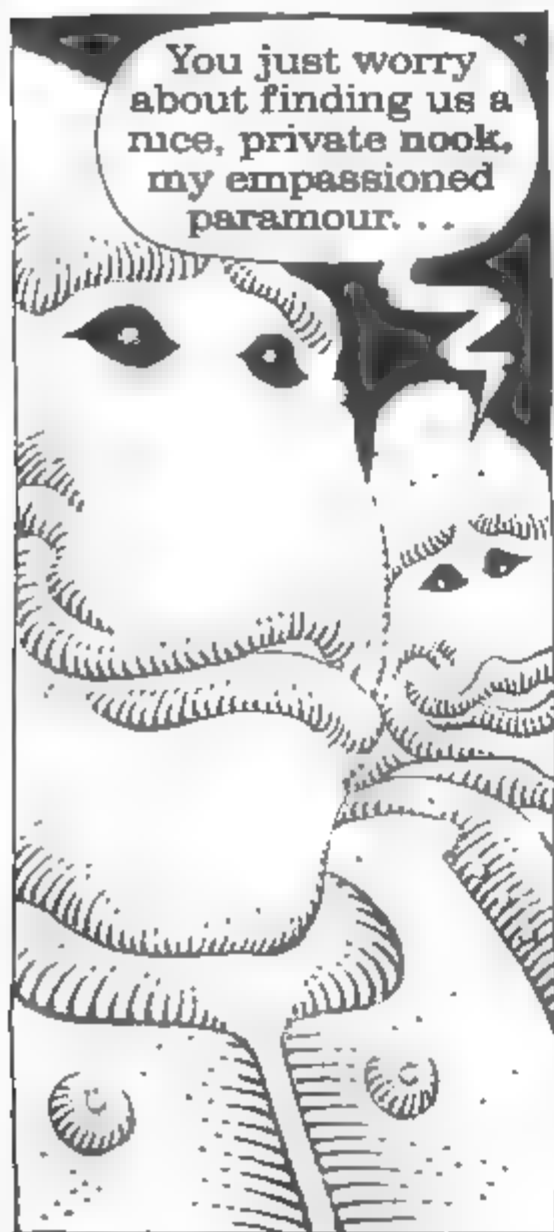
Fantastic... and challenging, my love.

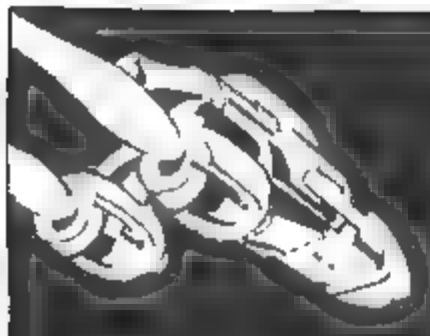
Challenging, eh? Well, I certainly hope you're up to it.

I'm tired of wearing out mate after mate!

You just worry about finding us a nice, private nook, my empassioned paramour...

...and I'll worry about handling one of the solar system's most prodigious studsman!





They were Krenk and Pousse of Saturn's moon Titan, and they achieved Earth orbit not long after their magnificent wedding.

It had been picture perfect. Crisp violet skies, a full planet overhead. In fact, it was marred only by one niggling doubt.

Like most Titanian males, Krenk had been through this marriage routine before. He'd copulated twenty-three mates into their graves, and another seventeen into asylums.

He desperately hoped that his new mate was made of sterner stuff!

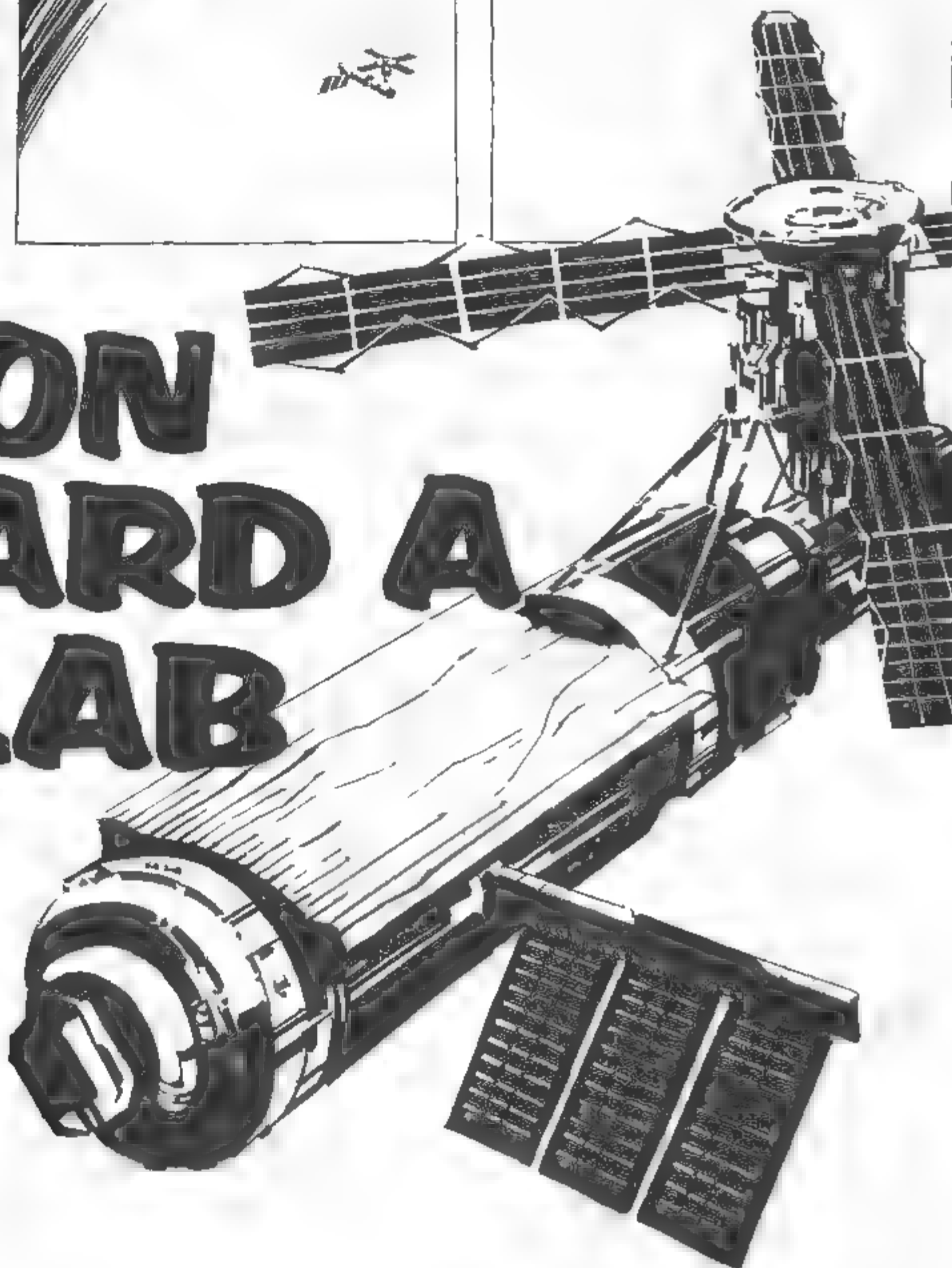


Hey, Pousse... will you look at that!

Apart from the inconvenience of a new wedding every three yarbles, he was running out of accessible honeymoon planets.

I think we've just found that perfect little nook we've been searching for!

LIASON ABOARD A SKYLAB





For the first time in five forsaken years, living beings caress the hallowed decks of Skylab.

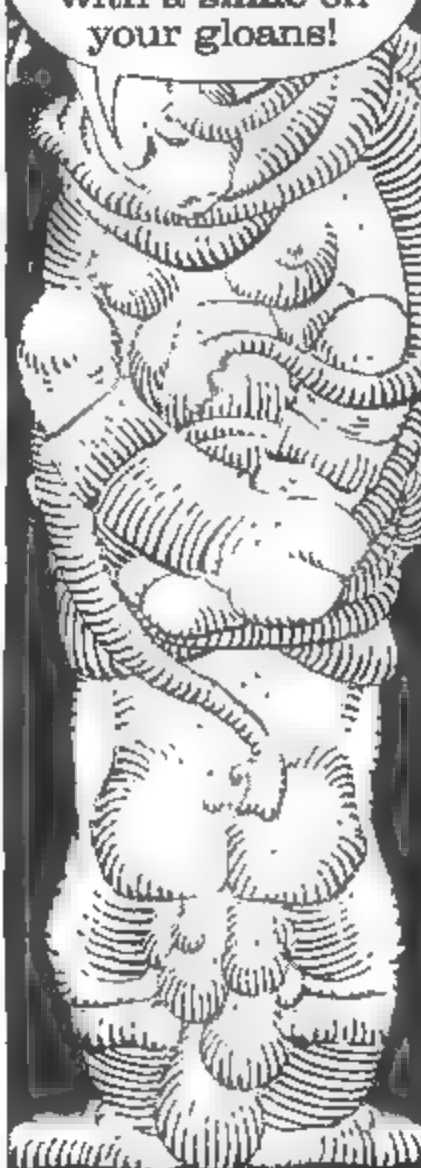
How could I...?



Mother was very strict! No niggling before Krenking! She certainly didn't want her naive child o.d.-ing on megagasms!



Look at it this way, sugarnibs... if all this loving proves to be too much for you, at least you'll go out with a smile on your gloans!



Mmmmmmmmm!



Ohhhhhhh!

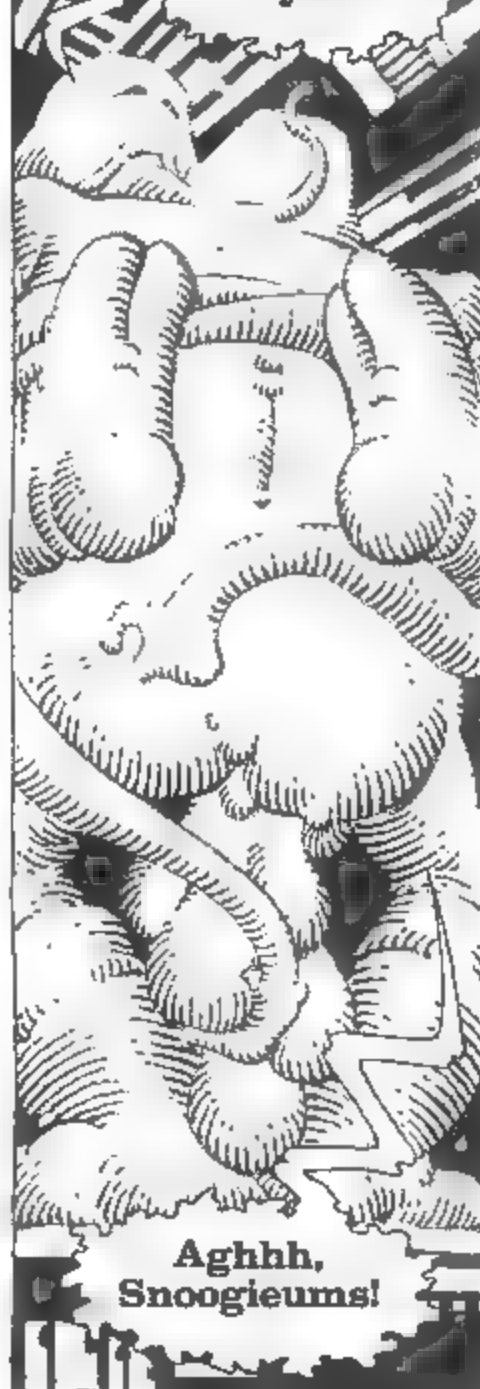
Very active beings!

Gaaaaaa!



Aaaaargh!

Oh, babyeums!



Aghhh, Snoogieums!

Beings whose frenzied passions begin to have an adverse affect on their new home.

Aggggh!
Agggggghhl!
Arghhhhhhh!!



Uhhhhn!
Uhhhhnn!
Ohhhhhh!

Ohhh, baby! You're gnashies are like slippery lumps of jiddlejam!



Ohhhh, yes, snugglecums... talk dirty to me! Speak to me in the language of love!

In empty space, where gravity affects entire worlds and galaxies, an insignificant orbiting laboratory remains oblivious to the centripetal pull of the planets.



Ohhhh, my little gefilte fish... AGHH! AGGG! OHHH! ...you have the fiery passion of a nubian nymphet!



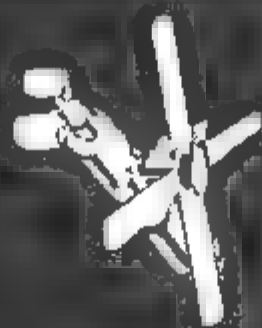
However, the slightest nudge can send an object on a journey lasting an eternity!



Aggggh, my giant halvah bar... OOH! AHHH! OOOO! ...you are as sweet as a chocolate lungie dipped in Sinopian cherry sauce!



and the most minute movement can wreak utter havoc on a sensitive orbit!

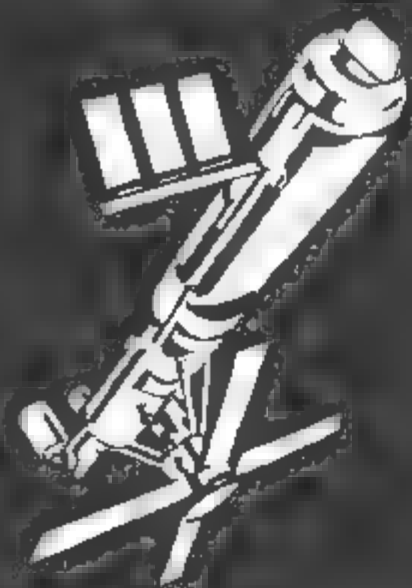


Aggggh! Ooooh! D-D-Do you feel something, my love?

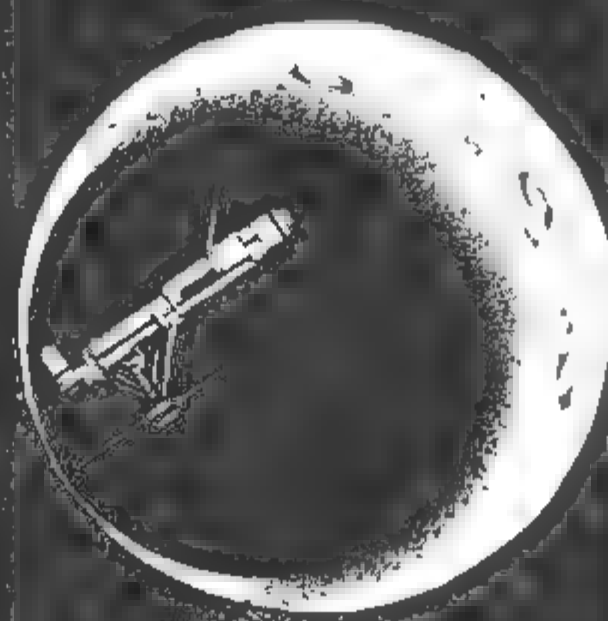


It-it-it is merely the sun and the moon moving beneath our feet, sugarpit! It is the unadulterated thrill of wanton ecstasy! AGHHHHHHLL!

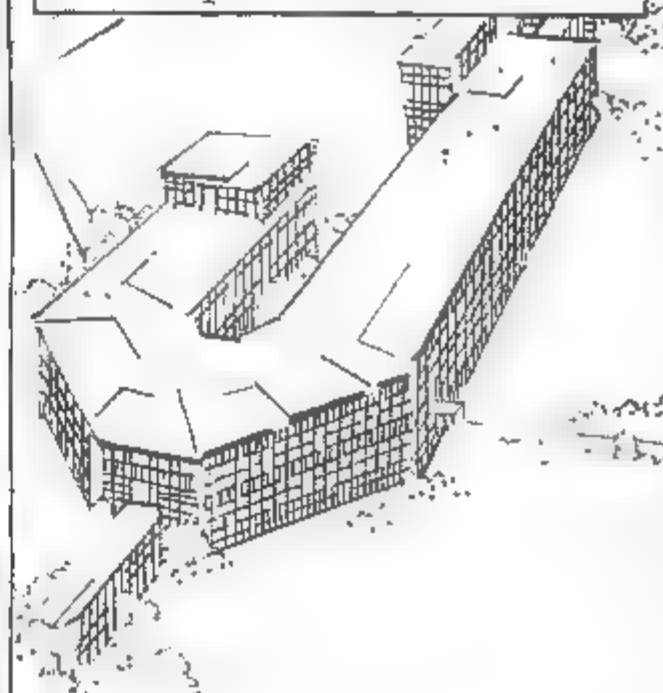
Onboard instruments register orbital shift, no matter how great or small!



and the information is beamed some 426 kilometers



... direct to the Johnson Space Center ...



... where the data is collected and analyzed!



All right, old girl, what's going on out there? What are you up to now?



Dr. Filcher? This is Monitor Control. We seem to have an anomaly aboard Skylab.

What kind of anomaly?

Well, sir... she seems to have shifted her orbit somewhat!



Every stellar and terrestrial orientation point has been shot to hell!

Damn! All right, I'll be right there.

Miss Baxter, we'll have to continue this later. Seven o'clock, my place?

You're on, doctor!



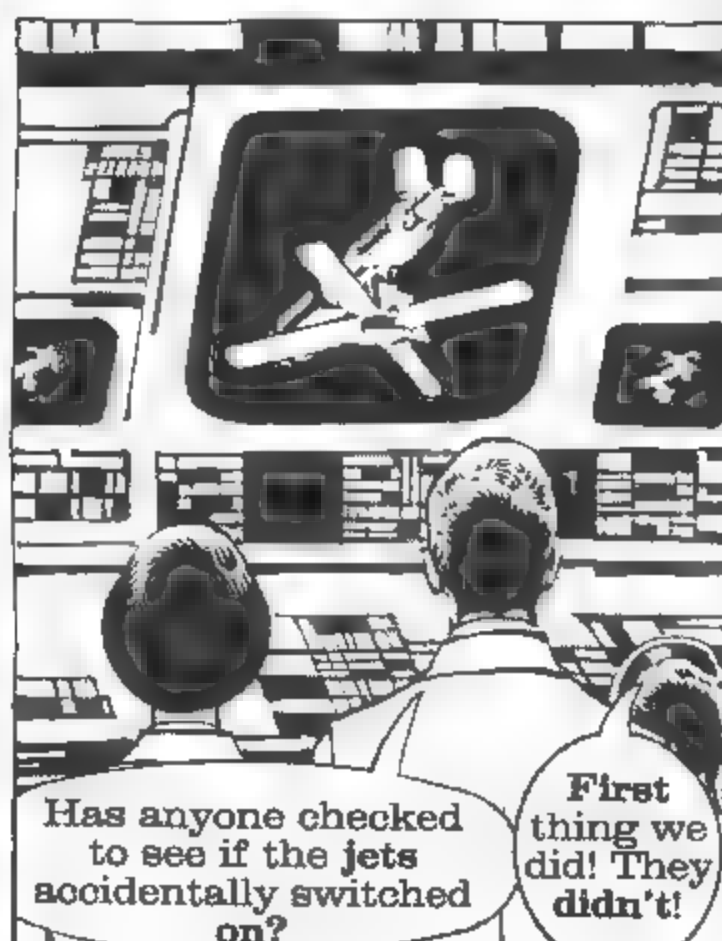
Shitfuckmotherslime! Right now I should be in Baxter's pants... not behind a communications board!

Whoever said that no sacrifice is too great for progress, was full of shit!



All right! What've we got?

We're not sure, Dr. Filcher. Skylab's rocking like a seesaw!



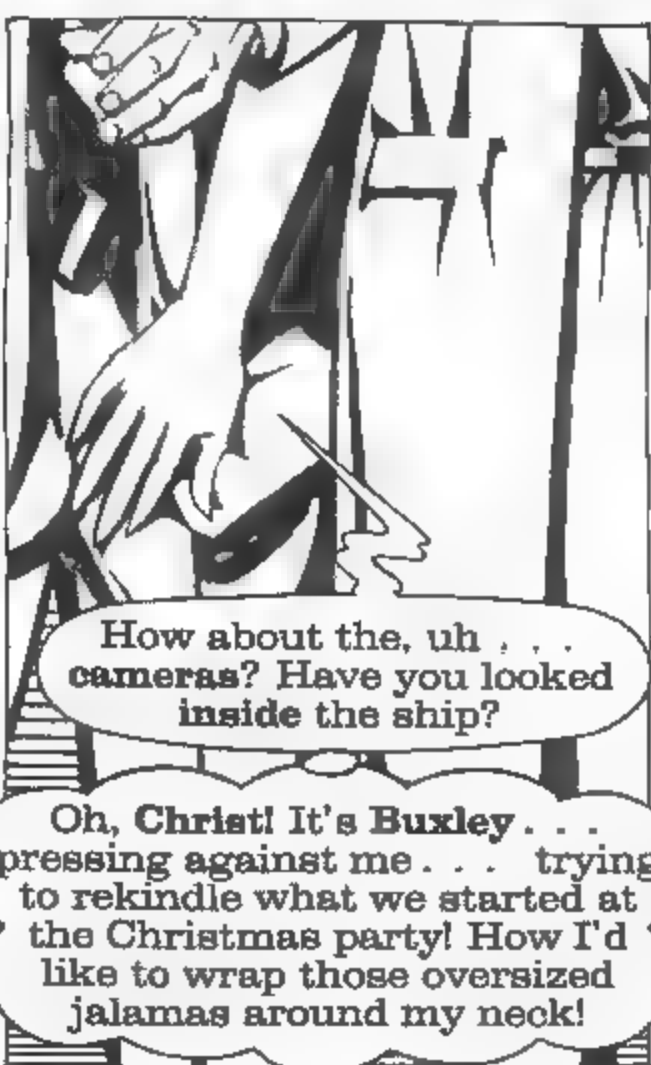
Has anyone checked to see if the jets accidentally switched on?

First thing we did! They didn't!



And the computer? You're sure it's feeding us accurate information?

Positive! We tested it. The thing's never been in better shape!



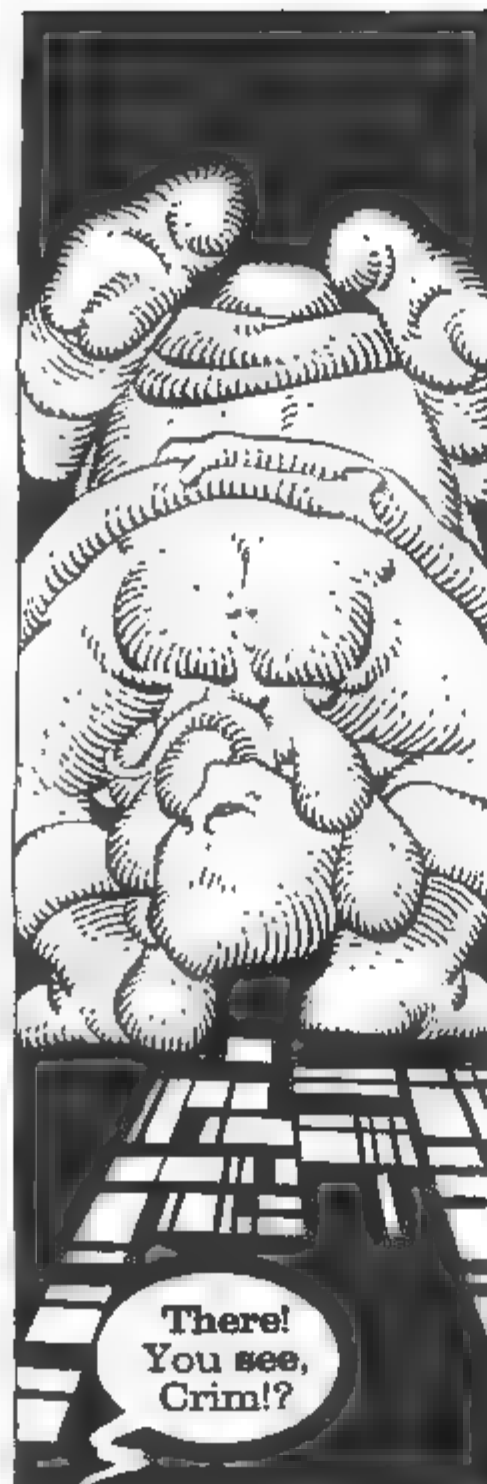
How about the, uh... cameras? Have you looked inside the ship?

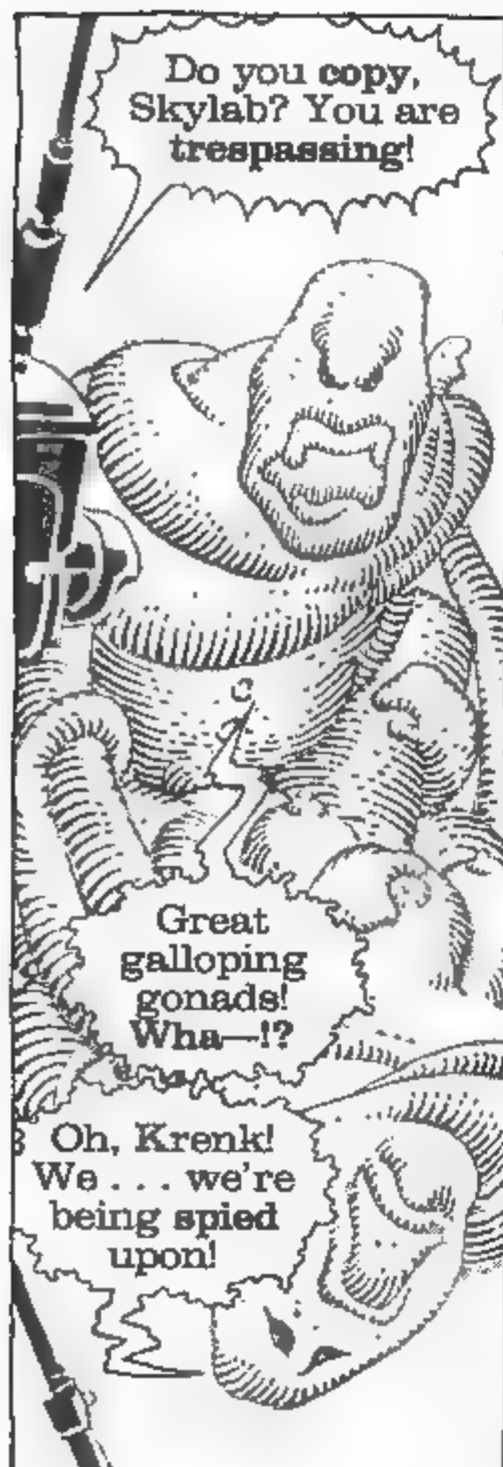
Oh, Christ! It's Buxley... pressing against me... trying to rekindle what we started at the Christmas party! How I'd like to wrap those oversized jalamas around my neck!



We haven't tried the cameras yet, sir!

A good scientist looks into every possibility... no matter how remote!

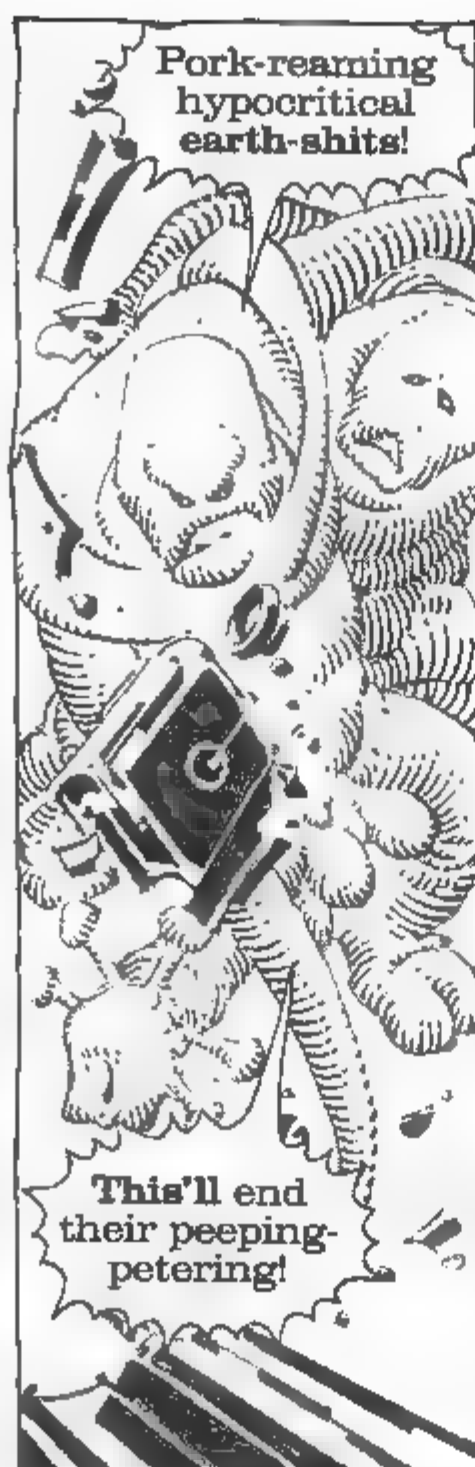




Do you copy, Skylab? You are trespassing!

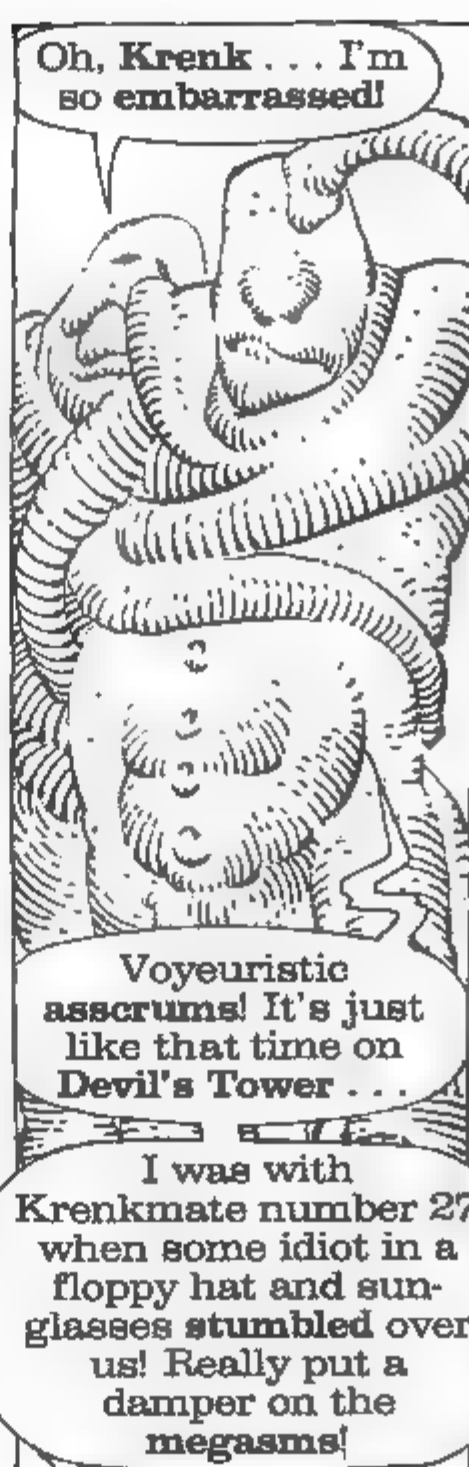
Great galloping gonads! Wha—!?

Oh, Krenk! We... we're being spied upon!



Pork-rearing hypocritical earth-shits!

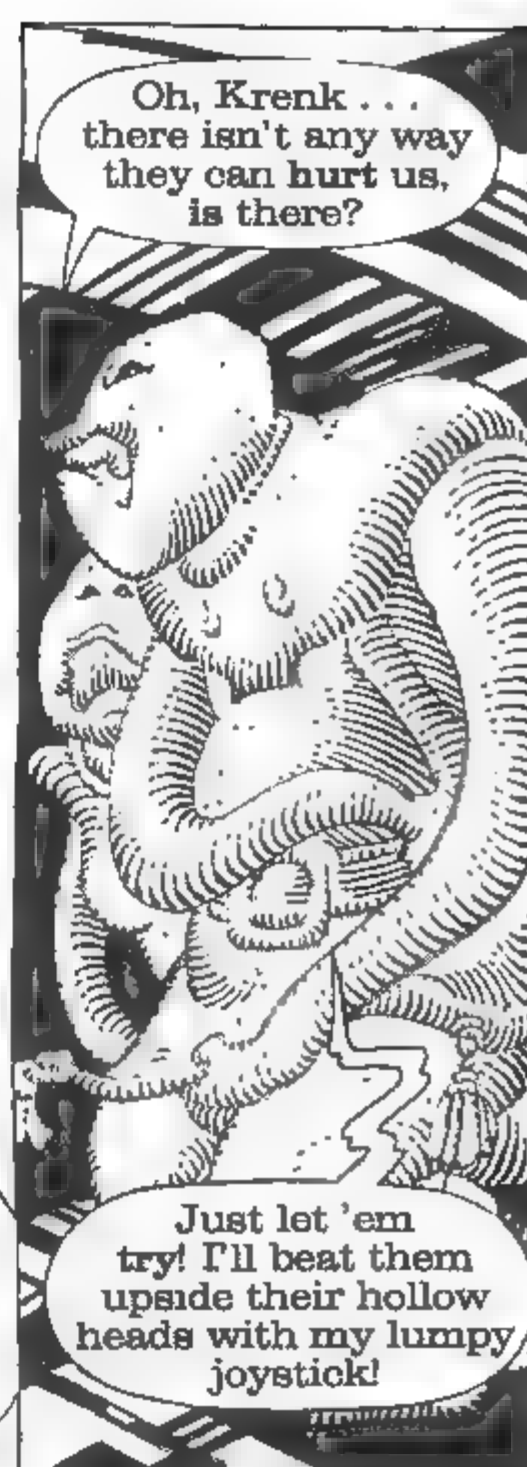
This'll end their peeping-petering!



Oh, Krenk... I'm so embarrassed!

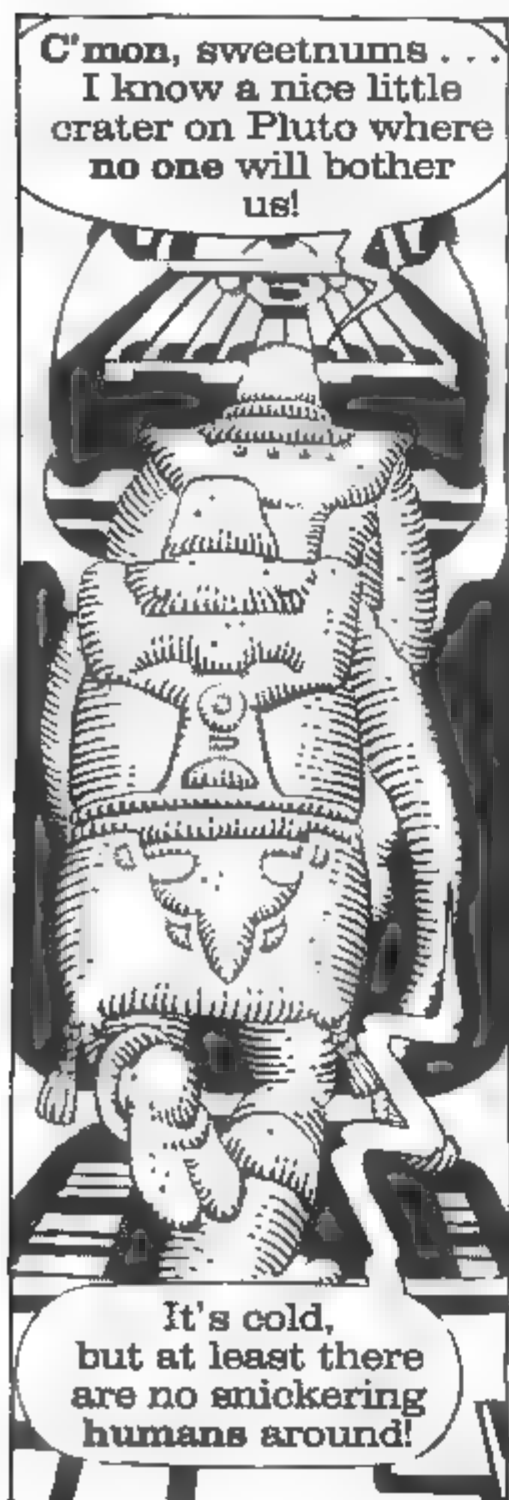
Voyeuristic asscrums! It's just like that time on Devil's Tower...

I was with Krenkmate number 27 when some idiot in a floppy hat and sunglasses stumbled over us! Really put a damper on the megasms!



Oh, Krenk... there isn't any way they can hurt us, is there?

Just let 'em try! I'll beat them upside their hollow heads with my lumpy joystick!



C'mon, sweetnums... I know a nice little crater on Pluto where no one will bother us!

It's cold, but at least there are no snickering humans around!



It... it looks like they're leaving, sir. The chickens! They don't want to mess with us!

Keep the cameras on them, Crim...



The president is going to want to hear that we have personally witnessed their departure!

The president knows about this, too?



The president, his cabinet and chief aids, you, me and Crim here! We're all part of this now.

But... but when did all this begin?



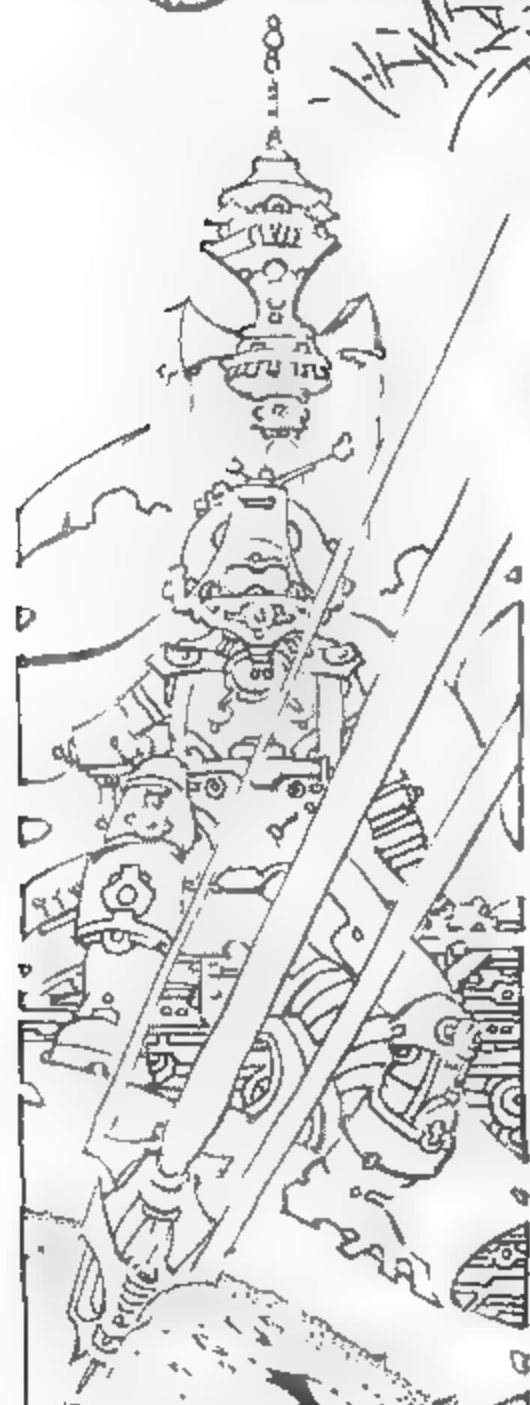
From what we've been able to gather, these beings have been popping off—or popping up for years now. They've appeared mostly in isolated regions—forests, farms, mountaintops—that sort of thing!

Due to the sexual nature of their visits, they've shunned contact. Thus, we are now preparing to contact them!



The President is supporting a manned flight to Titan, which Congress will approve in secret next week!

Naturally, I was summoned to do some heated lobbying. And, I might add, my arguments were irresistible!



I've always regretted the fact that we've had to keep the aliens' existence a secret... to prevent cultural shock, you understand!



However, once our astronauts have reached Titan, information will be slowly disseminated to the public.



To make certain that the touchy process of contact is smoothly handled, I've been named Commander of the Titan flight. My plan is to approach the Titanians in a manner that they will assuredly understand...!



Oh, my brave, well-hung hero!

Man, oh man! That there is one dude who has everything!

end



Look at the poor bastard. He really wants in bad. What say we open the door for him?

I don't know, Rickles. It's against the rules, y'know!

Aw, he's about dead anyway. C'mon, just this once. Let 'im in and see what he does!

mutant world



I'm not gettin' my ass reamed! You do it!

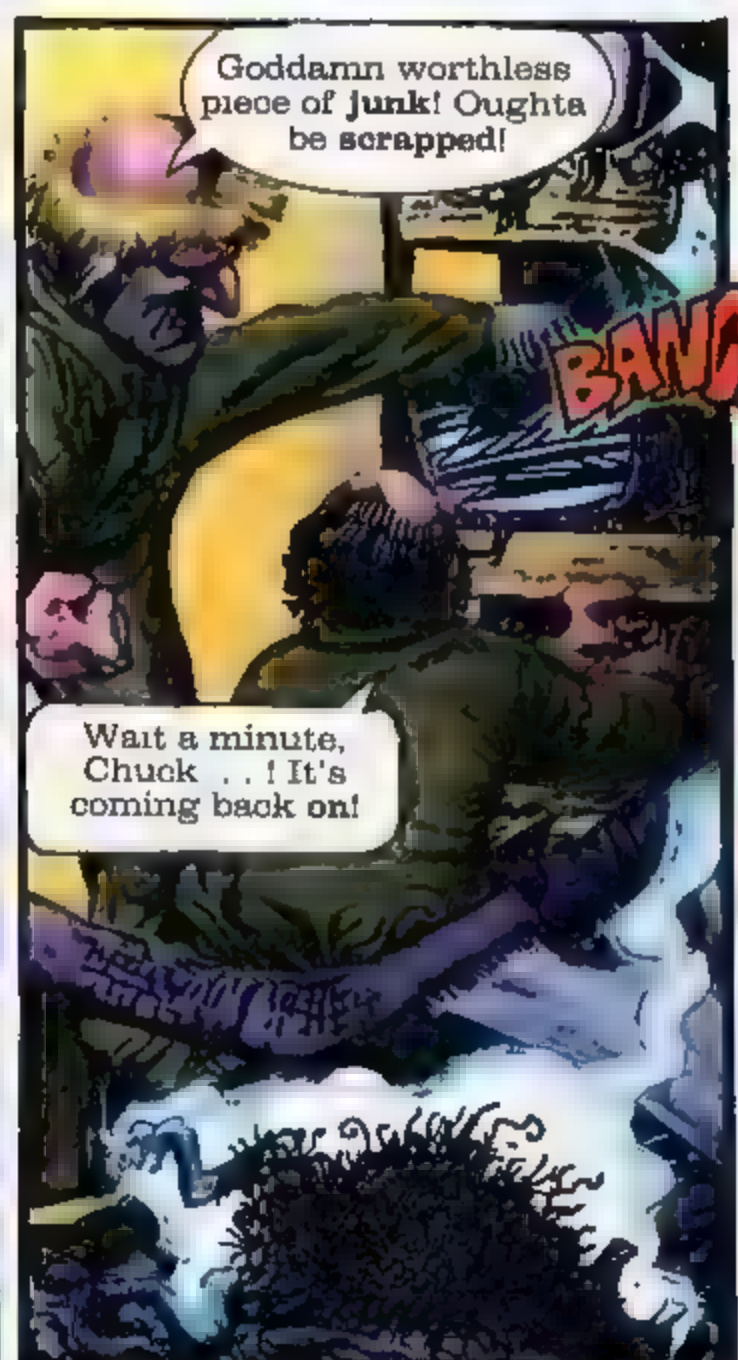
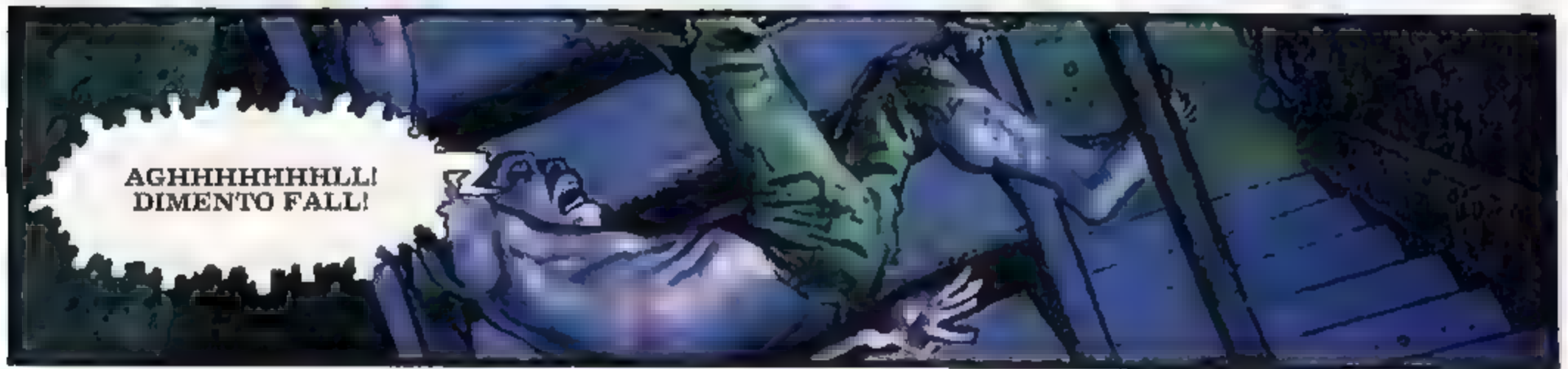
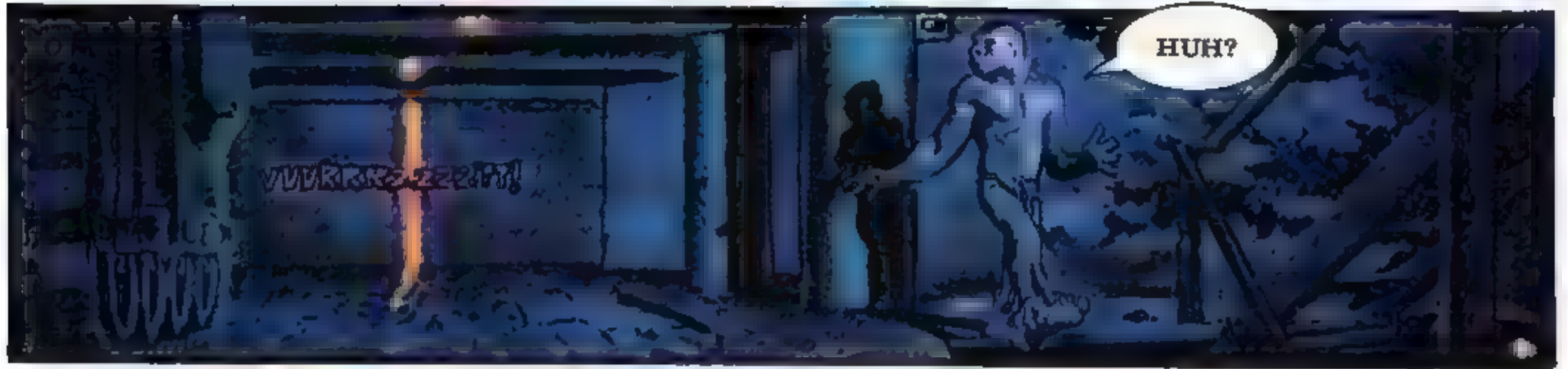


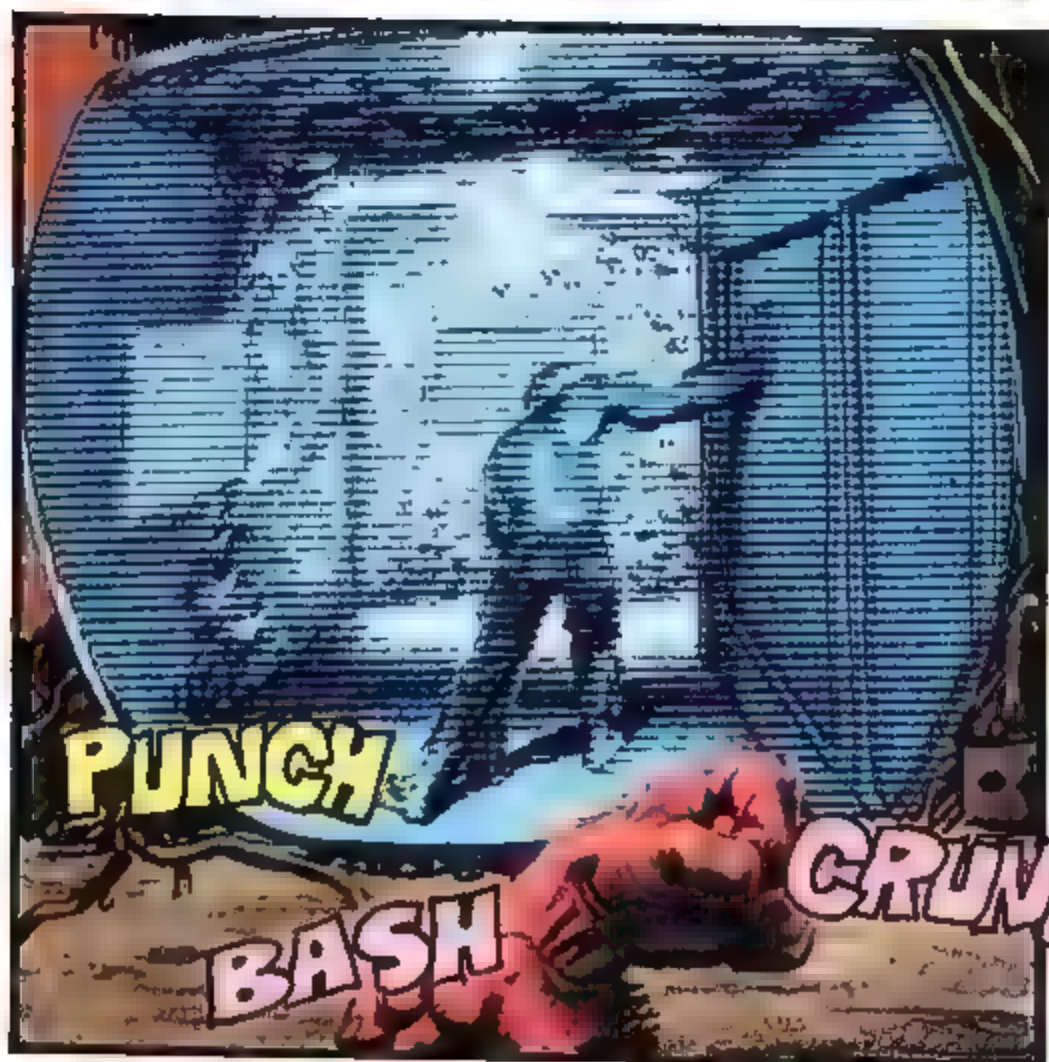
Christ! You're the biggest chickenshit in the complex! Outta my way, asshole! I'll let the goddamn mute in! What's it to hurt, anyway?

CLICK

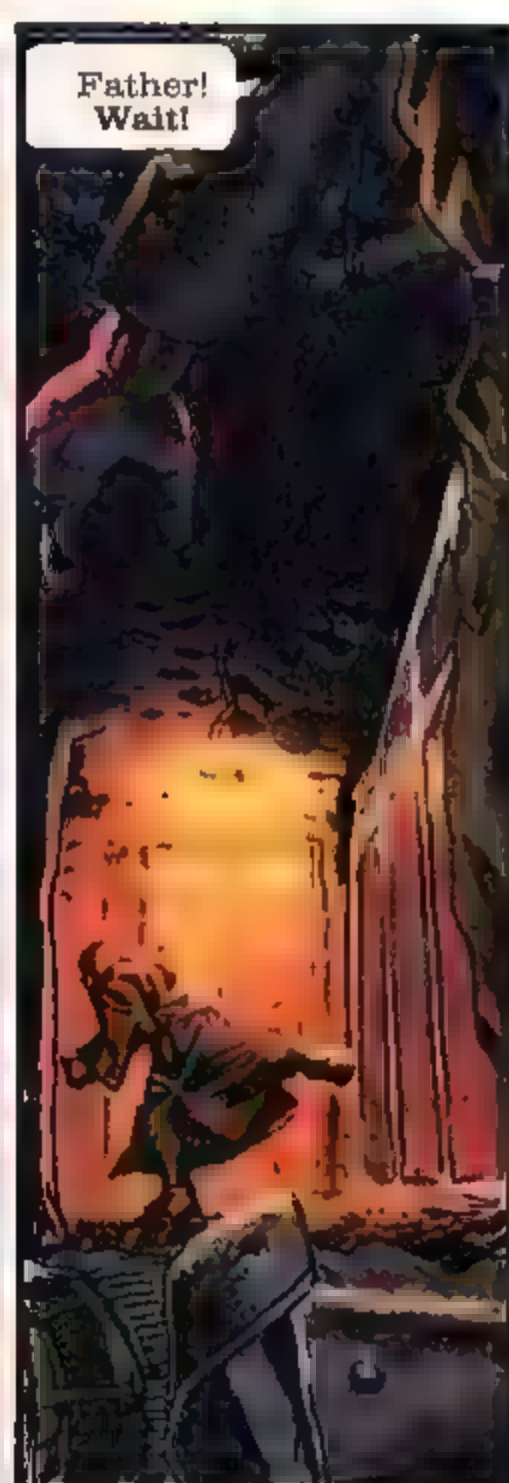
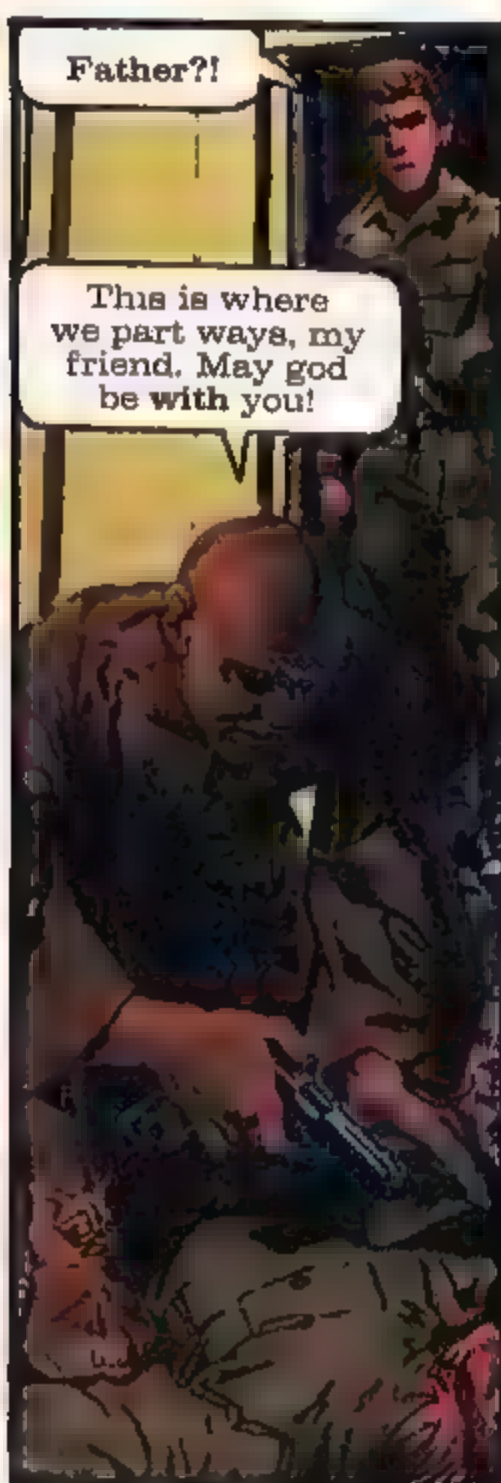
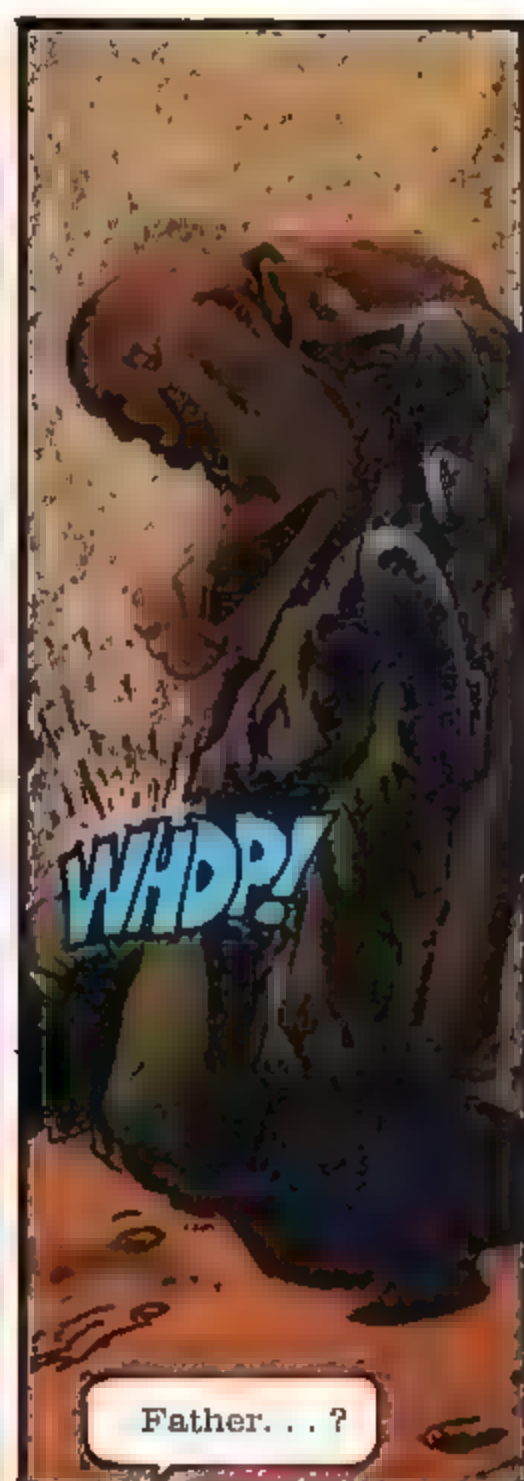


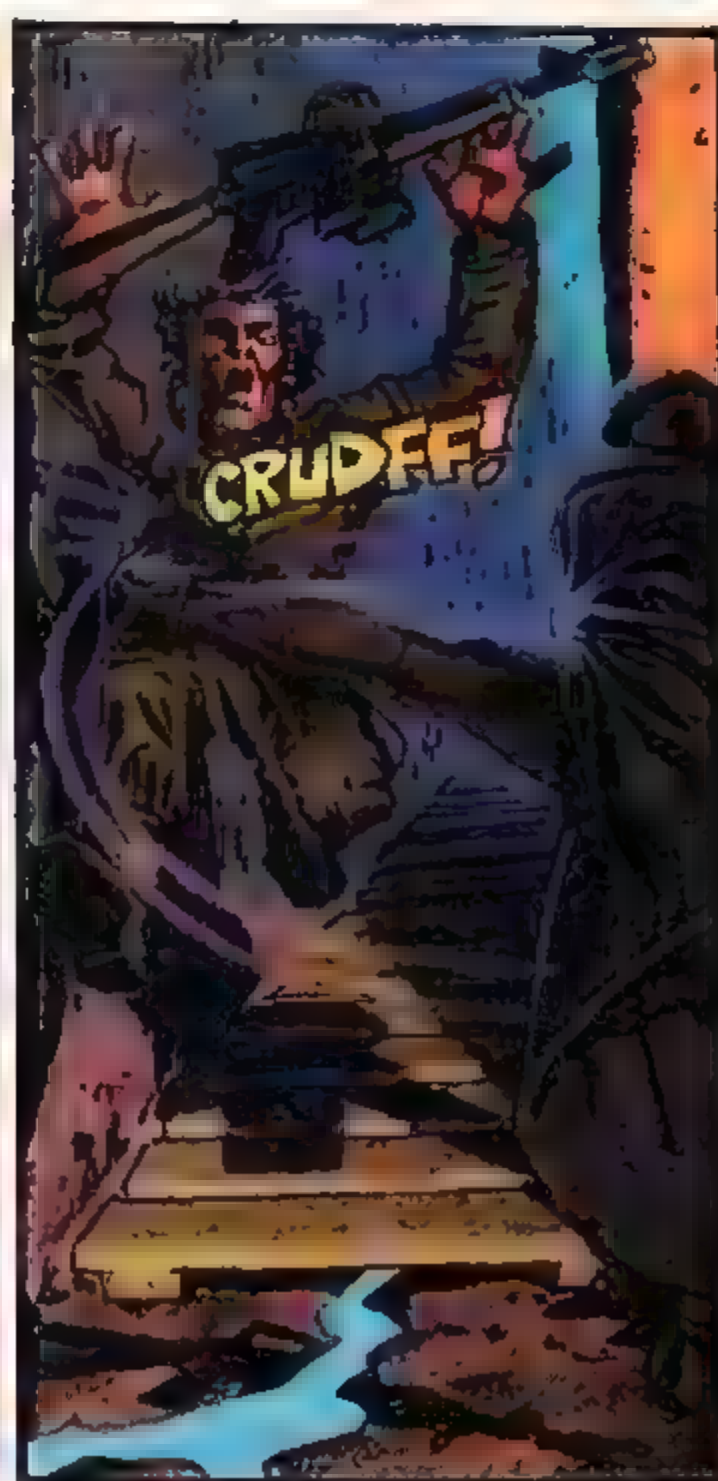
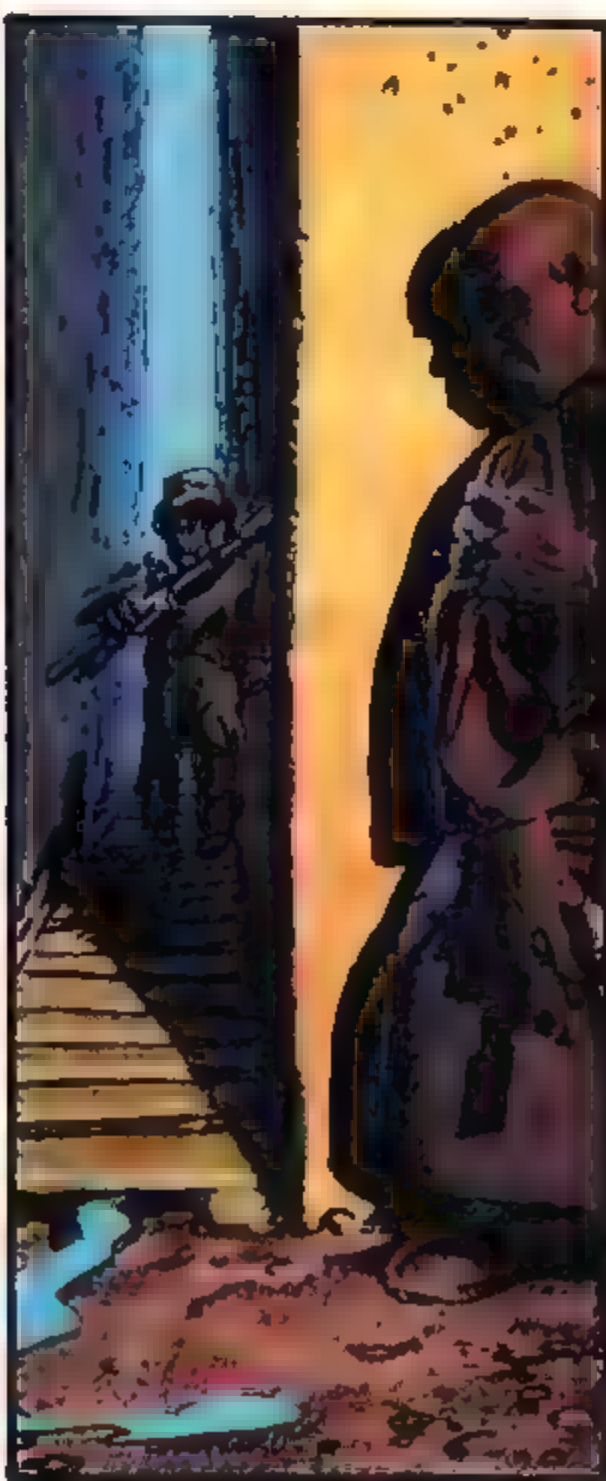
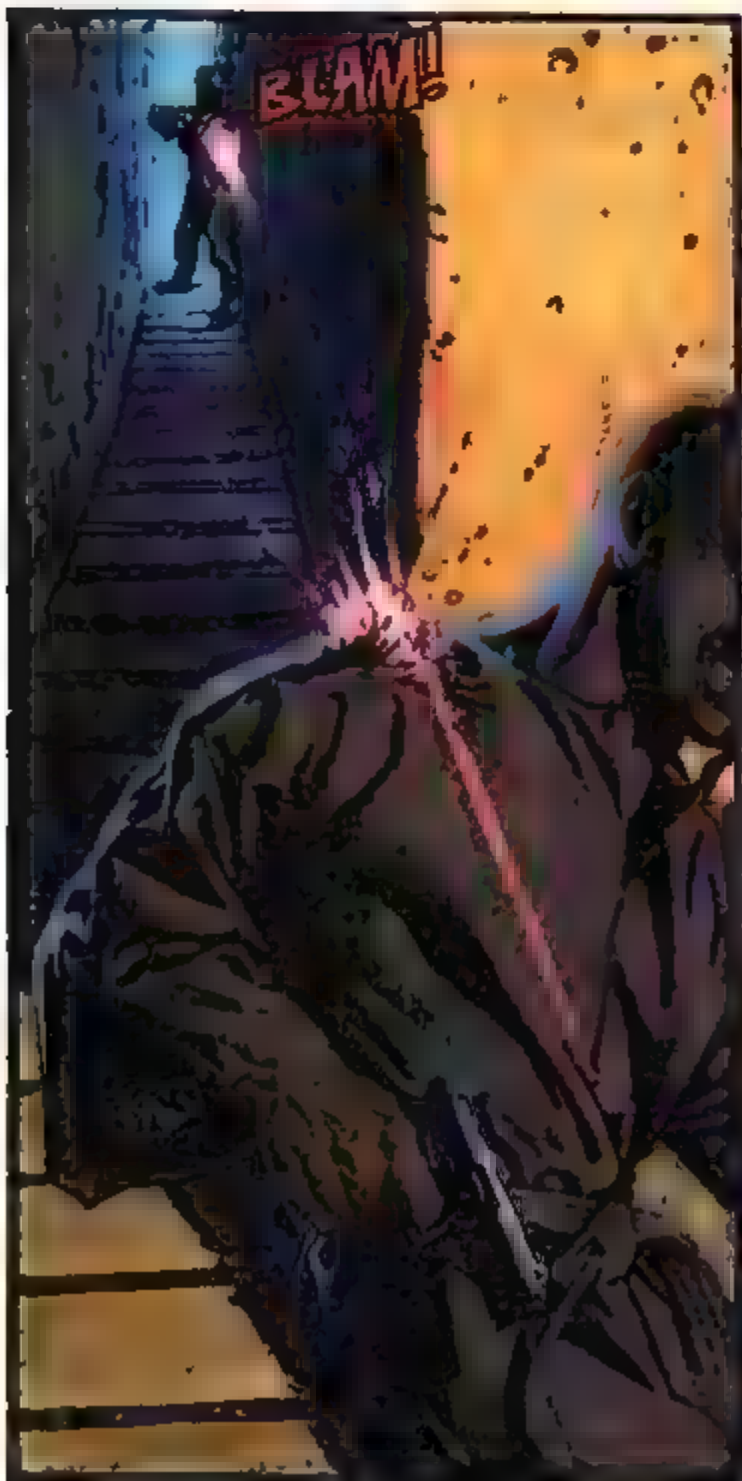
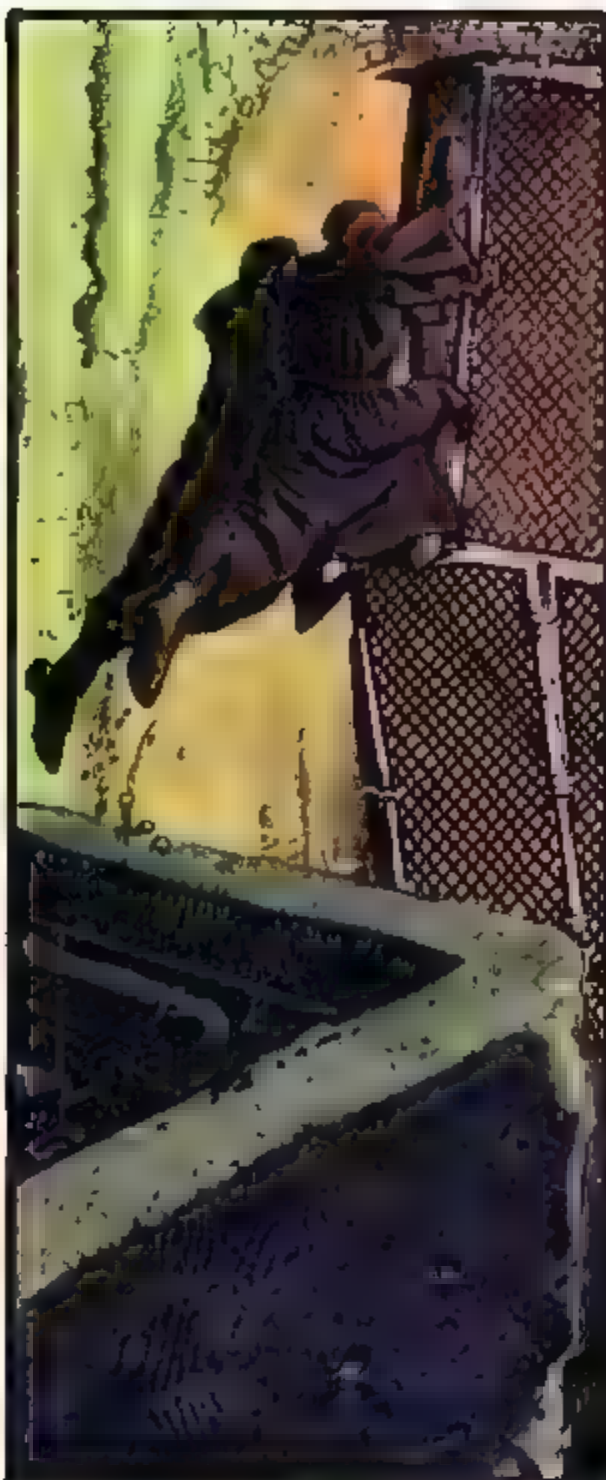
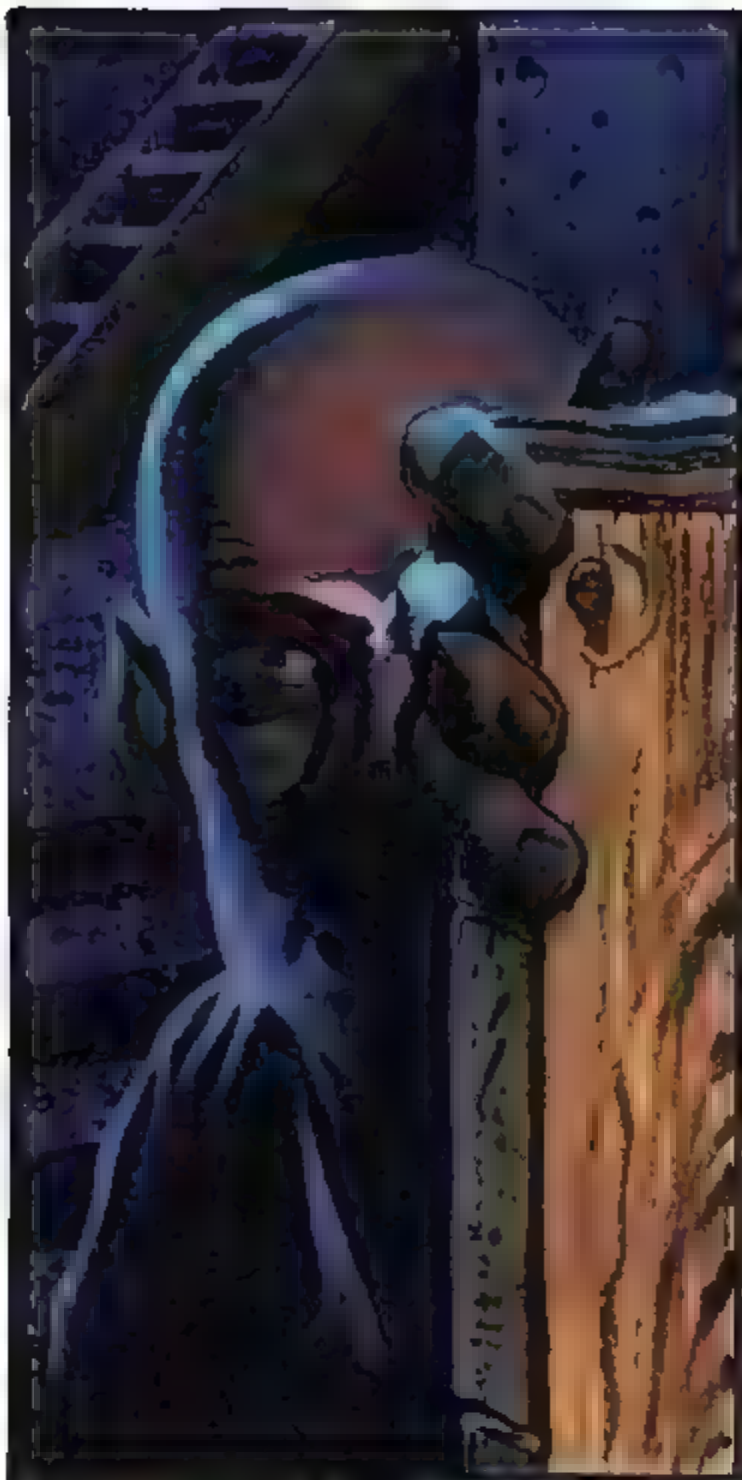
VVVRRRRR Z Z ZZZTT

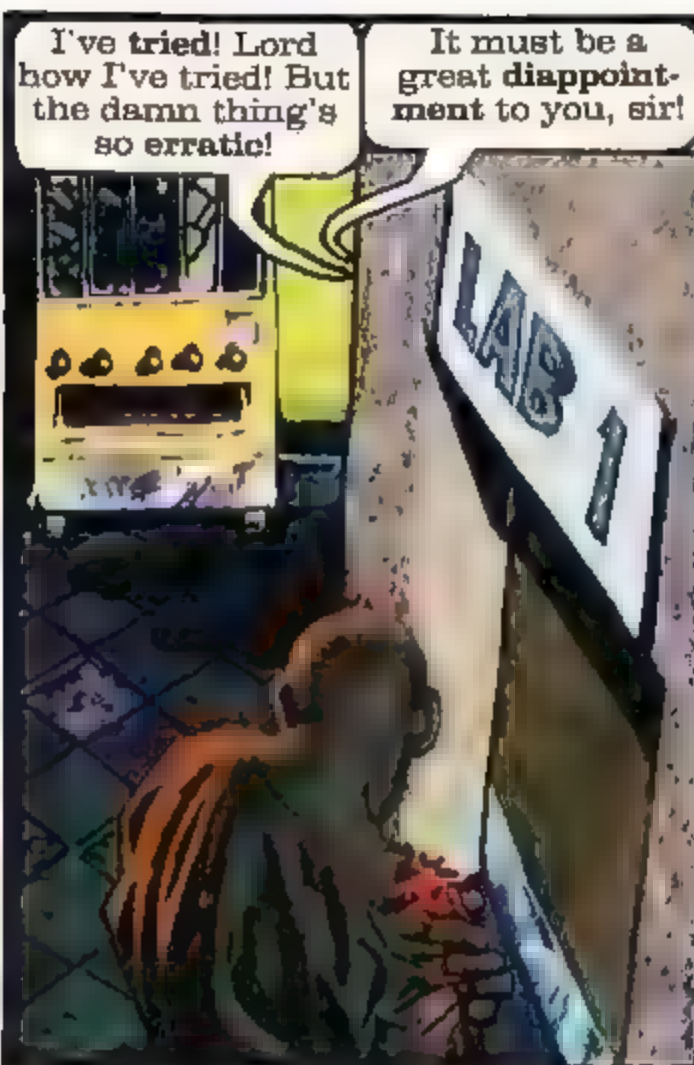












I've tried! Lord how I've tried! But the damn thing's so erratic!

It must be a great disappointment to you, sir!



Hell yes! The work of a lifetime . . . mankind's final hope. . . ! And it's a goddamned berserker!



It takes every Christian value I feed it and twists it . . . perverts it! It's a failure! A violent mockery of everything I designed it to be!

But the other clone is doing well . . .



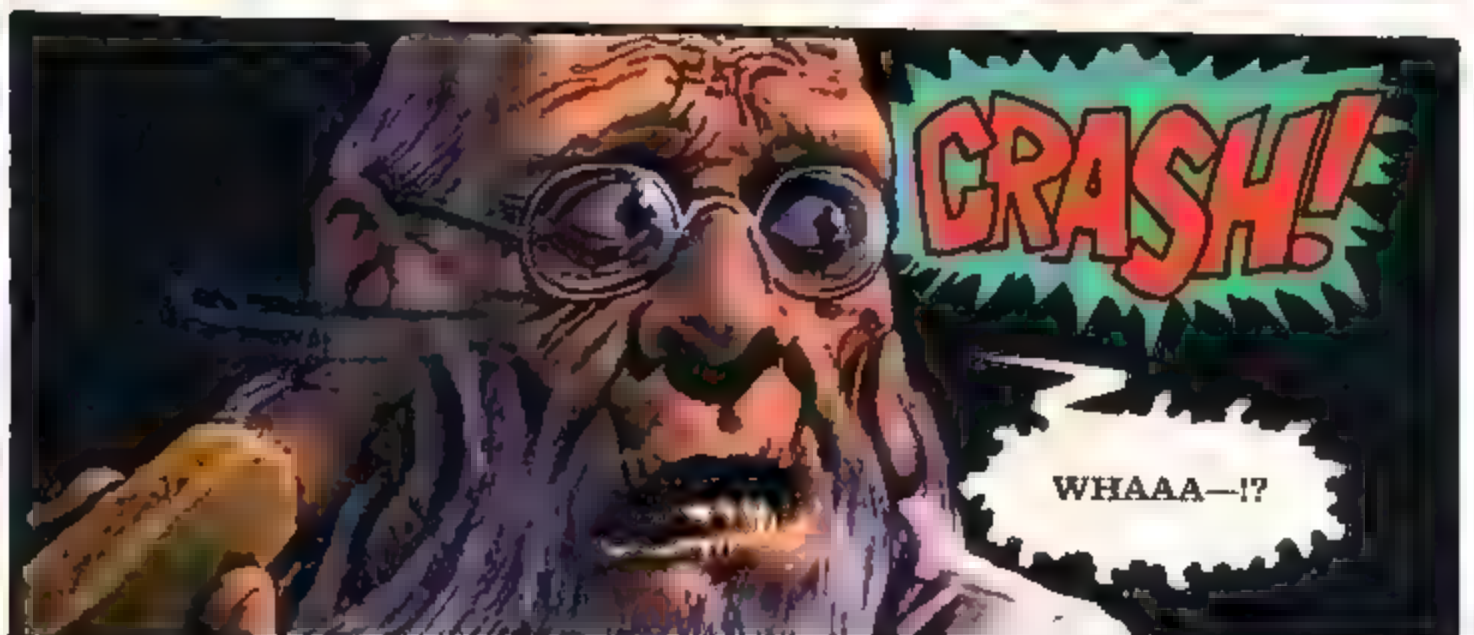
. . . and even the violent one is genetically stable. Maybe their eccentricities will breed out!

No . . . !



I'm afraid of an opposite result . . . that we will breed a race of maniacs!


The male clones have to be destroyed! As for the others. . . !



CRASH!

WHAAA—!?






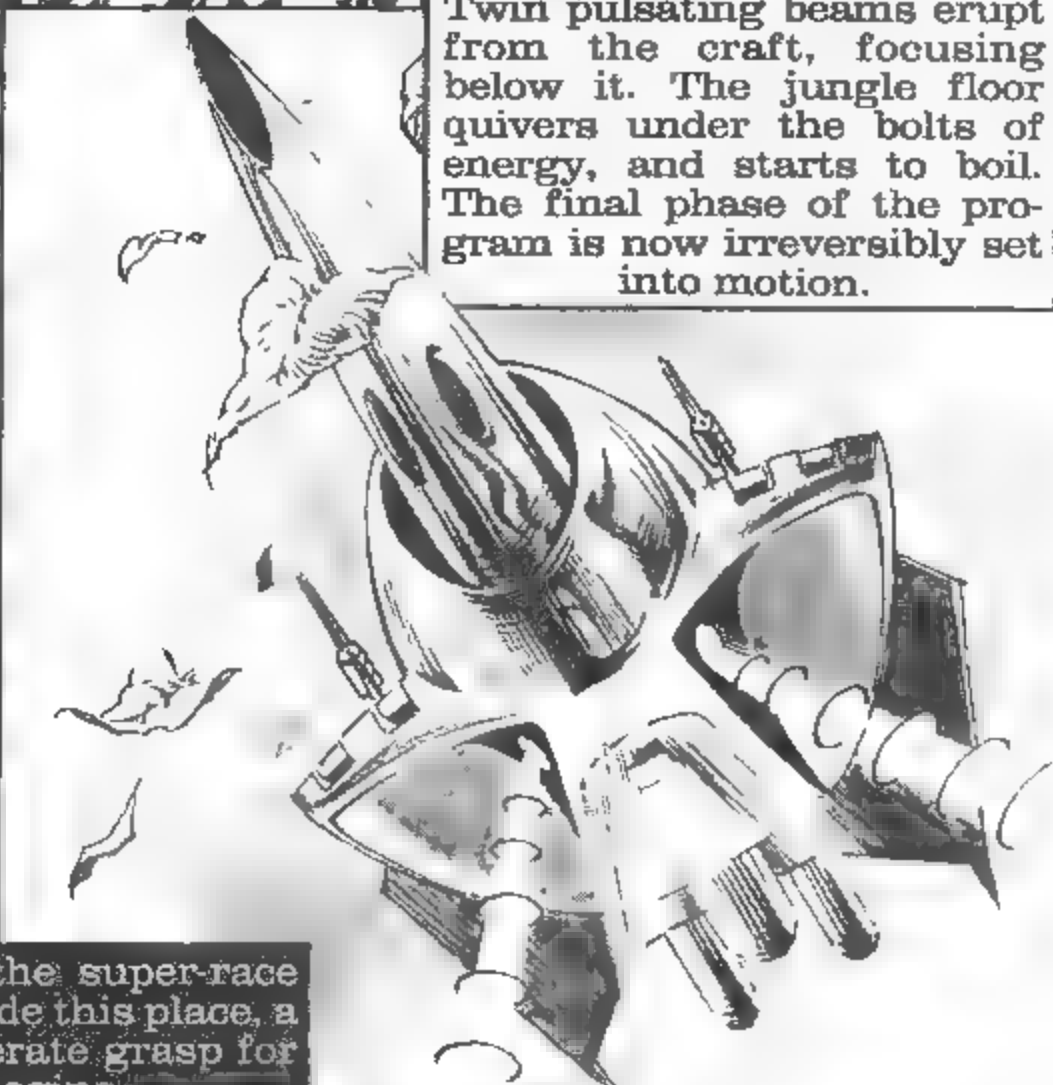
A primordial landscape
hellish and beautiful
fashioned in an instant of
super violence from ether
real debris given water
and air and elemental life
To the species which
brought it forth this
world stands as a simple
exercise in terra-form
ing

It appeared in a flash be
tween this universe and
next created by desperate
beings

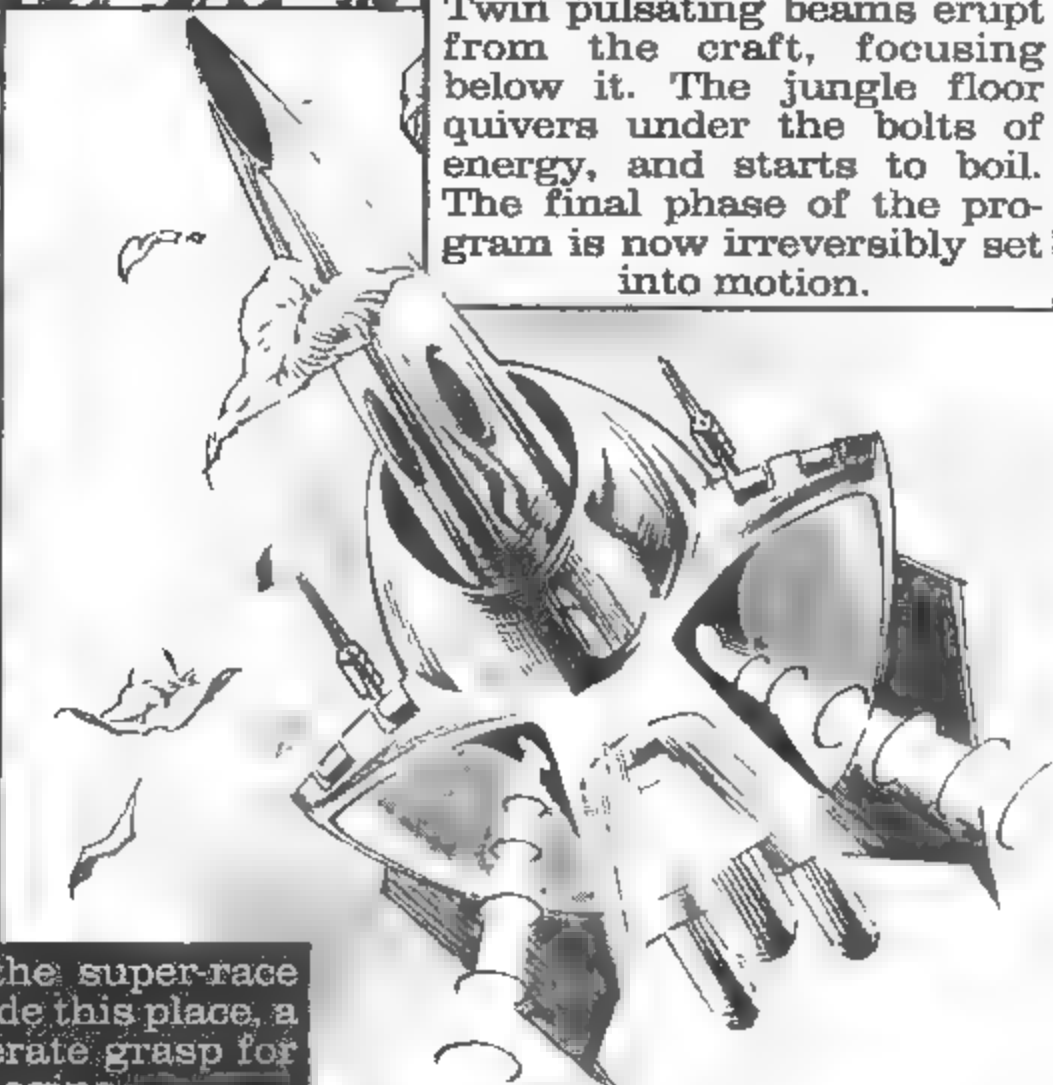
But it is also a refuge



Into these primitive environs, a
glistening craft hovers just
above the treetops, taking mea-
surements of the sediment
floor. When it becomes satis-
fied with its figures, it stops,
and settles closer to the ground.



Twin pulsating beams erupt
from the craft, focusing
below it. The jungle floor
quivers under the bolts of
energy, and starts to boil.
The final phase of the pro-
gram is now irreversibly set
into motion.



And for the super-race
which made this place, a
last desperate grasp for
survival begins

■Hominidal Matrix ■GenType Male
HHS (See Recom File) ■Jelliform Syn-
thesis In-Progress ■ Tem Pressure
Suit Incl ■No Sidearm Or Supplies



■Revivification Compl
8:805 ■Temp 37 C ■Wt
63515 Grams ■All Meta-
Systems Satsifac ■Subject's
Actual Identity Withheld For
Duration Of Experiment

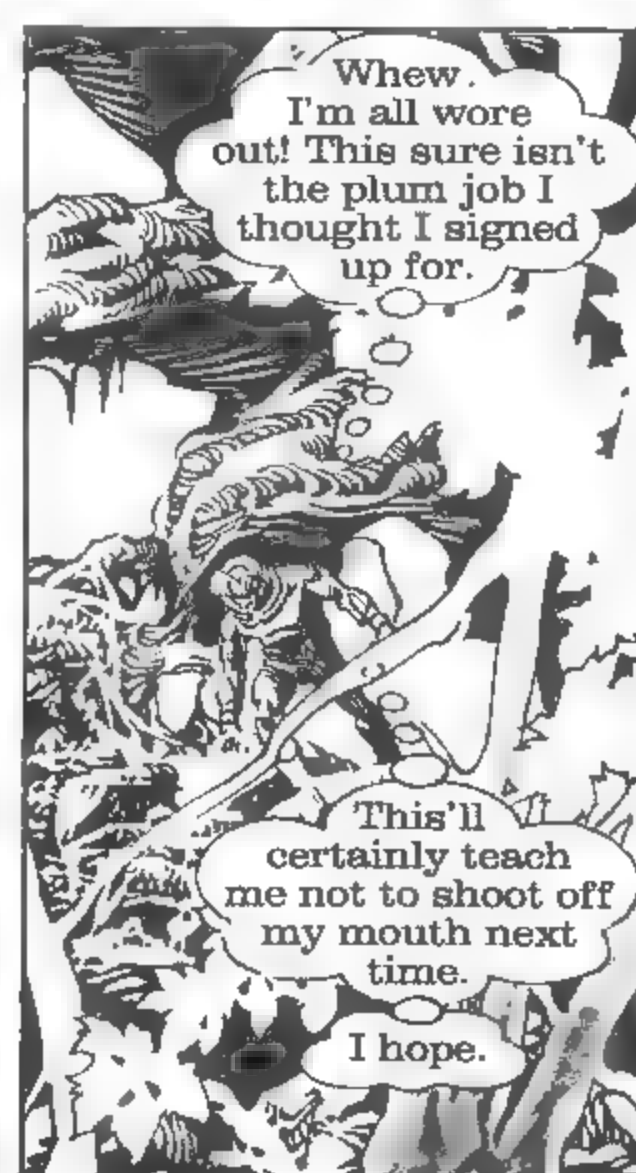


I must be a
sap volunteering for
this assignment

Six weeks groping
about the Mesozoic,
when I could be on Halcyon
hobnobbing with the Upper-
Crusts, or taming the
Tiger-Women of
Triffid.

Granted, I'm
making enough money
on this mission to live
like an emperor forever,
but goddamn it, what good
is the dough if I'm not
alive to spend
it?

TWILIGHTS END!





A cave!
My luck is
changing. At least I'll
have a roof to keep off
most of the flying
varmints.

Now,
if only I can
find a decent
cafe.

Fairly
dry inside . . . even
a breeze coming
through.

Maybe
I'll just bed
down in here until
the ship comes back
to pick me
up.

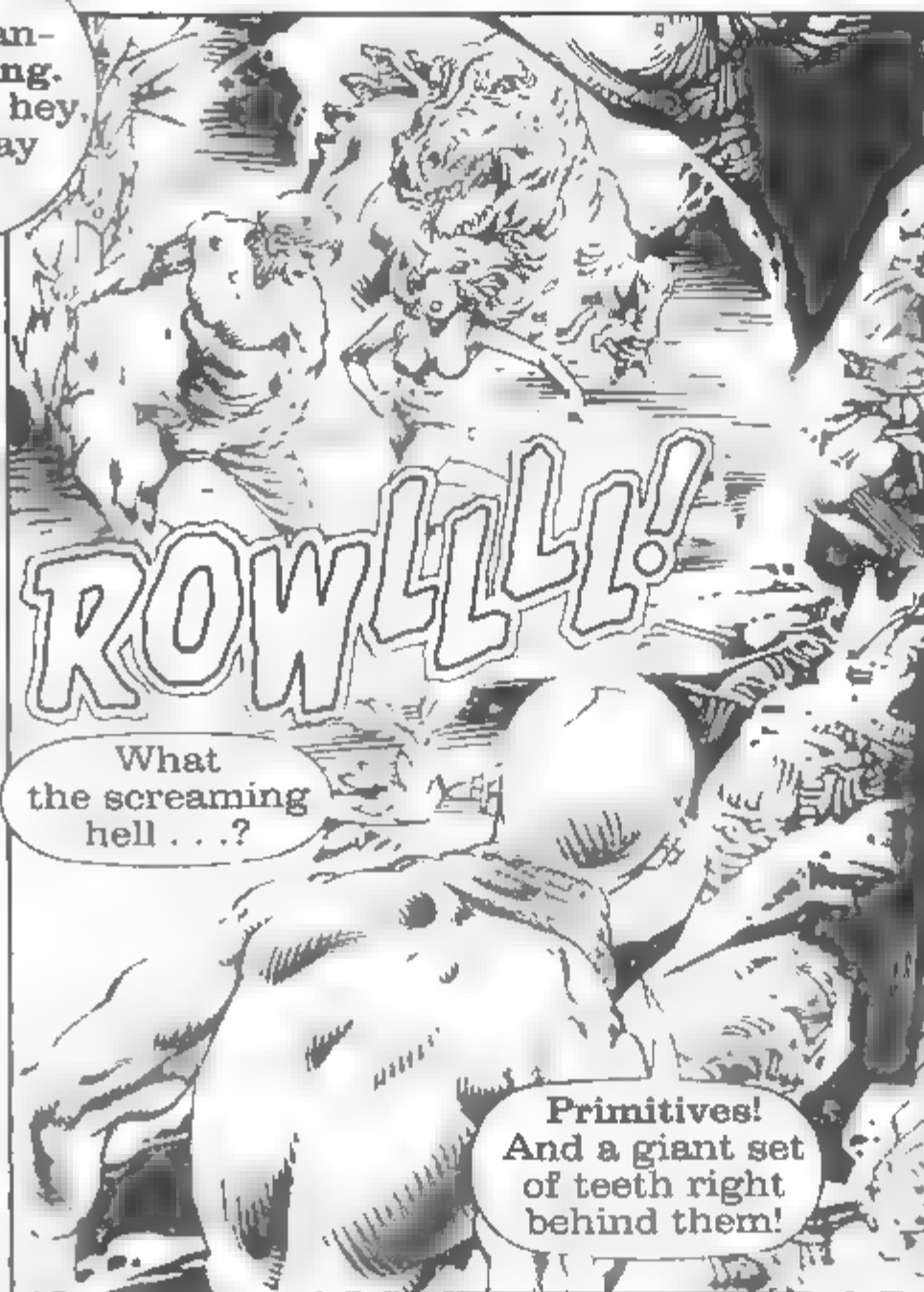
That's
contrary to
orders, Observer
One.



A
snitch-scope!
Sneaky little rat—have
you been watching
me all the
time?

Your
orders are to
observe surface activity
and file a report, Zev. You
cannot possibly make
observations from
inside this
cavern.

All
right! All right!
I didn't really mean-
it. See? I'm **observing**.
Oh, look at that! Oh, hey,
look over there! Say
now, that looks
interesting.



What
the screaming
hell . . . ?


Primitives!
And a giant set
of teeth right
behind them!



You
mustn't
interfere! You're an
observer
only!

cool
your jets.
I know the
law!

But if
I'm stuck here
for six weeks, I'm
going to have more
than you to
talk to!



Don't move! Stay where you are. That brute can't tell you from the rocks if you stand perfectly still.

Christ almighty, the goof ran right into its jaws! Don't you people know your meateaters?

Bomo! Kaba sum ebooba san!

Yamma nuge kaba jum! Kaba! Kaba!

Stick the gibberish, girl. Your boyfriend has had it. And if we don't get a hustle on we'll be in similar hot soup!

Kaava—teebo sen! urubu!

There you go... urubu! He can't follow us in there!

Then again...

God, he's tryin' to eat his way into the cave!

ROCKSLIDE!! Get back!

He's wedging apart the walls! If he keeps that up, he's going to cause a...

Phew! I hope you know another way out of this place, because we sure ain't going out the way we came in.

Urubu sklitch?

Yeah, urubu sklitch.

After several hours of useless searching for an alternate path out, Zev calls a rest. He uses the opportunity to try to speak with the girl, but to no result.

Was that your mate who jumped into that monster's stomach? Your brother? Attorney?

Oh, this is useless. I can't...

Brak eyuba n'shuba weh. Haraza... Rena.

How about it, Snitch? Can you translate any of that?

Only the tone of it. She seems to think that was a very brave thing you did back there. She's grateful to you for saving her life.

She apparently finds you attractive. Her name is Rena.

It is the girl herself who answers that question. No translation is necessary.

Zat so? Mine's Zev, Rena. Zev. Can you say that?

Oh, goddammit, she's so backward and ignorant. How can I hope to initiate any kind of meaningful communication with her?

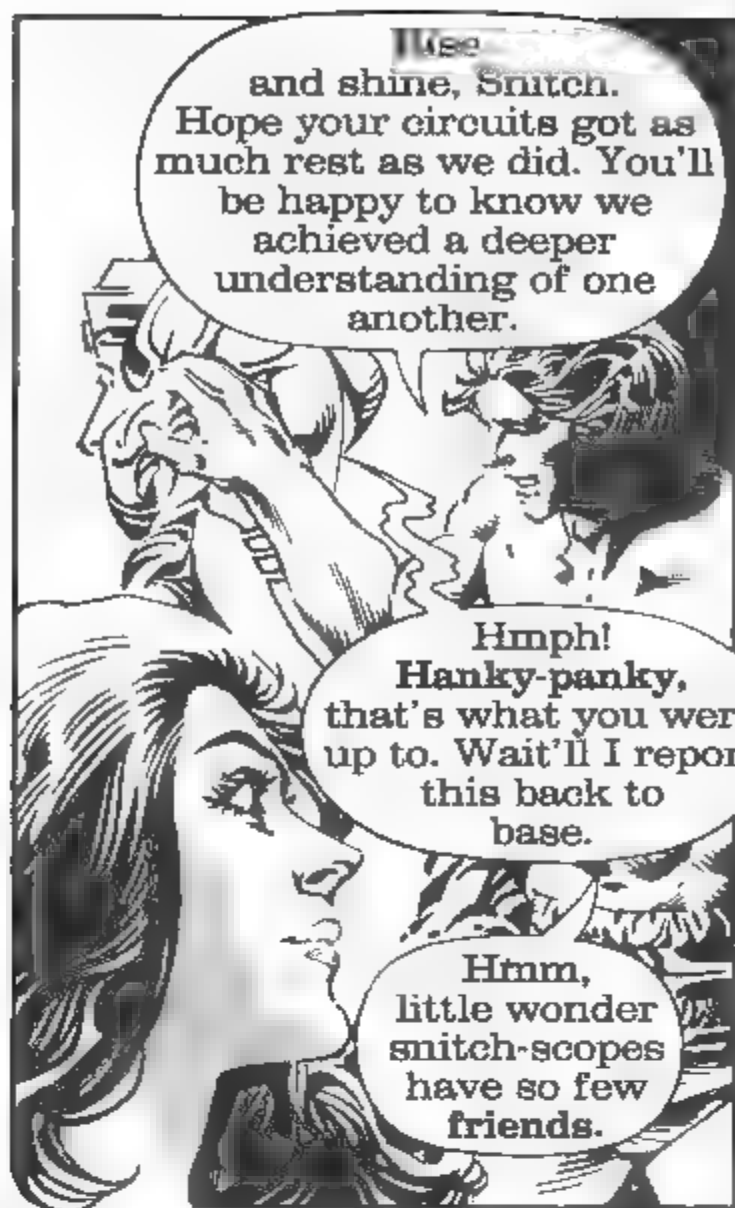
Hey, what-
\$ % ^ * ! !

Um, listen, Snitch. I think I'm right on the verge of making a breakthrough with this girl. I'm going to try some new encounter measures I've learned.

See you in the morning.

Far above the ship which sent Zev below hangs in orbit. Detailed data from the surface are received, processed, and patiently evaluated.

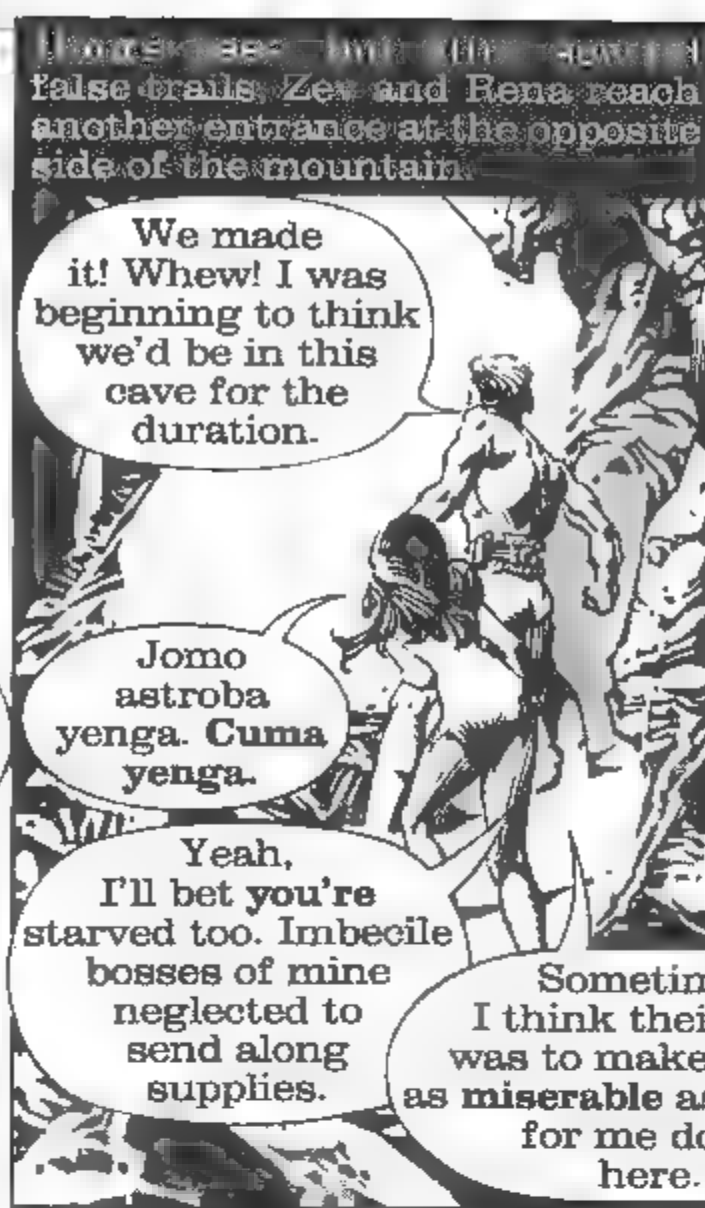
Only time now can say whether this superrace can amend their cataclysmic error, and save themselves from the darkest force of all.



Use
and shine, Snitch.
Hope your circuits got as
much rest as we did. You'll
be happy to know we
achieved a deeper
understanding of one
another.

Hmph!
Hanky-panky,
that's what you were
up to. Wait'll I report
this back to
base.

Hmm,
little wonder
snitch-scopes
have so few
friends.

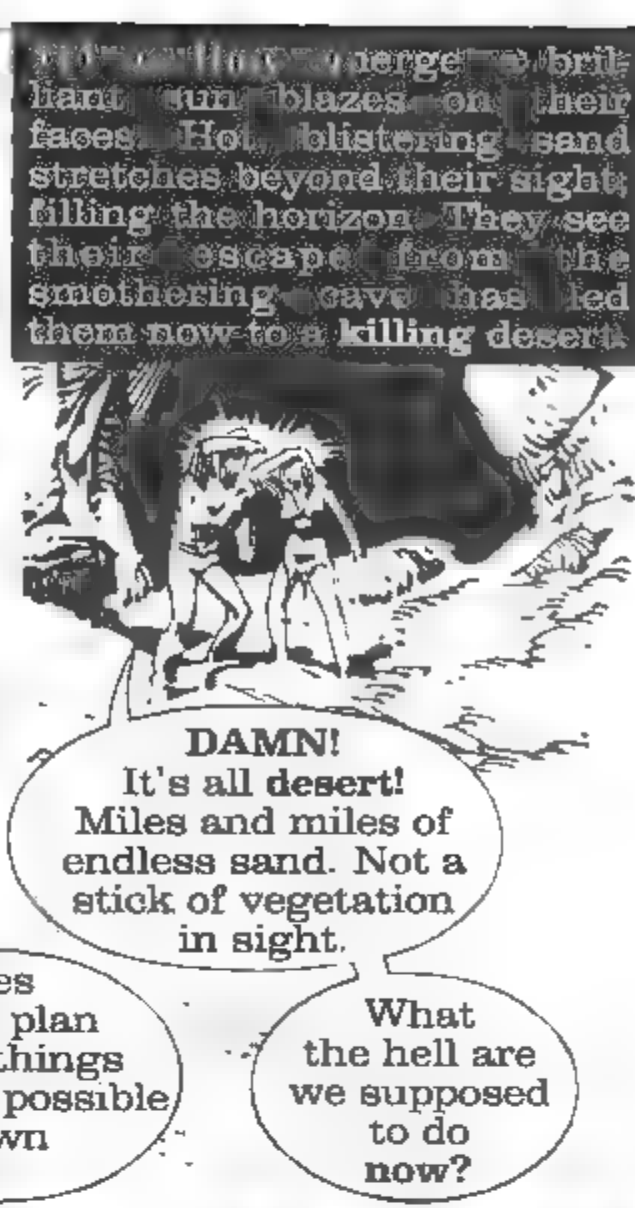


We made
it! Whew! I was
beginning to think
we'd be in this
cave for the
duration.

Jomo
astroba
yenga. Cuma
yenga.

Yeah,
I'll bet you're
starved too. Imbecile
bosses of mine
neglected to
send along
supplies.

Sometimes
I think their plan
was to make things
as miserable as possible
for me down
here.



DAMN!
It's all desert!
Miles and miles of
endless sand. Not a
stick of vegetation
in sight.

What
the hell are
we supposed
to do
now?



Braza
ocaden lura
fellasan. Sextar
yun abrilziac.
Meza . . . meza
a morte?

That's a
mighty persuasive
argument, missy. We
can stay here and die,
or we can go back
into the cave
and die.

Or . . . or . . .

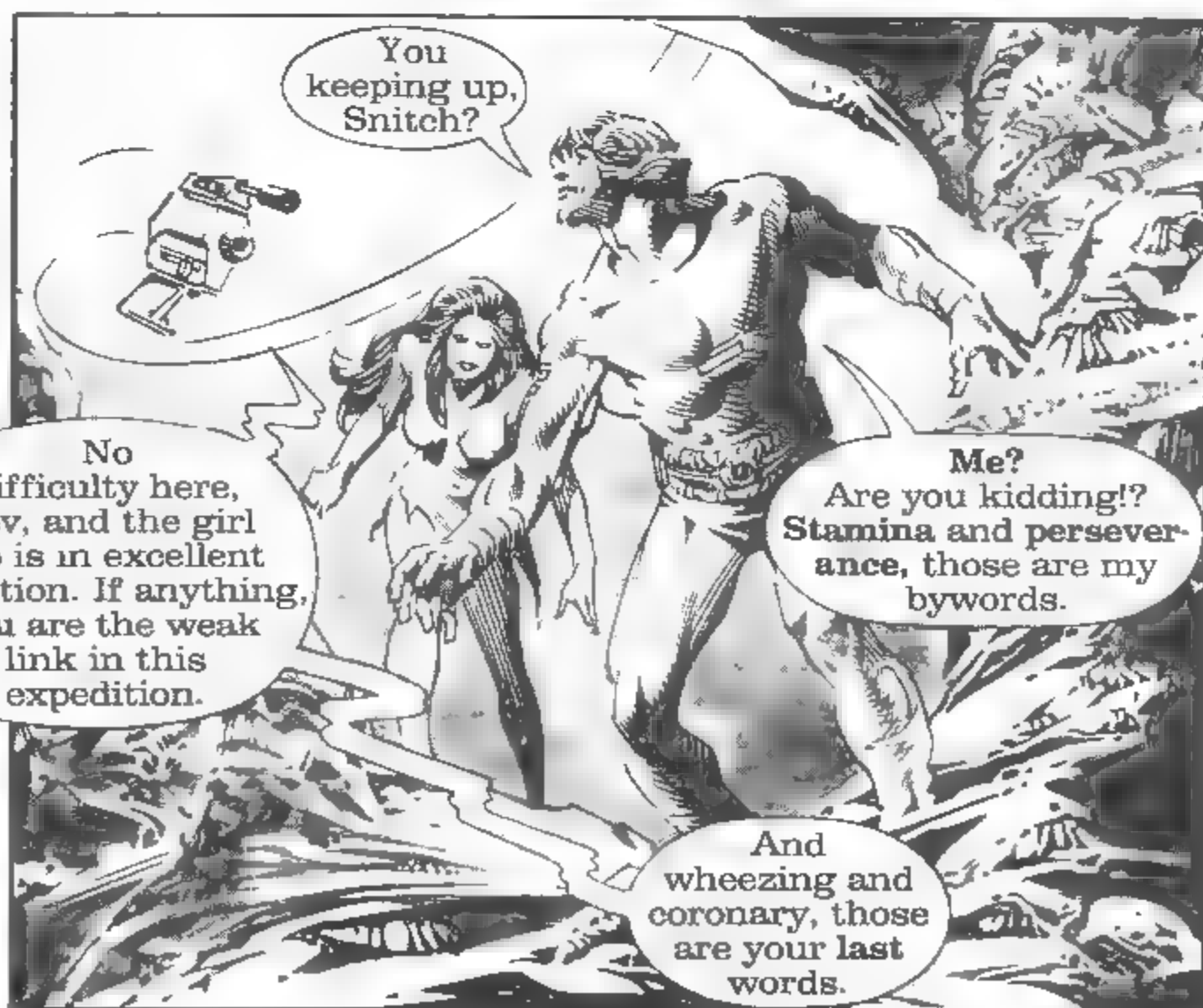


Or
we can go
back over the
mountain! My god
that's what
we'll do!

Serkska!?

No,
I ain't crazy.
It won't be easy, but
with Snitch scouting
a path for us, we
should make it
okay.

We
gotta
make
it.



You
keeping up,
Snitch?

No
difficulty here,
Zev, and the girl
too is in excellent
condition. If anything,
you are the weak
link in this
expedition.

Me?
Are you kidding!?
Stamina and persever-
ance, those are my
bywords.

And
wheezing and
coronary, those
are your last
words.

The trio climbs, following ancient paths of unknown travelers. The snitch-scope was right; the trek is much harder for Zev than for the others, but the effort is helped by the pleasant—if frustrating—company of Rena.

You're such a mystery, Rena. I wish I could talk to you . . . learn about you, your people . . . life on this incredible planet.

B'tumis awelsa. Sa tahrog.

What are your customs? Religions? What do you do on a Saturday night . . . besides watching the lizards sink into the tarpits, I mean.

I know. Another dumb question.

Darkness comes rapidly, and they make camp for the night. They are hungry and exhausted, and according to Snitch, there is at least a half day's travel ahead. It is a depressing night, and nothing much is said between them.


At last, they arrive where they began. Before them lay the choking rain forests, swamps, and predators of this unforgiving world, but it is a welcome sight to them both.

Home, Rena. Food and water and our immediate needs.

Now comes the problem of living in earnest.

In time, Zev and Rena set about the task of building a shelter. Zev knows that Rena is incapable of hunting food for herself, and he is happy to help her, but he knows that cannot be for long.

Soon, Zev's mission will be over. He begins to regret what will become of the girl when he has gone.



This savage girl . . . how can I explain to her that I am not of her kind . . . and that in just a few weeks I must leave her behind . . . to starve, or worse?

This brainless lummock . . . I cannot decide whether he is worth using further, or if I should dispose of him now before he endangers my mission.

And high above the planet's atmosphere, a silver craft continues its relentless orbit, regarding the events below. Up to now, it has only watched and waited.

Soon, it will be time to act.

"THE HARVEST" REAPS PRAISE!

In the letters page of 1984 #5, there wasn't one favorable comment nor one letter of praise for your story "The Harvest." I could not believe that so many people had so many negative things to say about a simple comic book fable.

I don't wish to beat a dead horse, nor belabor a moot point, but I do think the story was unjustly criticized and should be praised for its originality and boldly-stated premise.

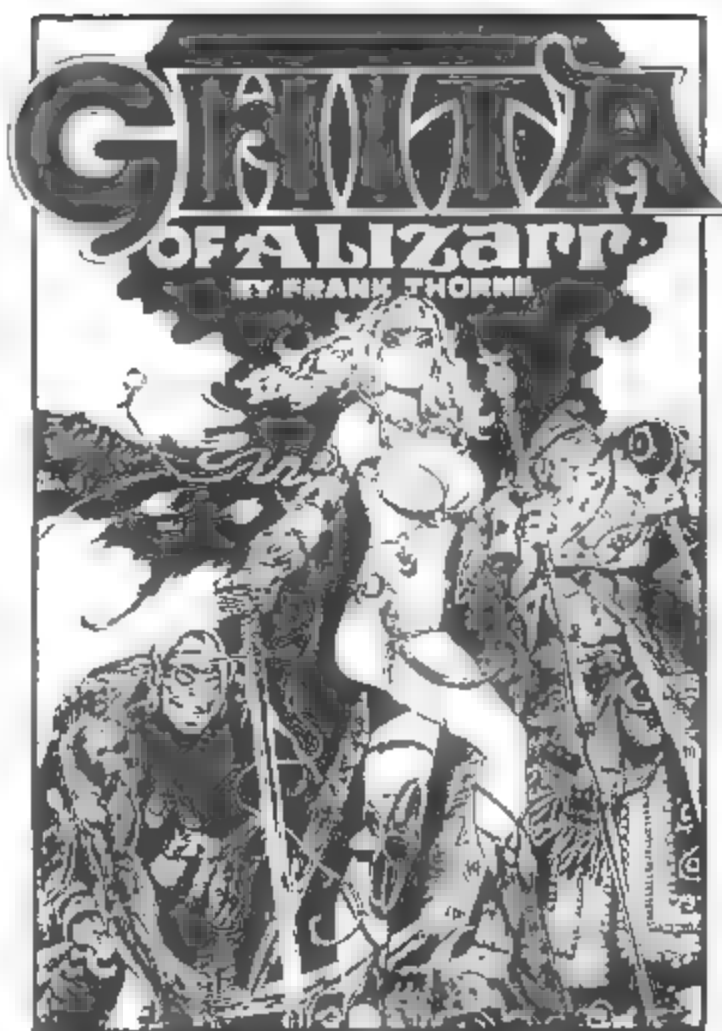
I agree with your purpose in printing the story, and understood when reading it that you were not advocating mass genocide of the negro race. And personally, I cannot see how anyone could have thought that you were.

I guess it aptly illustrates that comic book readers need to be a little more adult to understand what you're trying to say with 1984.

RENO STOWE
Tonka Bay, Minn.

I only wish that I could have taken the credit for writing a story as sensitive yet profoundly disturbing as "The Harvest."

BOB THORPE
Mt. Holly, N.J.



WOMAN RUDY NEBRES GET FRANK THORNE

Man, I love Rudy Nebres' art. Is there any chance you can get him to illustrate longer stories for 1984?

TITUS REEVES
Cameron, Texas

Because he is one of the most talented artists illustrating comics today, Rudy is very much sought after by all of the major comics publishers, Titus. He has promised, however, to devote more of his time to filling the pages of the Warren magazines, so you will definitely see much more of his work in the near future. There's a good chance many stories will be epics.

If you guys up there at Warren are so smart, howcum you haven't signed Frank Thorne to an exclusive ninety-nine year contract? His Red Sonja is the sexiest thing in comics. I can just imagine what he would do if turned loose in the sexually-liberated pages of 1984.

AUSTIN REDDICK
Afton, Virginia

What is it with our readers? All of a sudden they become amateur psychics. We've been negotiating with Frank for the past several months, Austin. And we're happy to report that he will, as you say, be unshackled from the chains of censorship which have so mercilessly bound him lo' these many years. He will let loose his wildest fantasies within the pages of 1984, in a brand new series entitled GHITA! Watch for it this summer. It is indeed provocative!

Address all correspondence to: INCOMING TELEMETRY, Warren Publishing,
145 E. 32nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

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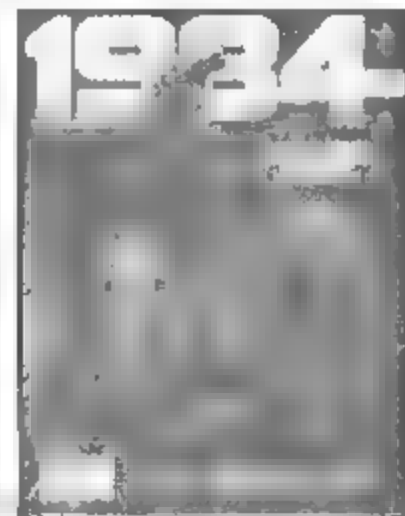
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The legend of She-Who-Must-Be-Okay begins in pharaonic Egypt, in the year B.C. 1021. Kallikrates, son of Anaxes and Prince of Egypt, is erecting a magnificent shopping mall when he is smitten by the etching of a beautiful girl slave published in the Scroll of Ra-Slaboom-Bah, a papyrus parchment commissioned for the entertainment of Master Builders.



So taken is Kallikrates by the beauty in the scroll, he begins taking the girl to the hot spots of Egypt. Over night, she becomes part of the vast Giza crowd.

The girl's name is Ayesha, and is not a slave but a priestess of Isis, and only posed for the Hand-maiden of the Month rollout for the extra plasters.



In the weeks to follow, Ayesha and Kallikrates become inseparable lovers, and gossip-mongers buzz of their imminent marriage.

But Kallikrates is not a good man. He is a selfish, cold, and becomes involved with another handmaiden named Amanartas, rousing the wrath of the insanely jealous Ayesha.



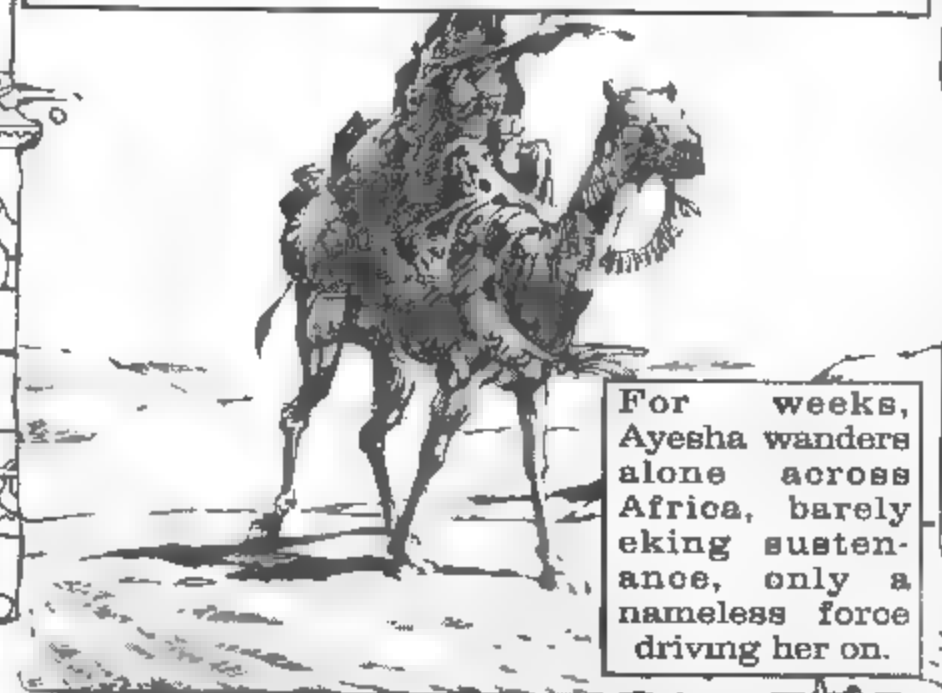
Discovering the two of them sharing a bed, Ayesha slays Kallikrates with a venomous spear through the breastbone.

Finally, her trek ends in the remote hills of Kor. Nearly dead when she is found by hunters of the Amahagger tribe, they mistake her for their goddess of sex, and hastily rescue her.



Ayesha is immediately installed as divine ruler of their kingdom and henceforth is treated in all ways as an earthbound goddess.

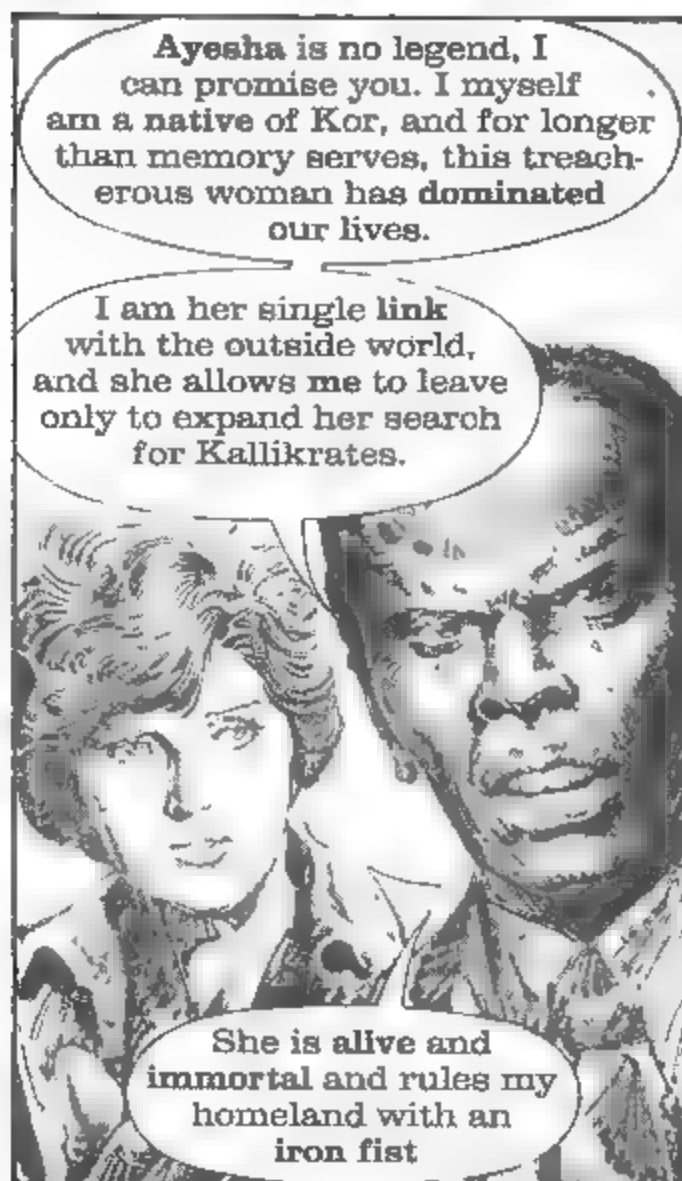
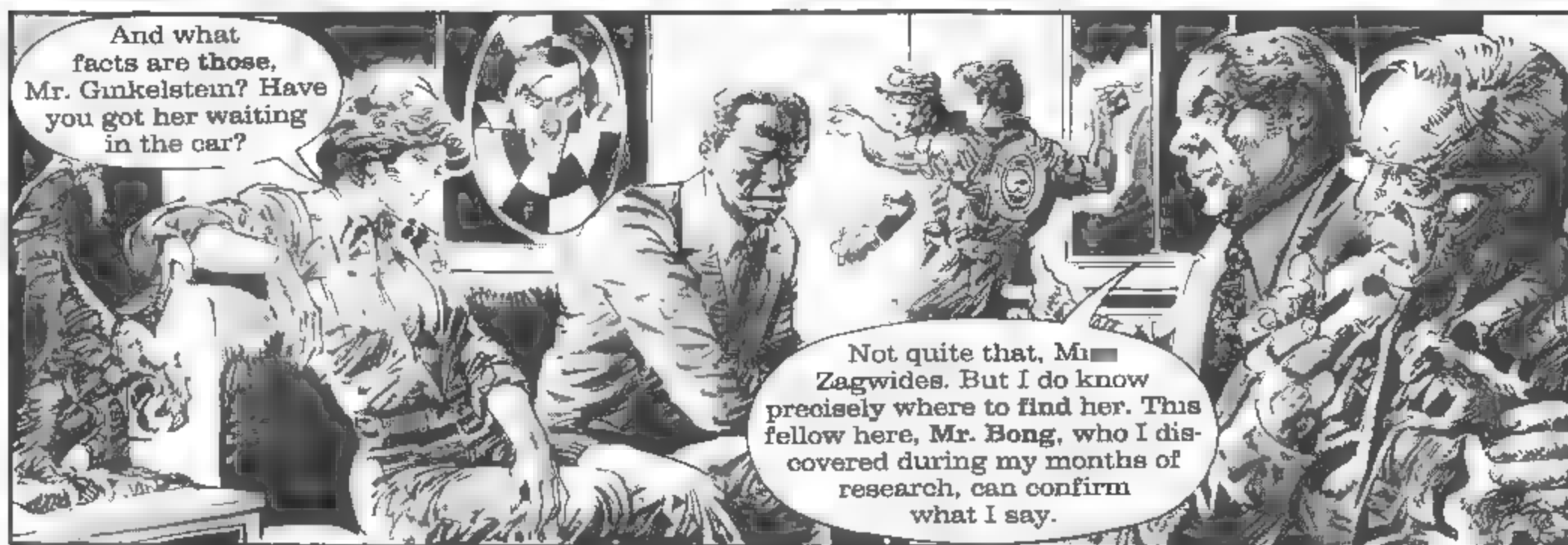
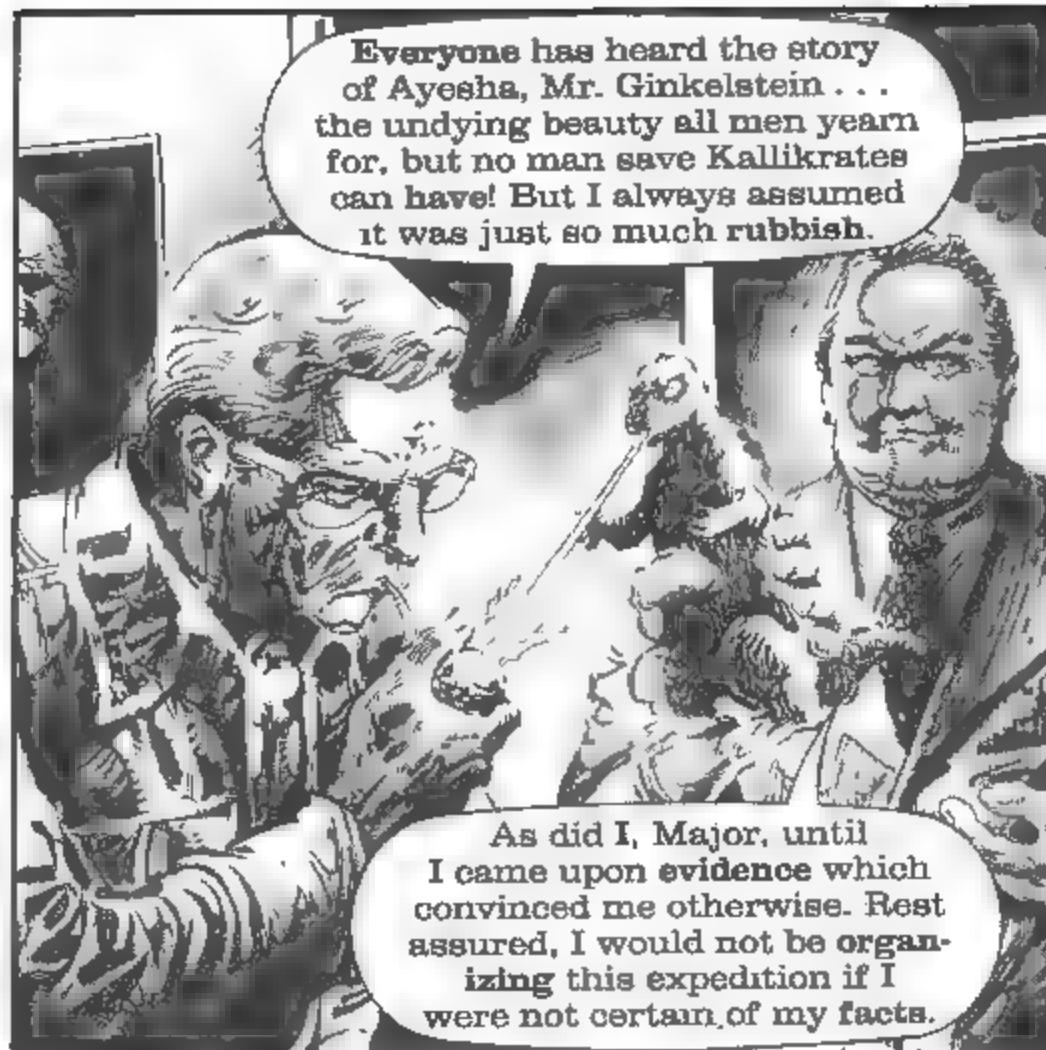
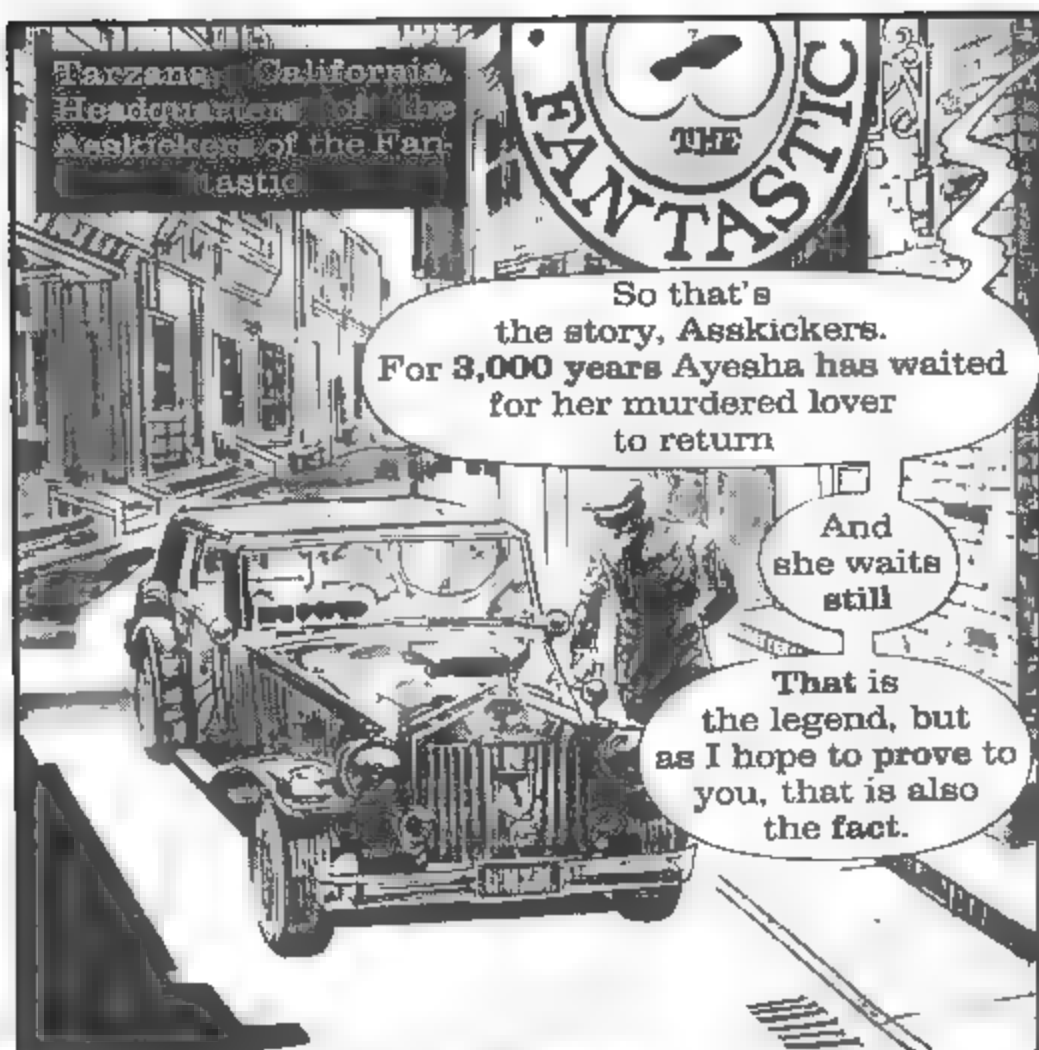
As a priestess of Isis, and thus holy, Ayesha is spared execution for her crime, and is instead banished to the desert, to let the goddess Isis do with her what is her will.

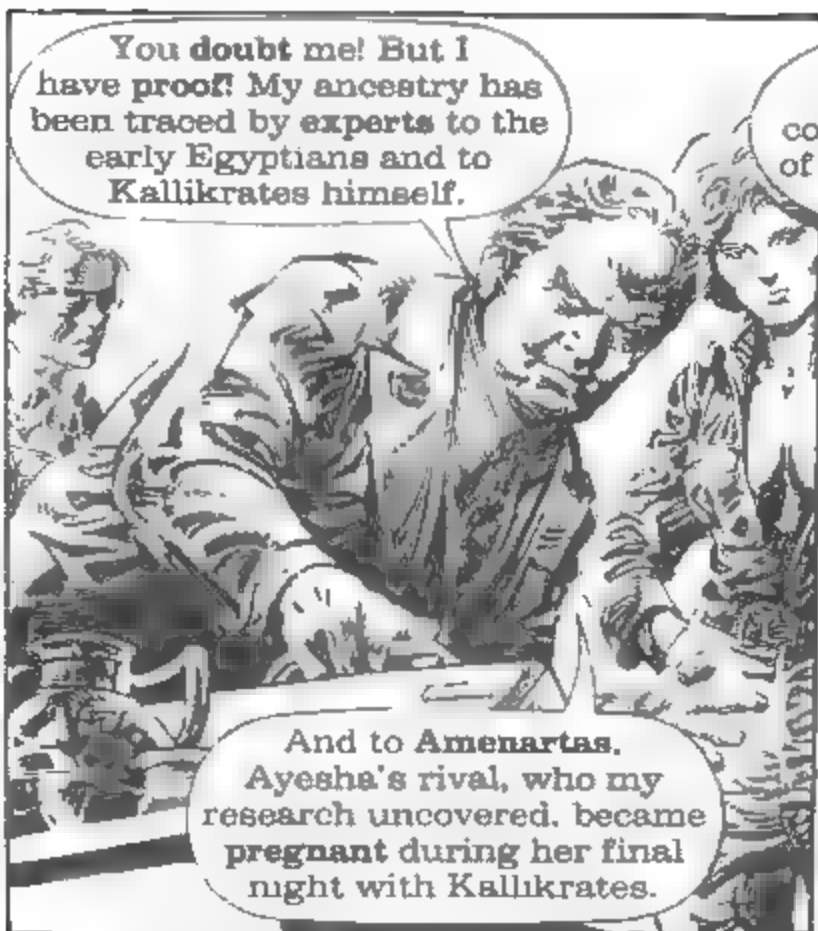


For weeks, Ayesha wanders alone across Africa, barely eking sustenance, only a nameless force driving her on.

And there, says legend, Ayesha yet rules today! Made immortal by means of dark magic, she waits in her mountain cave for the reincarnation of her lover Kallikrates to return to her.

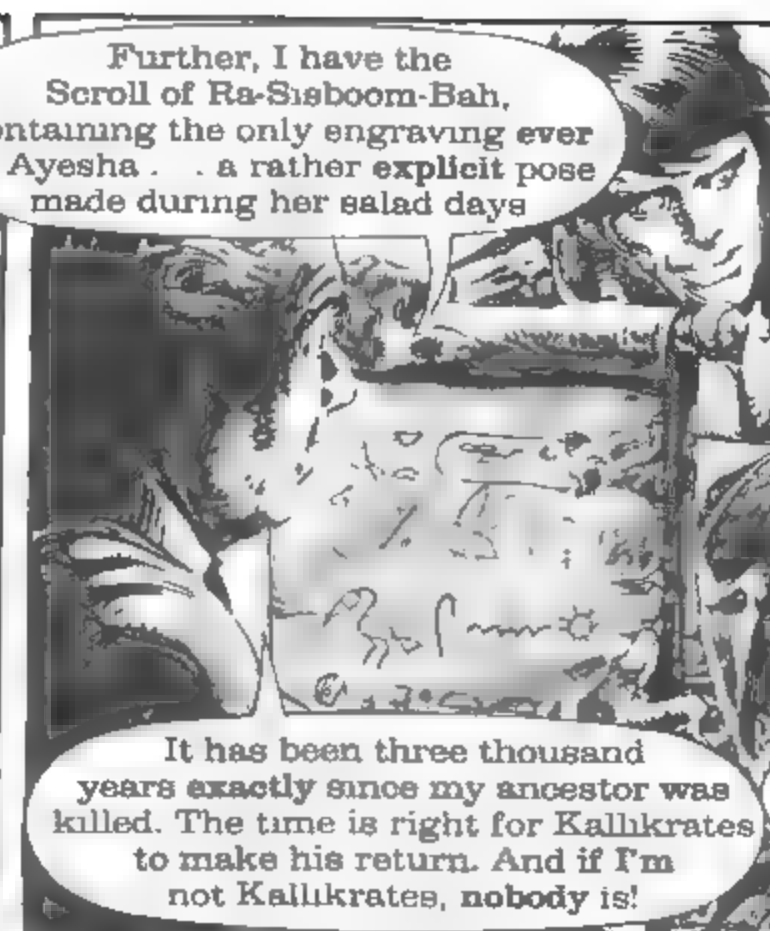






You doubt me! But I have proof! My ancestry has been traced by experts to the early Egyptians and to Kallikrates himself.

And to Amenartas, Ayesha's rival, who my research uncovered, became pregnant during her final night with Kallikrates.



Further, I have the Scroll of Ra-Sisboom-Bah, containing the only engraving ever of Ayesha... a rather explicit pose made during her salad days

It has been three thousand years exactly since my ancestor was killed. The time is right for Kallikrates to make his return. And if I'm not Kallikrates, nobody is!



WOW!

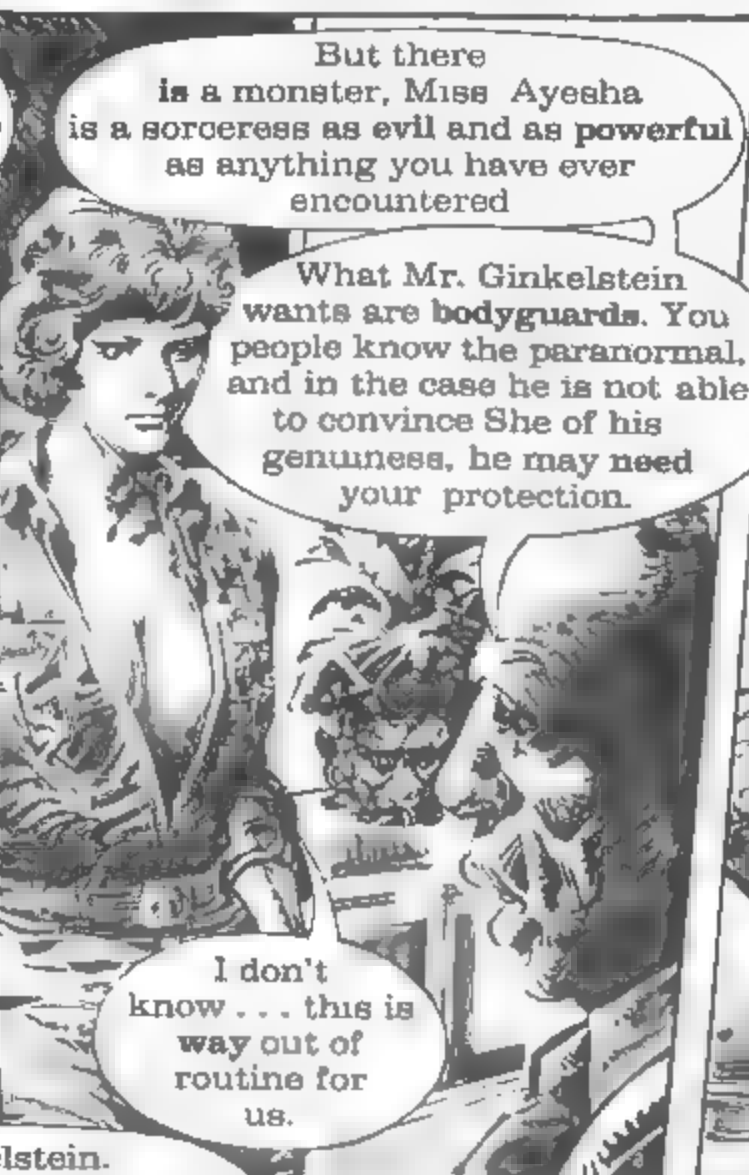
Good Lord! A dirty scroll!

Man, she's really something!

Oh, I don't know...



But how can this involve us, Mr. Ginkelstein? We're professional monster-extractors, and if you have no monsters for us to dispose of we can't help you!



But there is a monster, Miss Ayesha is a sorceress as evil and as powerful as anything you have ever encountered

What Mr. Ginkelstein wants are bodyguards. You people know the paranormal, and in the case he is not able to convince She of his genuineness, he may need your protection.

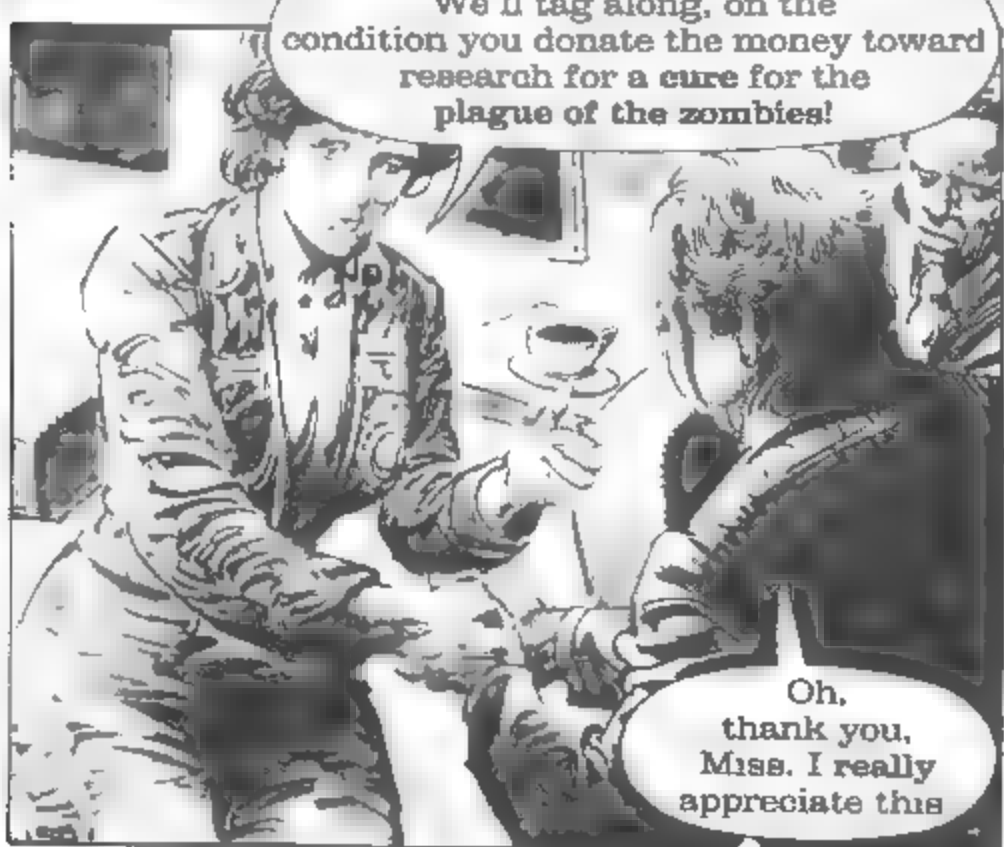
I don't know... this is way out of routine for us.



Would you risk a change of routine for a trip to Africa, and a \$1,000,000 gift to the Asskickers' favorite charity?

Why a charity?

Or whatever



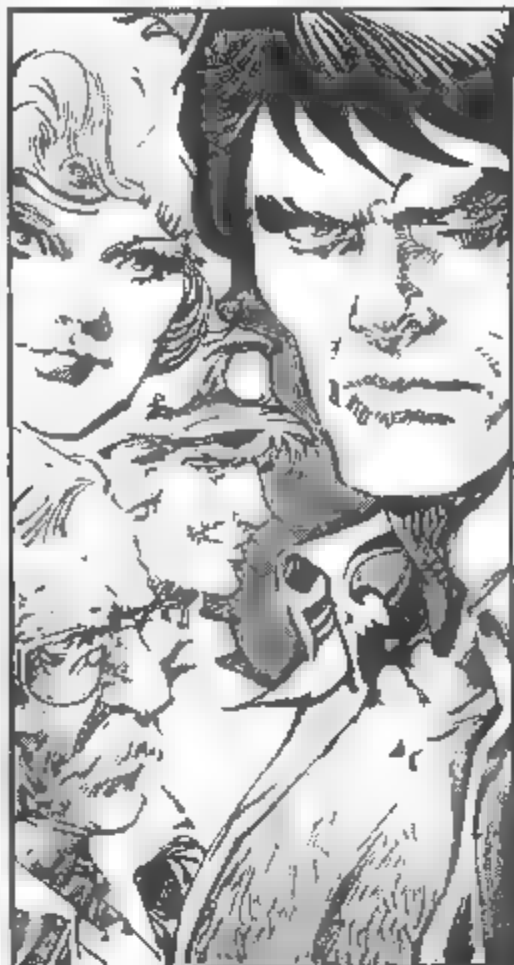
Okay, Mr. Ginkelstein. We'll tag along, on the condition you donate the money toward research for a cure for the plague of the zombies!

Oh, thank you, Miss. I really appreciate this



There was no other choice, Mr. Ginkelstein. Because there's no way you're going to get your scroll back unless the boys get to see this woman in the flesh

Gasp!



REX HAVOP

and the
**ASSKICKERS
of the FANTASTIC**



Days later, the Asskickers, with Bong and Ginkelstein, hug their way up the fearful Zambesi River, near the east coast of Africa. As they go, the sounds of the jungle seem to follow them: tremendous howls and shrieks, like corkscrews up the back, echo all about, unnerving the expedition. And that's just the insects.

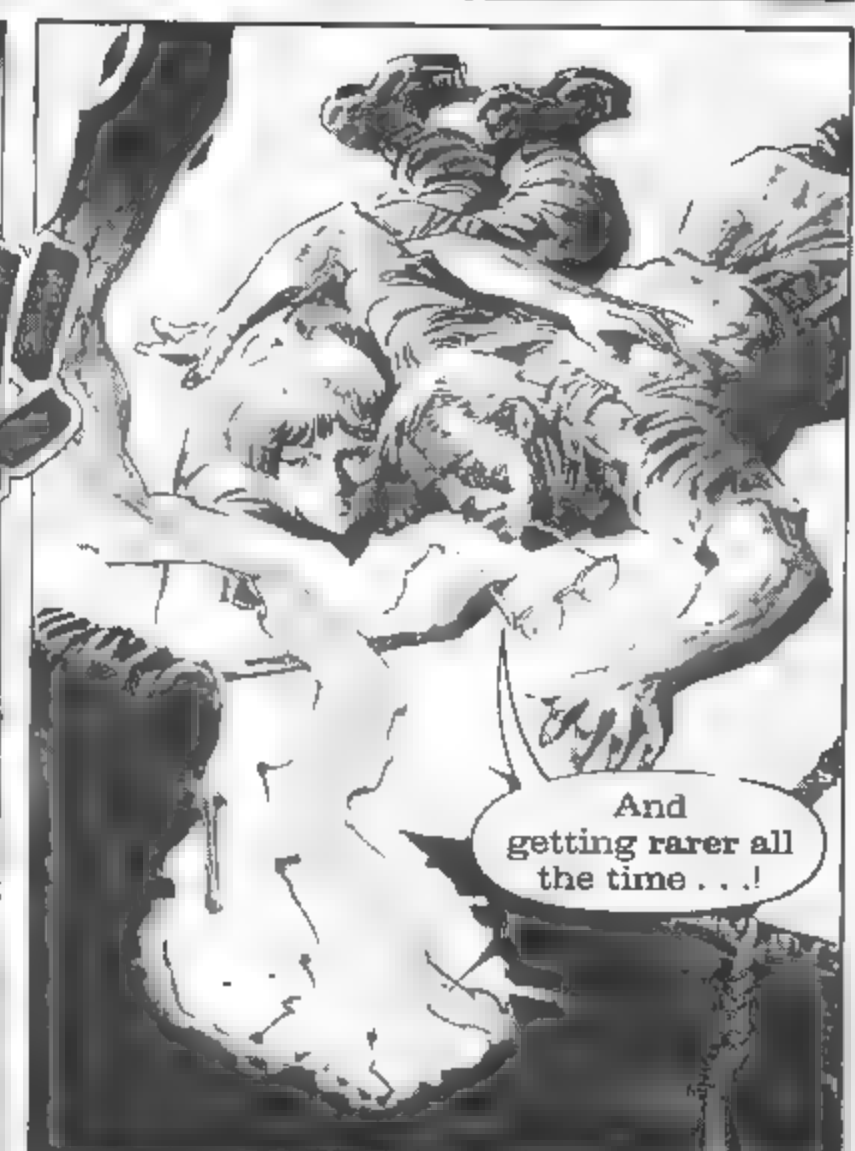
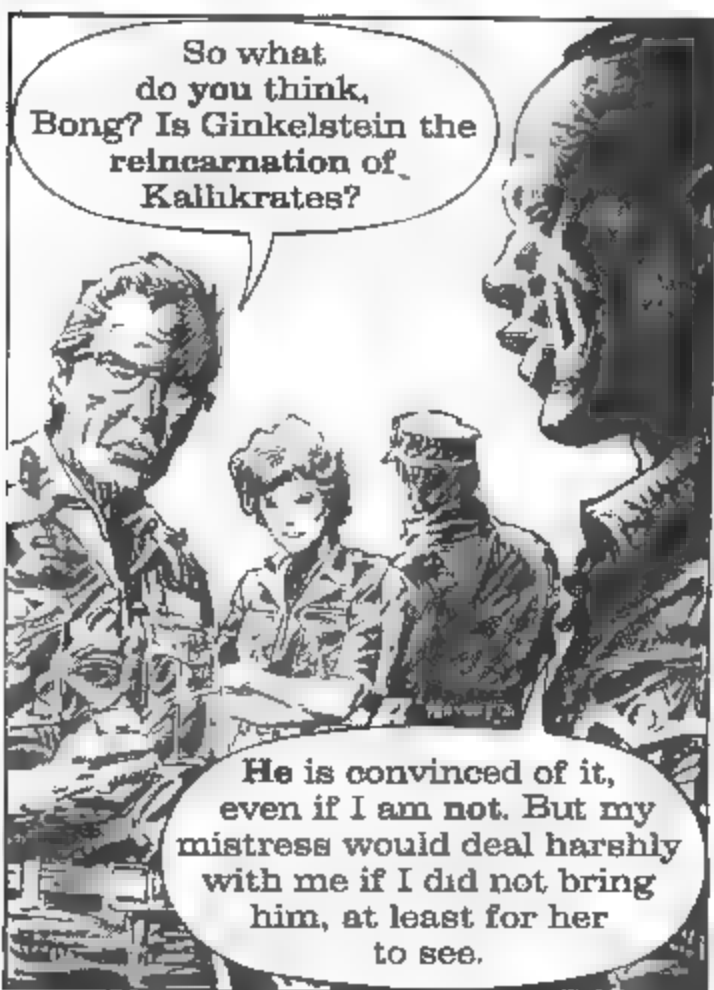
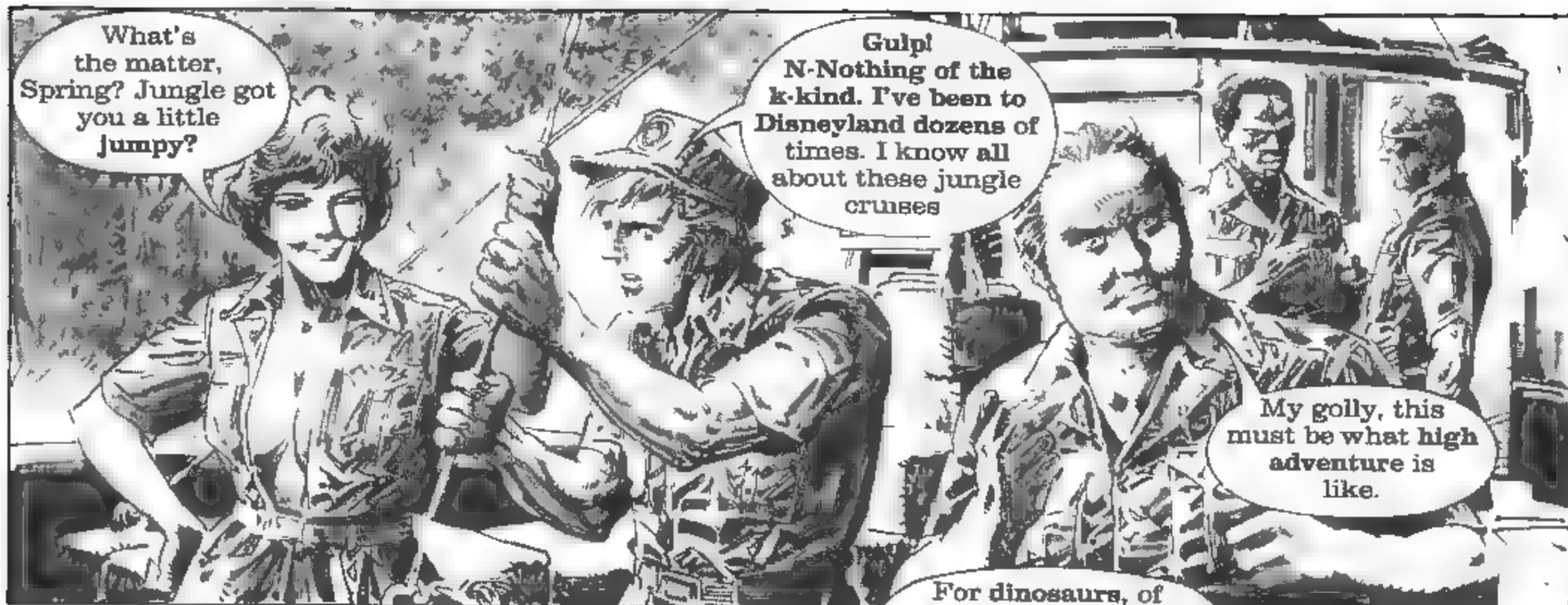
YAHOOO! **NOOBA**
NOOOO

CACAW **WEEEEE**

GOOBBLE!
EEEEEE!
CACAW

Already
I don't like this
mission.

**SHE WHO-MUST-
-BE-OKAY!**

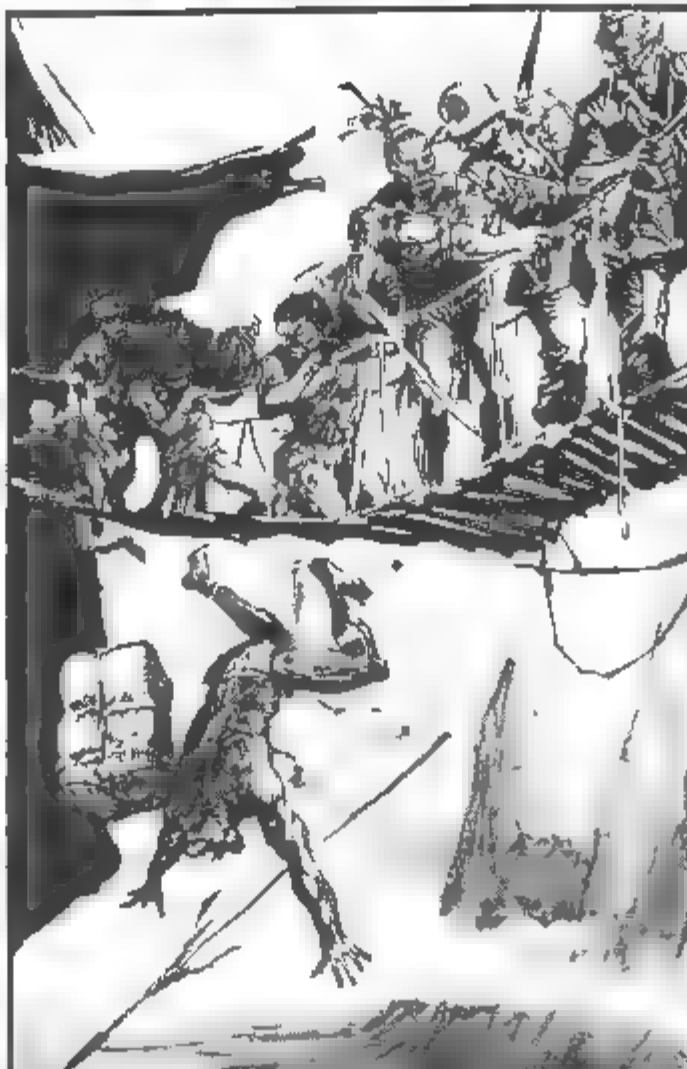
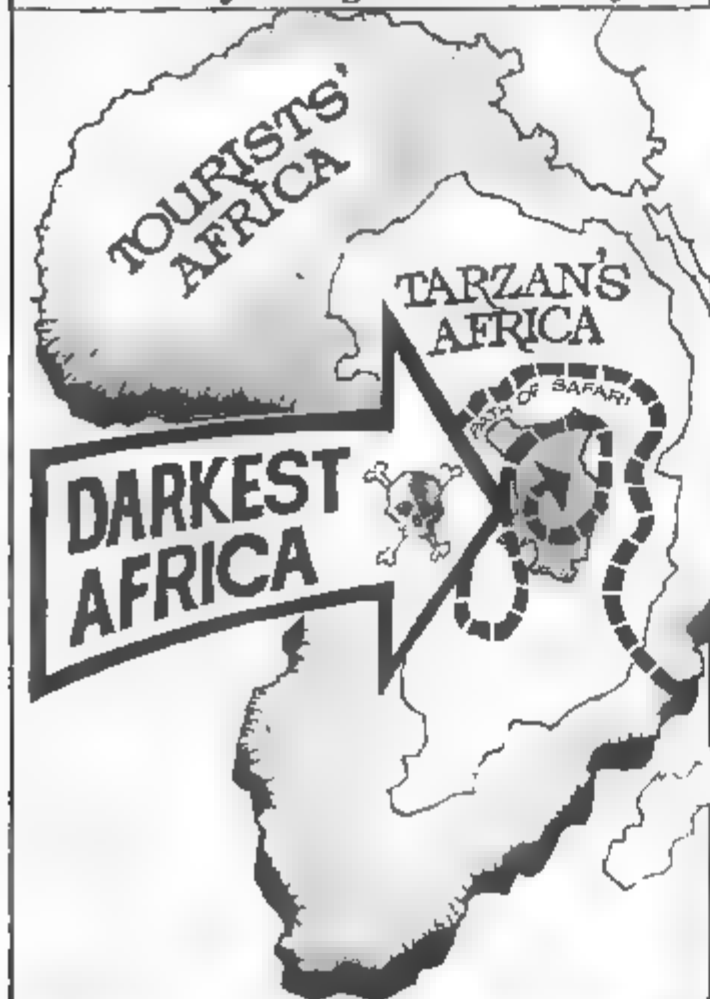


Proceeding inland, the group gathers native bearers and spear carriers, and begins their trek to where no white men, and few black men, and, oh, maybe half a dozen orientals have ever gone before.



Fearlessly they flee across the African plains, boldly averting every hazard, unflinching in their retreat from sudden danger.

The journey is long and perilous, taking them deep into Africa's unexplored wilds, where at every turn they are met by snakes, crocodiles and man-eating plants and Congorillas and ferocious endangered species that would sooner eat your leg off as look at you.

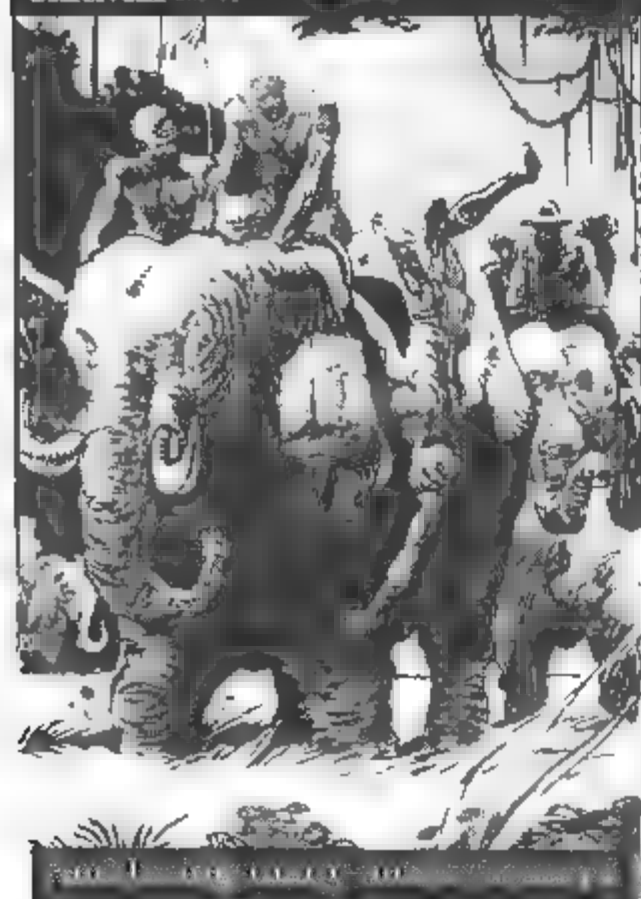


The safari presses on, fording mountains, climbing rivers, crossing ghastly chasms on narrow foot bridges with lots of people on them losing many native bearers.

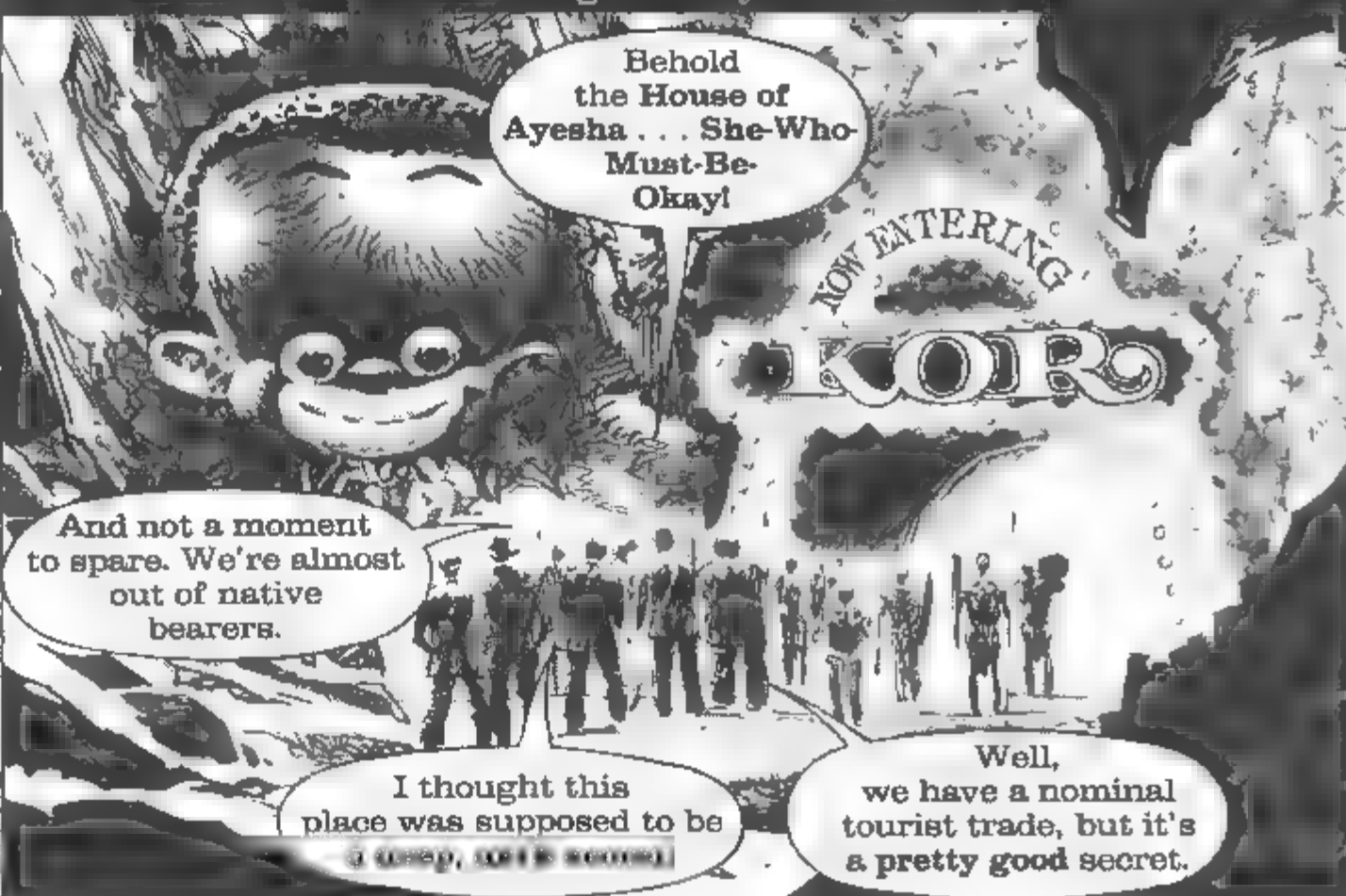
Deeper, deeper they go across dreadful swamps, between warring nations, risking life and limb as they scale sheer cliff faces and losing many native bearers.



And still they go forward, driving even deeper into the savage frontier, by car, by long-bed truck, by mule train, and finally by elephant caravan.



At long last, the safari reaches its destination, the lost kingdom of Kor, identified by the phenomenal rock wall nearby which in the correct light seems to resemble a colossal native boy. Beyond it lay the secret gate to the ancient and forgotten city.



Behold the House of Ayesha... She-Who-Must-Be-Okay!

And not a moment to spare. We're almost out of native bearers.

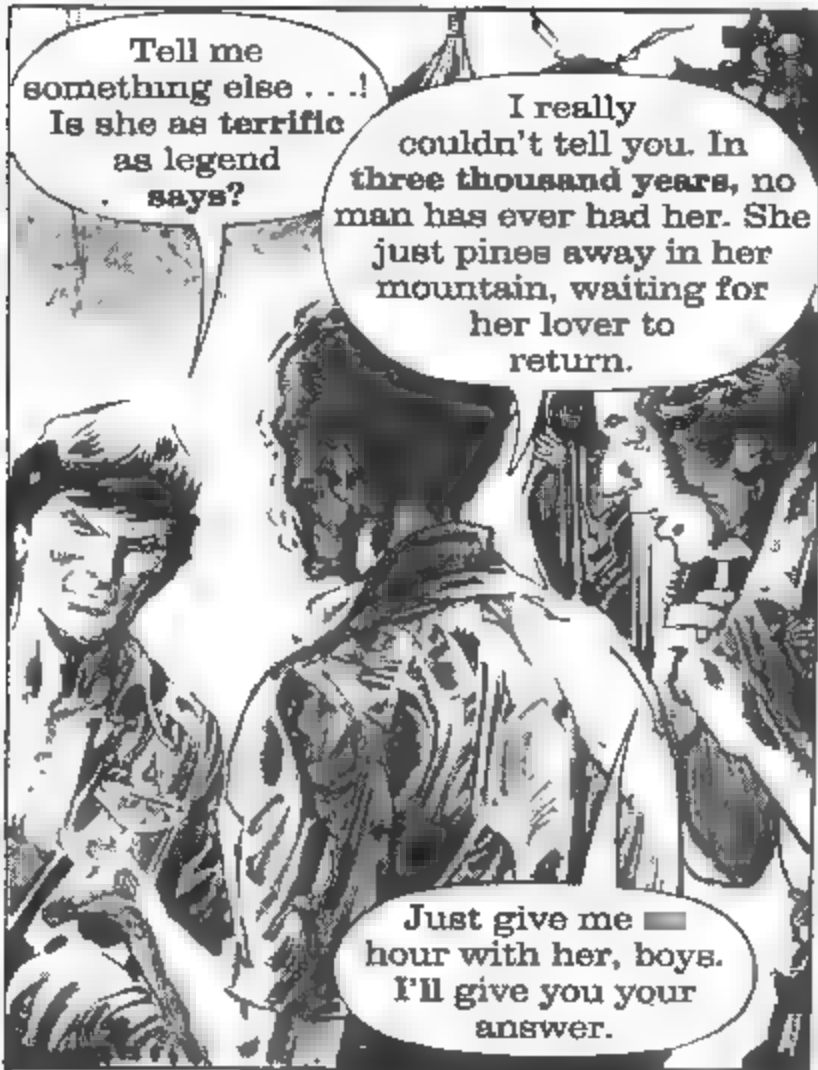
I thought this place was supposed to be a trap, wasn't it?

Well, we have a nominal tourist trade, but it's a pretty good secret.



Say, Bong, when do we get to see the queen?

She watches us now, but only rarely comes out for tourists. We must seek a special audience with her.



Tell me something else...! Is she as terrific as legend says?

I really couldn't tell you. In three thousand years, no man has ever had her. She just pines away in her mountain, waiting for her lover to return.

Just give me an hour with her, boys. I'll give you your answer.



I wish I could share your joke, gentlemen. But how could you know this witch who has oppressed my people for centuries? How could you know the tortures of her direful mountain... even sacrifices to Isis in return for her gift of immortality?

Had I the opportunity I, uh... perhaps I've said too much. The huts have ears.

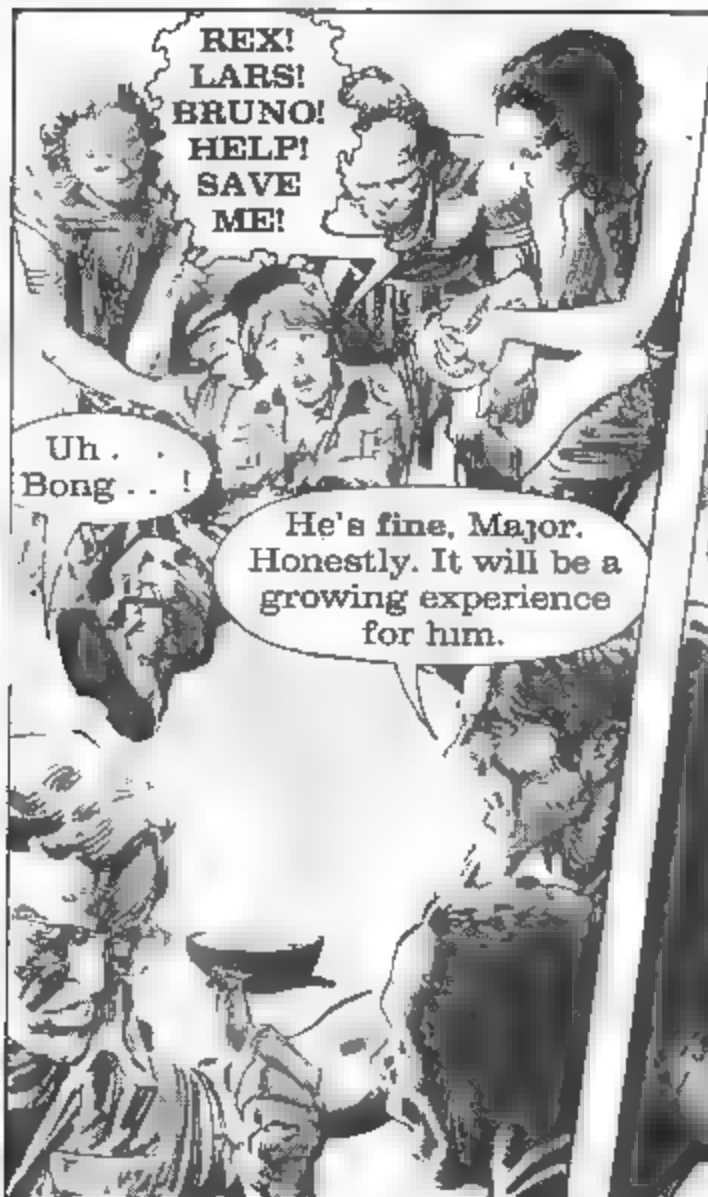


Now what?

Ah! It's the girl's parents. They have accepted Springer into their family.

Accepted? But how!? That's communism!

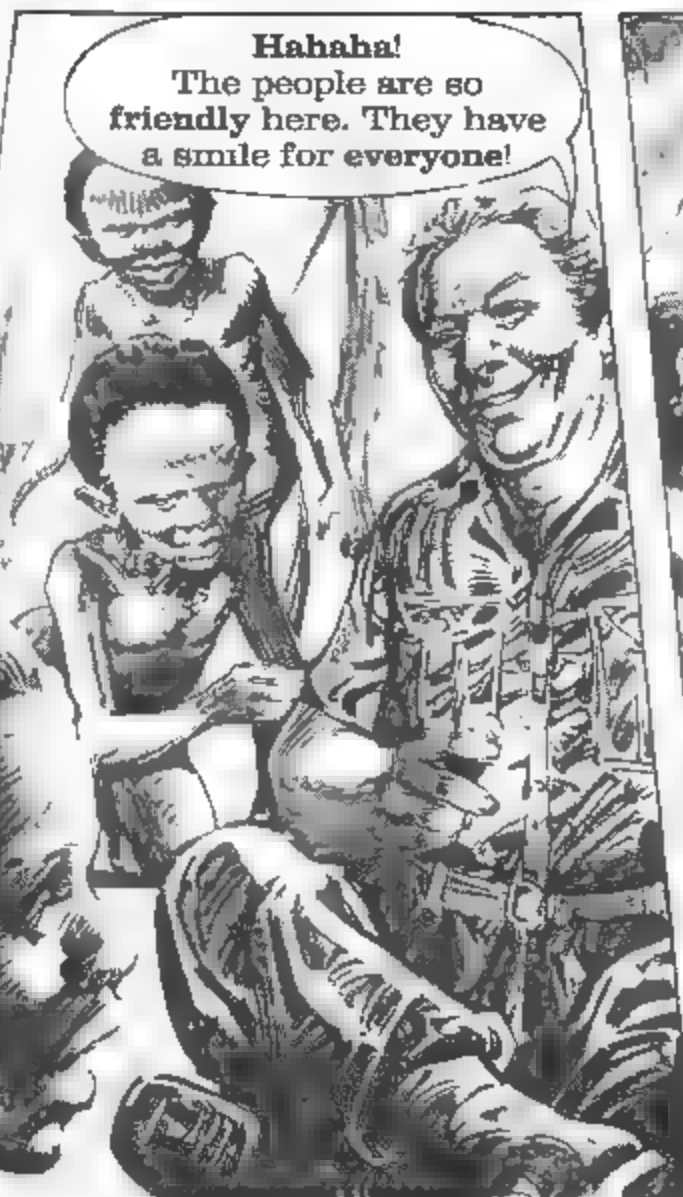
Oh, much older than communism. It's a blowgun wedding!



REX! LARS! BRUNO! HELP! SAVE ME!

Uh... Bong...

He's fine, Major. Honestly. It will be a growing experience for him.



Hahaha! The people are so friendly here. They have a smile for everyone!



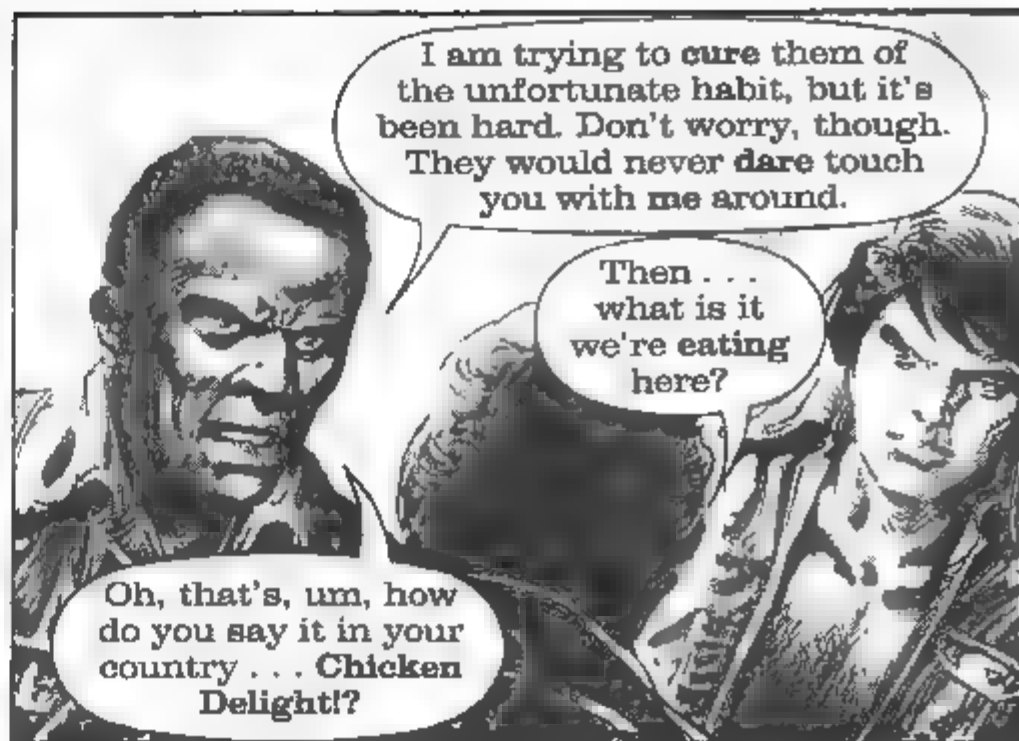
They're cannibals, you know.

Gasp! Chef's Surprise!?



You mean, the P-P-People-Who-Lust-After-The-Flesh, lust after the . . . gulp! flesh!?

We never et a man we didn't like.



I am trying to cure them of the unfortunate habit, but it's been hard. Don't worry, though. They would never dare touch you with me around.

Then . . . what is it we're eating here?

Oh, that's, um, how do you say it in your country . . . Chicken Delight!?



HEY! LOOK OUT!!



CEASE!!



What are ye doing, ye rebellious dogs? Dare ye disobey my royal command?

No, ye say? Ye be lying to me too!

Kiss! Kiss! Smack!



Bong! I depend on thee to control your people. I will tolerate tourist in my realm, but I will not have them cooked and eaten!

It was an accident, She. I knew not what these men were about. Pray be merciful with them, Oh Queen . . . such ways die hard

Enough! I have had trouble with these three before!



I hereby pronounce these wolves to be dead

So!

Watch out!

Yipe!



Watch it, gang. She's the genuine' article. We've got a real sorceress on our hands.

Quick, Lars. What's our plan?

Plan!?



Thanks be to thee, Oh Queen, for swift and fair judgement of--!

Cutteth the crap, Bong. Did you bring back my cigarettes and newspapers?

Aye. And I have brought friends to meet you . . . from America!



How do you do, ma'am? I have some papers here I thank you'll be interested in . . . affidavits . . . geneological charts . . . ancient artifacts. . .! No, wait . . . that's my underwear!

Take these infidels and beddeth them down. Visitor camping overnight is \$8 per person with meals extra.



Six dollars!? That's outrageous! I'm gonna kick her She butt!

Quiet, Rex! We don't know what we're up against, yet!

Rex?



He called you "Rex" . . . did he not?

Yeah. What's it to you?

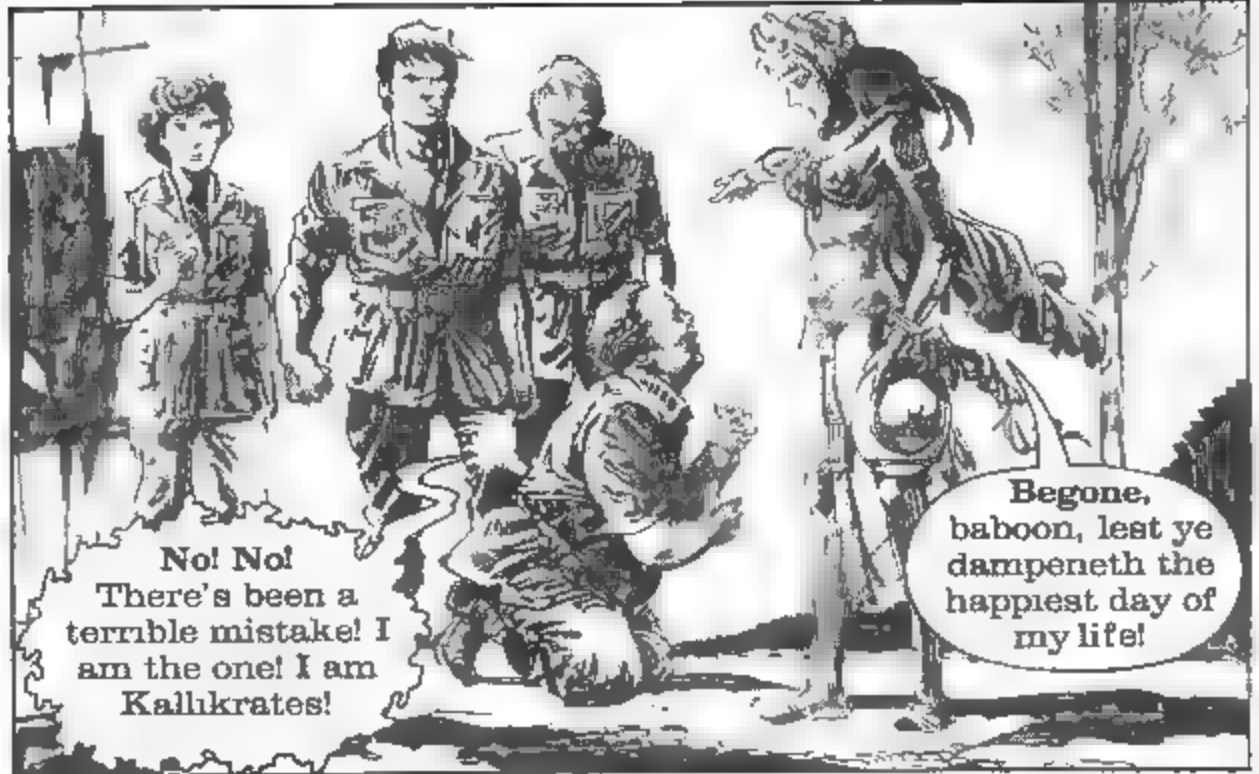
Rex means "king" in the Latin tongue. And there is a resemblance!

Bong, can it be so? At long last? After so many years of waiting? Bong, can it be... **KALLIKRATES!?**



My love!
My love! I have found thee at last!!

What?
What???



No! No!
There's been a terrible mistake! I am the one! I am Kallikrates!

Begone, baboon, lest ye dampeneth the happiest day of my life!



Keep away, witch! Don't go gettin' no funny ideas!

Ah, you have no memories of us. No matter. The spirit of Kallikrates still lives within you, and the Fire of Life will bring it to the surface

Too long I have waited to taste thee again.

Kiss me, you fool!



Stop her!
Hold him!

Stand away, fools! I warn you... I have gone too long to be thwarted now...!

He is MINE...



And by the gods, I WILL HAVE HIM!

So!



Man called Rex... now you will come with me...!

Minutes after She and Rex depart, the others stir to consciousness.

Damn me! I thought She was just some hyperactive male fantasy. I should have been prepared for this!

Now she's got Rex. I have to go after them.

No, that is no good. The Great Cave is a labyrinth of snaking tunnels and secret passages. Hasty pursuit will surely get you lost forever.

I know another way into the cave, which will get us past Ayesha's guards undetected.

But if we go, we must be prepared to kill her. For there is no other way we will possibly come out of that cave alive.

And within Ayesha's mammoth cave, Rex is finding himself towed through a labyrinth of snaking tunnels and secret passages.

Pulled along as if by an invisible leash, Rex bobs past dungeons, and caves of torture, the walls stained of ancient (and in some not so ancient) blood.

Past caves no man has seen the end of, down they go. Past sweat shops where hundreds toil, fashioning tourist souvenirs... bogus King Tut treasures, scarabs, statuettes... with cheap materials and spray-painted gold.

And deeper yet into the very heart of the mountain, past the research labs and computer

And finally winding up in She's private office.

Hold all my calls for the rest of the afternoon. I don't want to be disturbed.

Inside Ayesha's private office (actually, office and private bedchamber), Rex is shown to a seat.

Ooooff!

You are dismissed, guard. Wait outside.



Oh Isis,
Queen of Harlots,
Mother of Dust, your
obedient servant thanks
thee for delivering my
prince at last!

You have kept
your promise, and we
are yours, Great Isis,
to serve thee until
the end of time.

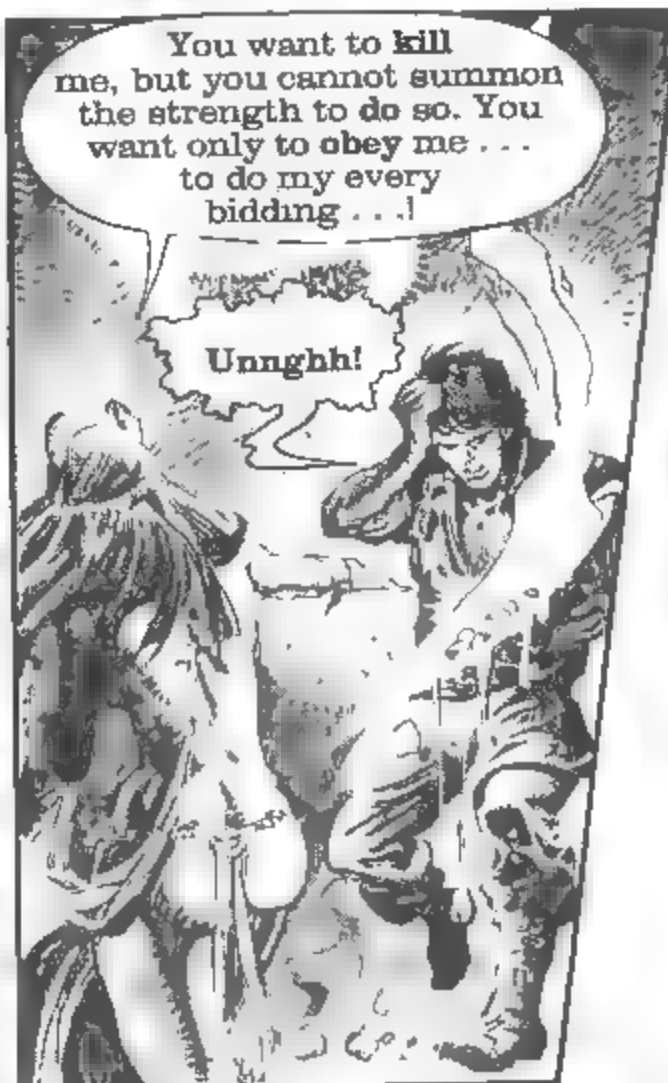
Groan!
What the ding dong
hell is goin' on around
here? Where am I?



You are home,
my love. Your long journey
is over. Three thousand years
the gods have punished me . . . made
me languish in this rathole!
But at long last my vigil
is at an end.

Thou hast
returned to me,
Kallikrates!

Vile sorceress!
You won't destroy
me with your dark
magic! Try this
barbecue on
for size!



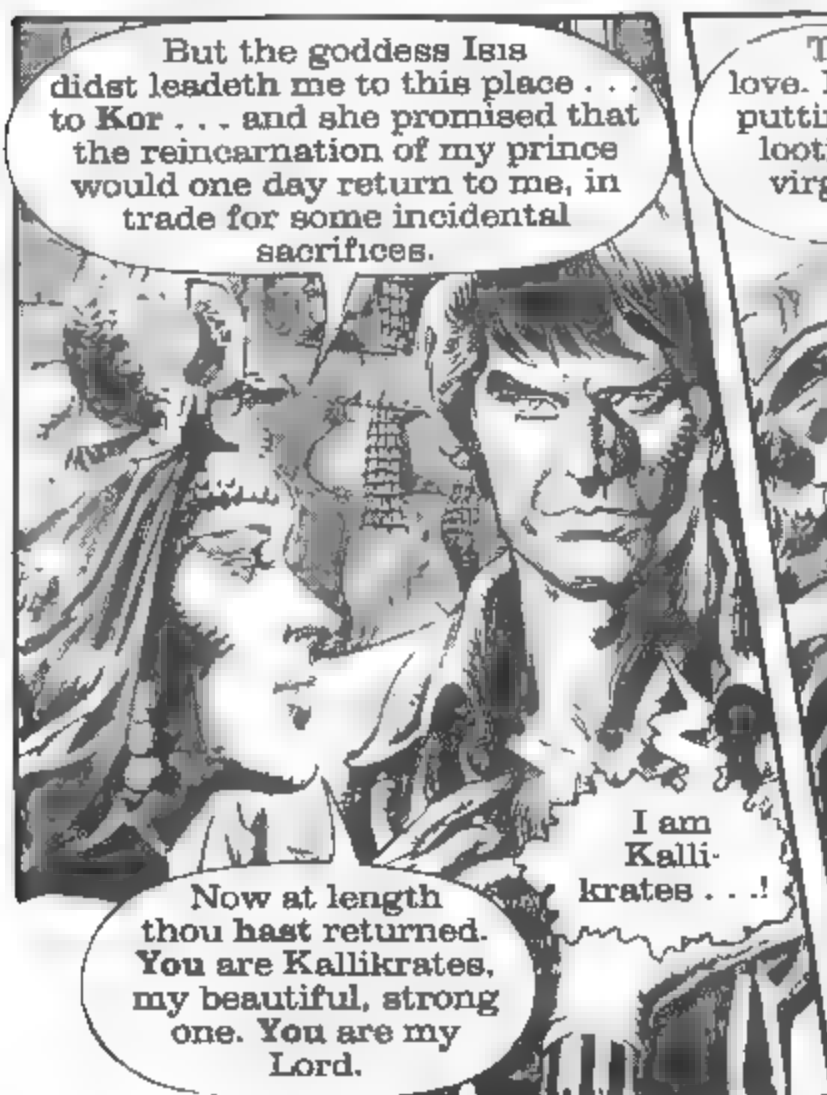
You want to kill
me, but you cannot summon
the strength to do so. You
want only to obey me . . .
to do my every
bidding . . .!

Unnghh!



I see there
is much you do not
comprehend, my love.
This will come when you have
been completely reborn.
But for now, I will
tell you this story . . .!

Kallikrates
was my lover . . .
a Prince of Egypt
before I didst slay
him in a jealous
rage. For that I
was banished to die
in the desert.



But the goddess Isis
didst leadeth me to this place . . .
to Kor . . . and she promised that
the reincarnation of my prince
would one day return to me, in
trade for some incidental
sacrifices.

I am
Kalli-
krates . . .!

Now at length
thou hast returned.
You are Kallikrates,
my beautiful, strong
one. You are my
Lord.



Think to your past, my
love. Back to the great wars . . .
putting slaves to the sword . . .
looting cities and sacrificing
virgins! Think hard. Do not
memories stir?

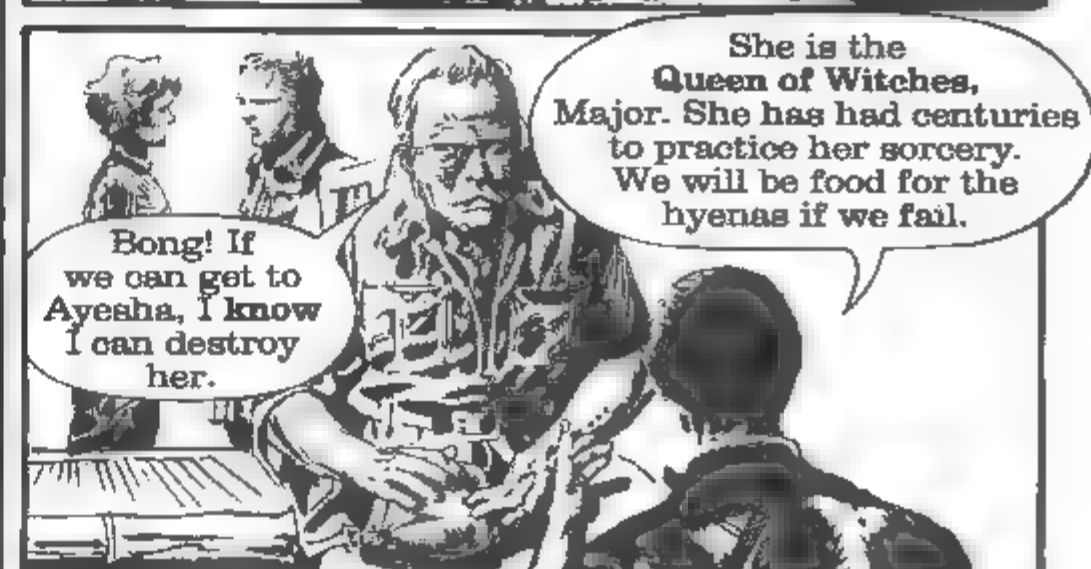
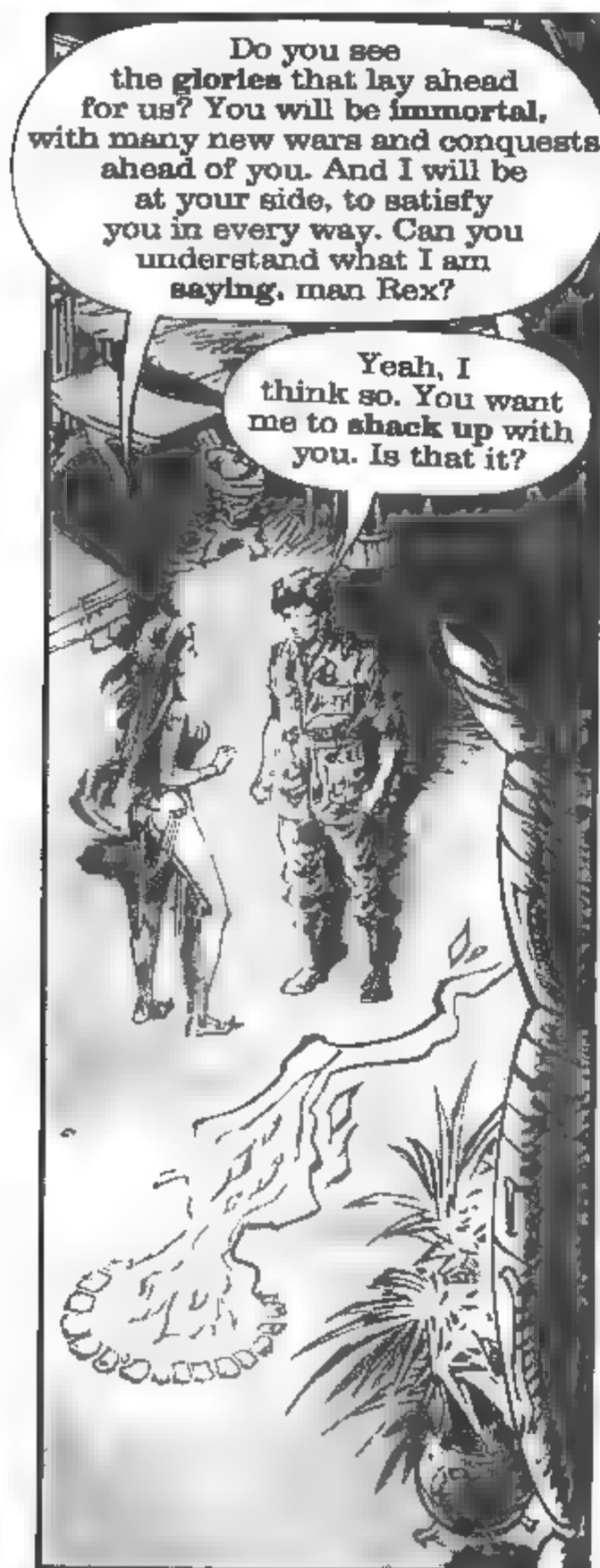
Mmmm . . . nope.
All I get is werewolves
and monsters and stuff. We
must be on different
channels.

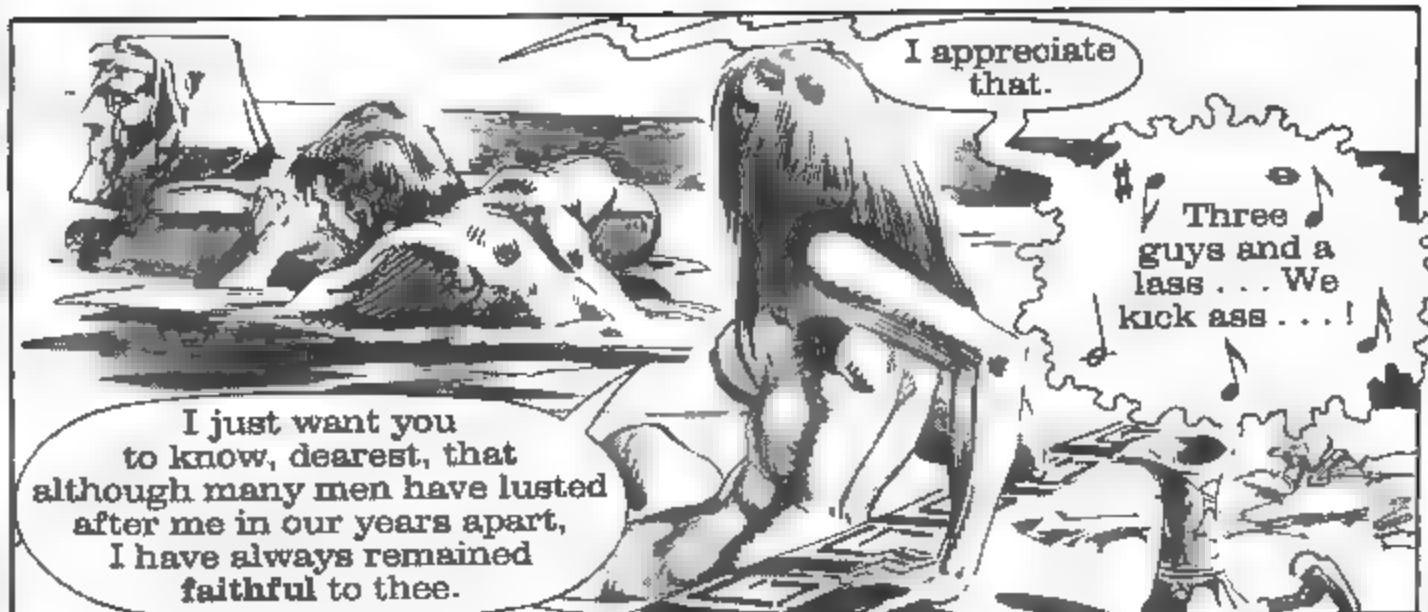


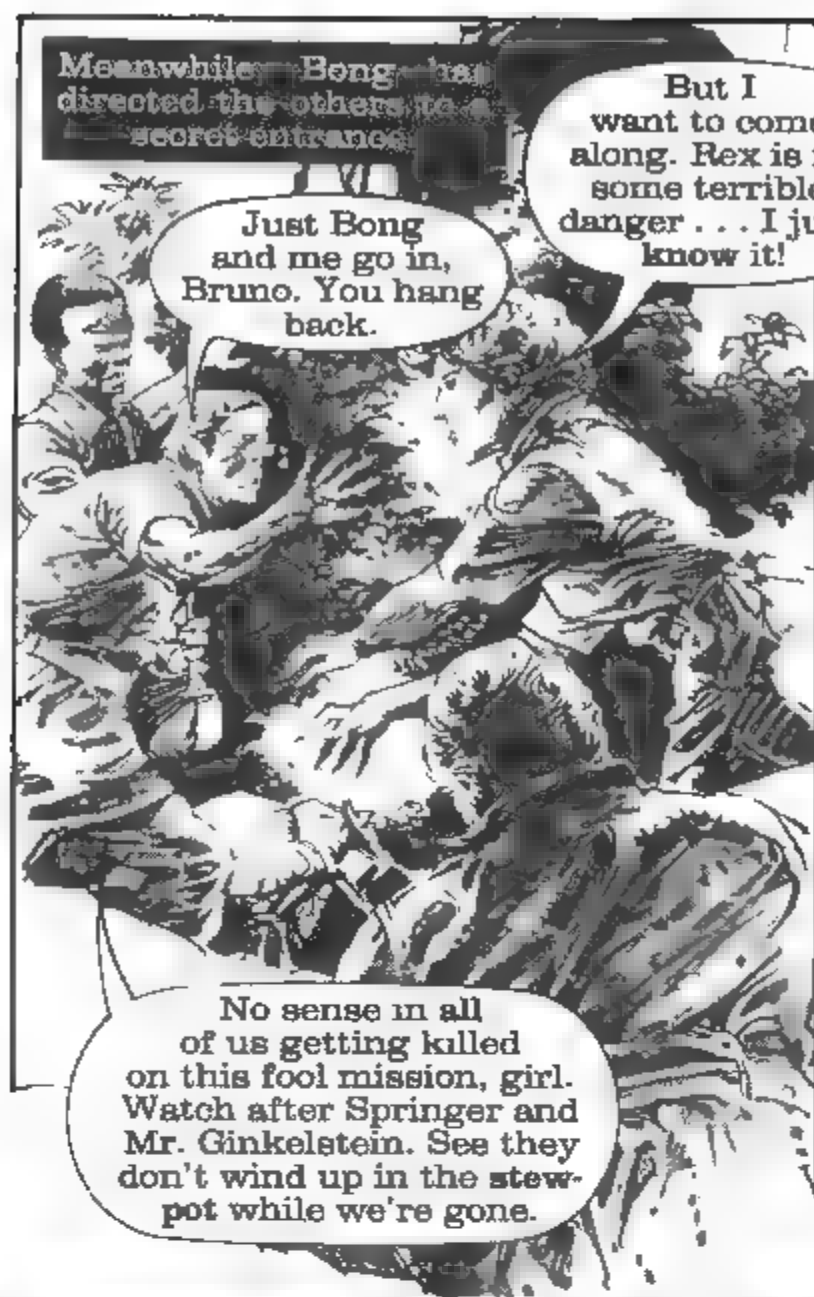
Oh, my brave
one, how cruelly the
gods do jest. They have
given thee a spoilt brain this
lifetime. But fear not. The
Fire of Life will repair
us both

So happy
we will be
And you need
never stray
from me again . . .
for I can satisfy
you as no other
woman can.

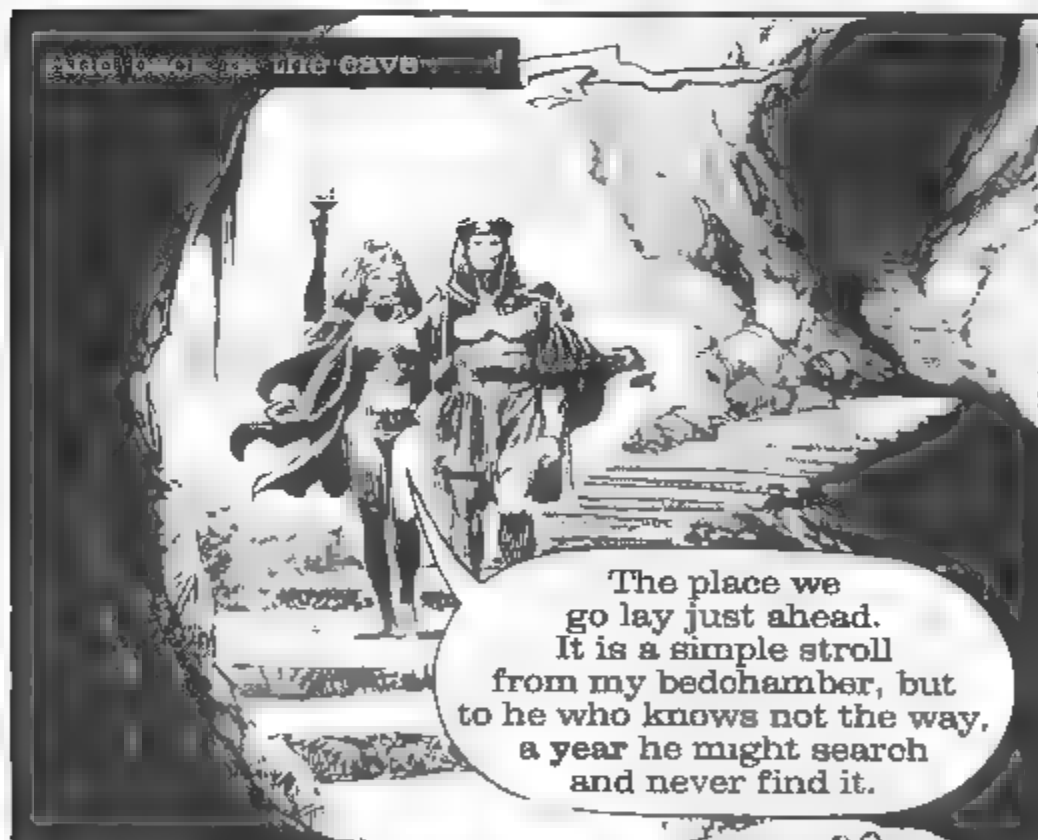
Let me
show you . . .!







But I want to come along. Rex is in some terrible danger . . . I just know it!





Here is the place I repair myself periodically . . . to retain my youthful beauty. Here is the place the man Rex will become the immortal Kallikrates.



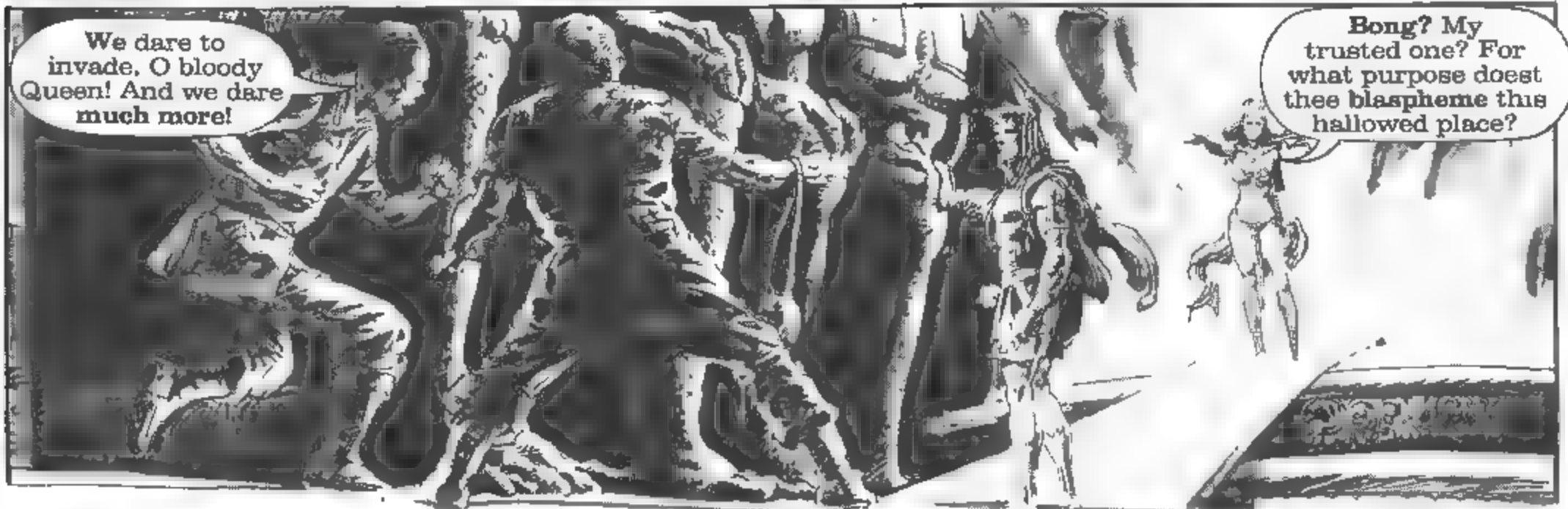
The flame is hot yet, but soon it will be cool and pleasant and we will be able to enter it.

Approach me, Kallikrates. Be at my side and we will enter together.



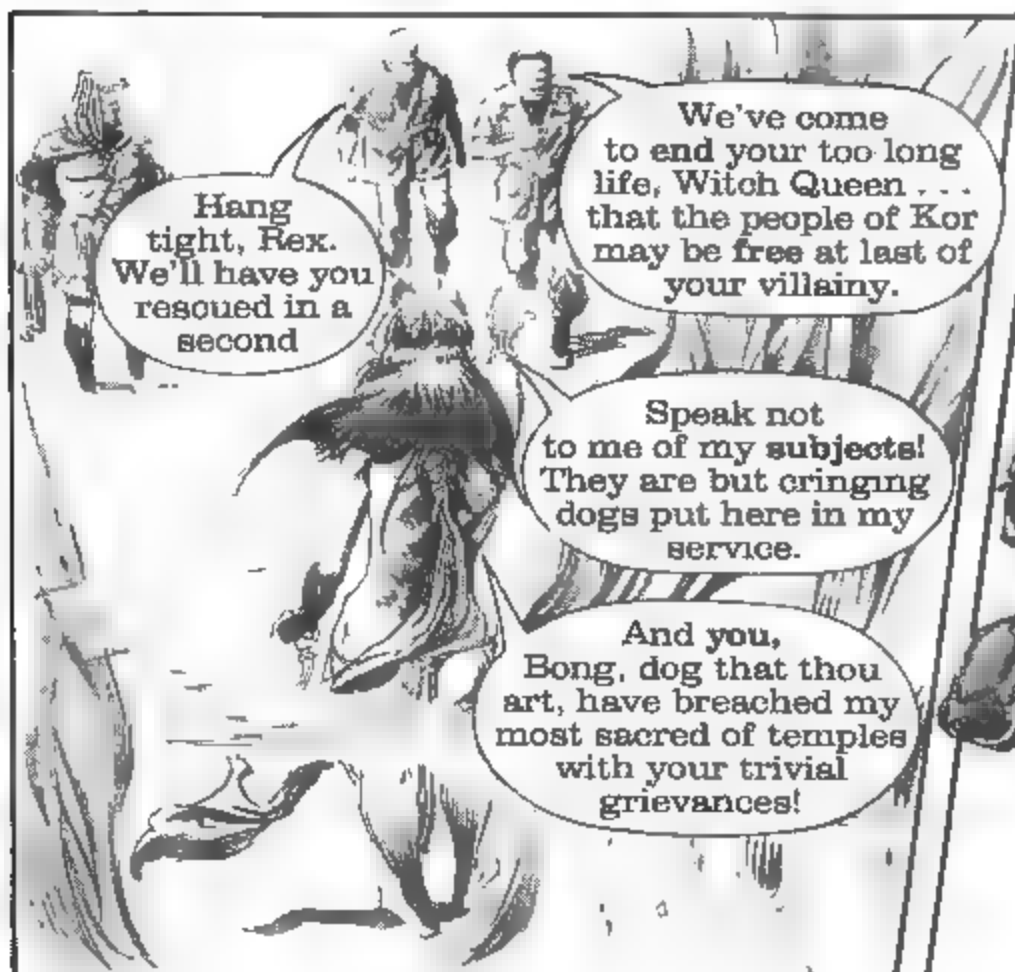
NO, YOU DON'T!!

Who dares to invade my most secret chamber!?



We dare to invade, O bloody Queen! And we dare much more!

Bong? My trusted one? For what purpose doest thee blaspheme this hallowed place?



Hang tight, Rex. We'll have you rescued in a second

We've come to end your too long life, Witch Queen . . . that the people of Kor may be free at last of your villainy.

Speak not to me of my subjects! They are but cringing dogs put here in my service.

And you, Bong, dog that thou art, have breached my most sacred of temples with your trivial grievances!



Kallikrates, my prince . . . kill the intruders!

Kill . . . intruders . . . !

H Hey!

Look out! He is bewitched!

Back at camp, Bruno and Ginkelstein have just located the long-lost Springer.

I've tried and I've tried, but it just doesn't figure. Even with the reduced clothing allowance, I can't work it out.

Springer! Thank God we found you! Quick! Rex is in terrible trouble! We need you!



Bruno, I've gotta quit the Asskickers. I'm just not making enough money to support a family. I'm a married man now.

Maybe I can drive a cement truck... or go into business with my father-in-law.

Snap out of it! Rex is in trouble! And probably Lars and Bong by now! We have to go after them right away!

Meanwhile...

Stop! Demon sorceress! By the ghost of Cotton Mather, your will is mine! 'Tis salt, common salt, but bane to all witches! You are in my power, Ayesha!

Lava? What? Did she say lava or java?

Salt! And cold iron! You are a helpless slave to my command, Oh She!

Wha—? Rex... Lars... in trouble? We... we gotta help them!

Just let me clear it with the wife first.

Better yet, throw them into the lava.

Springer! What the hell are you garbling about?

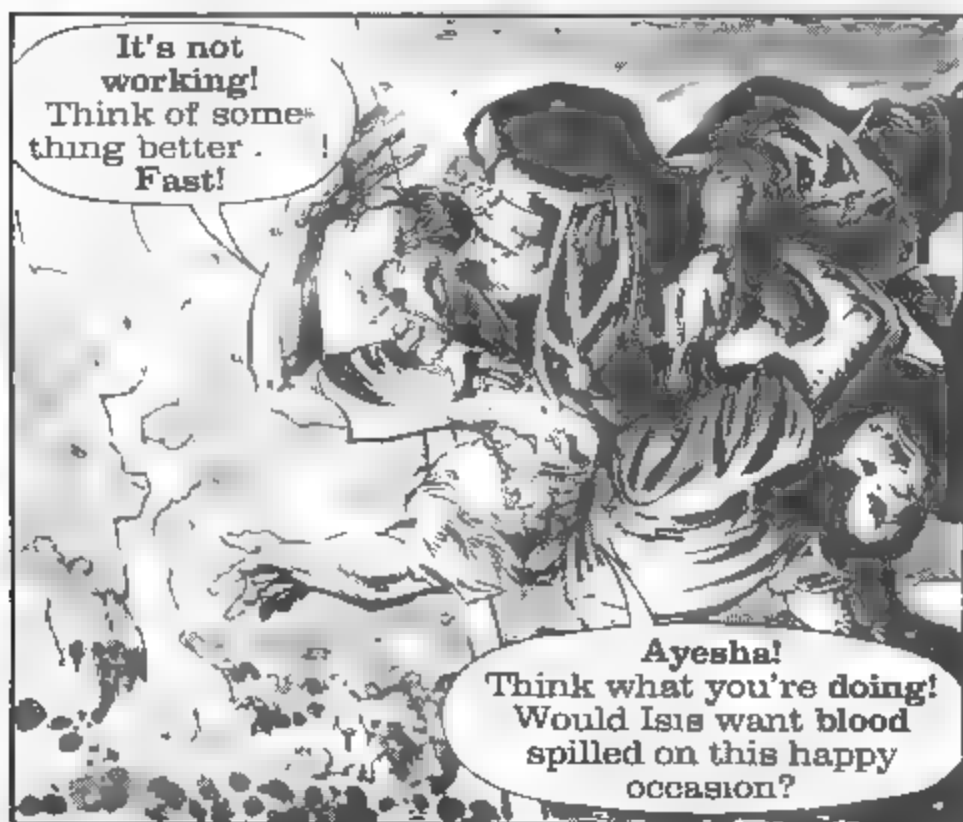
It's not working! Think of something better. Fast!

Perhaps... perhaps it would be wiser to wait. It will be a simple enough matter to dispose of you afterward.

Release them, Kalkhrates.

I obey, Oh She!

Ayesha! Think what you're doing! Would Isis want blood spilled on this happy occasion?



And outside the open doors of the secret chamber.

Better give up while you can, Ayesha. We Americans are a brave race who fear nothing . . . not even the gods.

If you harm one of us, many pony soldiers will come, with hooves that shake the earth, grinding you underfoot!

Where is the woman Amenartas? Does she thinketh so little of her lover that she will not fight with you for him?

Amenartas?

I think she means your teammate . . . Bruno. She's madder than I thought.

No matter! It is too late for her! It is too late for anyone!

The Fire of life is ready! And no matter what this man was to your world, today he becomes my Kallikrates again!

Come forth, Oh Kallikrates. Bathe in the fire and take thy place among the pharaohs.

NOT SO FAST, QUEENIE!

More intruders!? Come forward! Is the woman Amenartas with you?

You guys walk ahead I'll give her a big surprise.

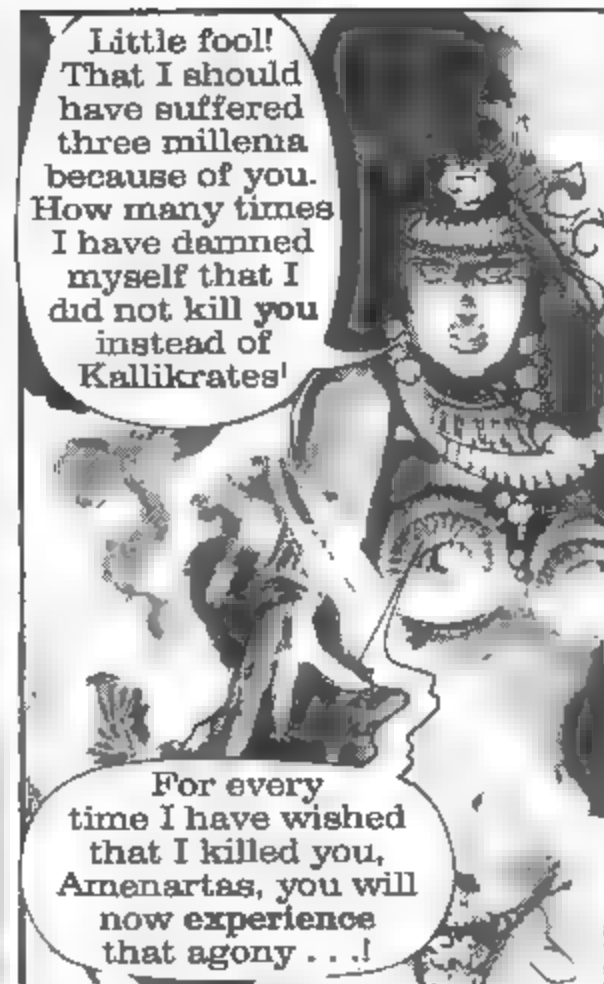
Answer me, cursed dogs! If the wretched Amenartas is with you, stand away before I blast ye where thou art!

My gun is bigger than yours, you dusty old doxy!



I want my man back, Ayesha! Let's see how immortal you are against a dinosaur gun!

How delightfully absurd! A human made weapon against one who is nearly a goddess! You will make this a truly unforgettable revenge!



Little fool! That I should have suffered three millenia because of you. How many times I have damned myself that I did not kill you instead of Kallikrates!

For every time I have wished that I killed you, Amenartas, you will now experience that agony . . . !



Suddenly, Ginkelstein flies into action

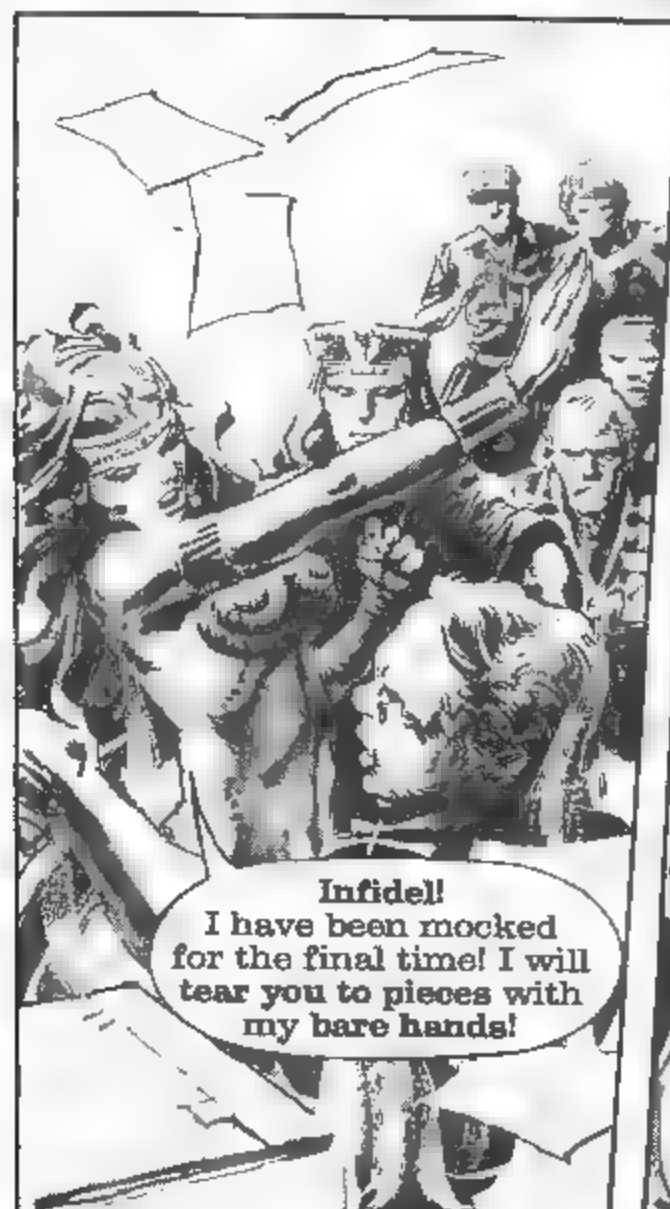
O-O-Okay. Ayesha. That will b-be enough of that. I want to talk to you . . . now!

Wha-a-!?



Get out! Get out! A commoner must not enter the flames!

No, I won't! Now you listen to me, doggone it! I am Kallikrates reborn, and I have the facts to back me up. Look at these papers . . . !



Infidel! I have been mocked for the final time! I will tear you to pieces with my bare hands!



But then, as Ayesha's hands wrap around Ginkelstein's throat, an astounding transformation occurs.

Wouldst thou slay me a second time, Ayesha?

KALLIKRATES!!



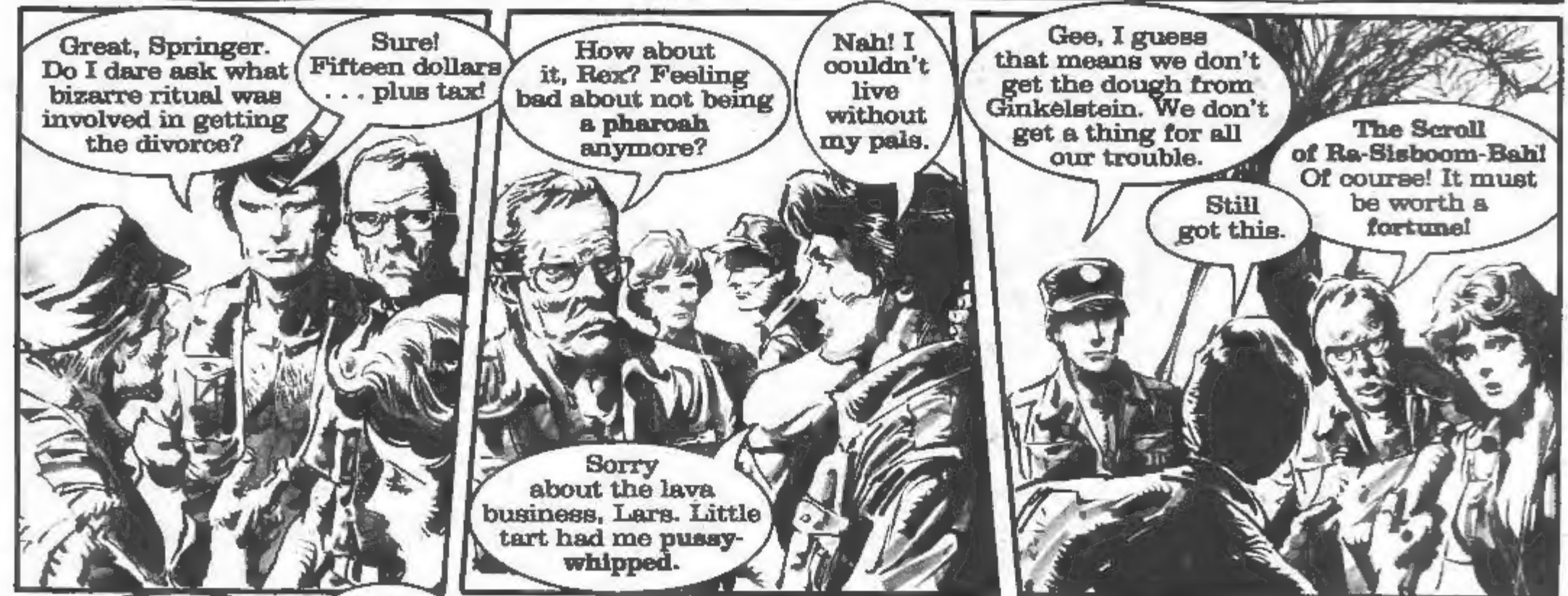
Oh my stars! Ginkelstein! He really was Kallikrates all the time!

Wha--?! I-I . . . !

Rex! He's coming out of it!

Quick, Rex! Get away from there!





COVER-TO-COVER CORBEN!

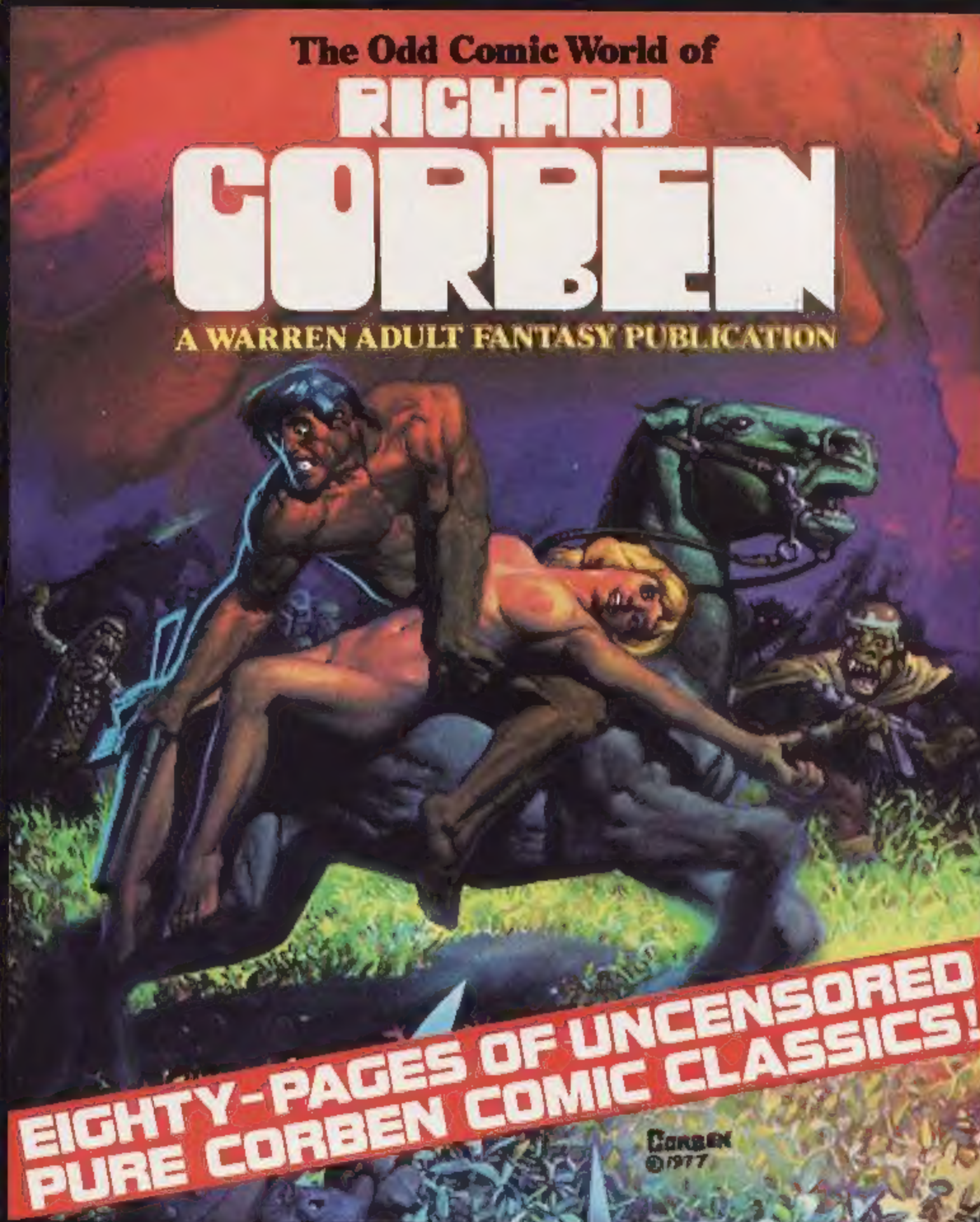
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